CERTAINE SMALL WORKES HERETOFORE DIvulged by *Samuel Daniell*

one of the Groomes of the Queenes *Maiesties* most Honourable priuie Chamber, and now *againe by him corrected and augmented.*

AEtas prima canat veneres, postrema mouebit

AT LONDON
Printed by I.L. for *Simon Waterson*
1611.

Park
Bellasyse

The POEMS herein contained are

The Tragedy of Cleopatra *newly altered.*

The Tragedy of Philotas.

The Queenes Arcadia, *or a pastorall Comedie.*

The Epistle of Octauia *to* Antonius.

The cõplaint of Rosamond.

Muso, *or a defence of Poesie.*

A Funerall Poeme vpon the Death of the late Earle of Deuonshire.

To Delia.

def.

To the Reader.

BEhold once more with ſerious labour
Haue I refurniſht out this little frame,
Repaird ſome parts defectiue here & there,
And paſſages new added to the ſame, (were
Some roomsinlargd, made ſomles thē they
Like to this curious builder who this yeare
Puls downe, and alters what he did the laſt
As if the thing in doing were more deere
Then being done, & nothing likes that paſt
For that we euer make the latter day
The ſcholler of the former, and we finde
Something is ſtill amiſſe that muſt delay
Our buſines, & leaue worke for vs behind.
As if there were no ſabbath of the minde
And howſoeuer be it well or ill
What I haue done, it is mine owne I may
Do whatſoeuer therewithall I wil.
I may pull downe, raiſe, and reedifie
t is the building of my life the fee
f Nature, all th'inheritance that I (me
hall leaue to thoſe which muſt come after
nd all the care I haue is but to ſee

These lodgings of m'affections neatly dreſt
Wherein ſo many noble friends there be
Whoſe memories with mine muſt therein
And glad I am that I haue liu'd to ſee (reſt
This edifice renewd, who do but long
To liue t'amend. For man is a tree
That hath his fruite late ripe, and it is long
Before he come t'his taſt, there doth belong
So much to experience, and ſo infinite
The faces of things are, as hardly we
Diſcern which lookes the likeſt vnto right.
Beſides theſe curious times ſtuf'd with the
Of compoſitiõs in this kind, do driue (ſtore
Me to examine my defects the more,
And oft wold make me not my ſelf believe
Did I not know the world wherein I liue,
Which neither is ſo wiſe, as that would ſeem
Nor certain iudgment of thoſe things doth
That it diſliks, nor that it doth eſteem (giue
I know no work from man yet euer came
But had his marke, & by ſome error ſhewd
That it was his, and yet what in the ſame
Was rare, and worthy, euermore allowd
Safe cõtioy for the reſt: the good that's ſowd
Thogh rarely paies our coſt, & who ſo looks
T'haue all things in perfection, & in frame
In mens inuentiõs, neuer muſt read bookes
And how ſoeuer here detraction may

Diſvale

Disvalew this my labour, yet I know
There wilbe found therin, that wich wil pay
The reckning for the errors which I owe
And likewise will sufficiently allow
Tan vndistasted iudgement sit delight
And let presumptuous selfe opinion say
The worst it can, I know I shall haue right.
I know I shall be read among the rest
So long as men speake english, and so long
As verse and vertue shalbe in request
Or grace to honest industry belong:
And England since I vse thy present tongue
Thy form of speech thou must be my defece
If to new eares, it seemes not well expresst
For though I hold not accent I hold sence
And since the measure of our tong we see
Confirmd by no edict of power doth rest
But onely vnderneath the regencie
Of vse and fashion, which may be the best
Is not for my poore forces to contest
But as the Peacock, seing himself too weake
Confest the Eagle fairer far to be
And yet not in his feathers but his beake.
Authority of powerfull censure may
Preiudicate the forme wherein we mould
This matter of our spirit, but if it pay (wold
The eare with substance, we haue that wee
For that is all which must our credit hold.

The reſt (how euer gay, or ſeeming rich
It be in faſhion, wiſe men will not weigh)
The ſtampe will not allow it, but the touch
And would to God that nothing faulty
But only that poore accēt in my verſe (were
Or that I could all other recknings cleere
Wherwith my hart ſtāds charg'd, or might
The errors of my iudgmēt paſſed here reuers
Or els where, in my bookes, & vnrehearſe
What I haue vainely ſaid, or haue addreſt
Vnto neglect miſtaken in the reſt.
Which I do hope to liue yet to retract,
And craue that Englād neuer wil take note
That it was mine. Ile diſavow mine act,
And wiſh it may for euer be forgot,
I truſt the world will not of me exact
Againſt my will, that hath all els I wrote
I will aske nothing therein for my paine
But onely to haue in mine owne againe.

THE TRAGEDIE OF PHILOTAS.

By SAMVELL DANIELL.

AT LONDON
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To the Prince.

TO you most hopefull Prince, not as you are
But as you may be do I giue these lines
That when your iudgement shall arriue so farre,
As t'ouerlooke th'intricate designes
Of vncontented man: you may behold
With what incounters greatest fortune close.
What dangers, what attempts, what manifold
Incumbrances ambition vndergoes.
How hardly men digest felicity
How to th'intemperate, to the prodigall,
To wantonnesse, and vnto luxury
Many things want, but to ambition all.
And you shall finde the greatest enemy
That man can haue is his prosperity.
Here shall you see how men disguise their ends,
And plaite bad courses vnder pleasing shewes,
How weill presumption broken waies defends
Which cleer-eyed iudgmēt grauely doth disclose
Here shall you see how th'easie multitude
Transported, take the party of distresse,
And onely out of passion do conclude,
Not out of iudgement of mens practises. (bar,
How powers are thoght to wrong that wrongs de-

And

And kings not held in danger, though they are
These ancient representments of times past,
Tell vs that men haue, doe, and alwaies runne
The selfe same line of action, and do cast
Their course alike, and nothing can be done
(Whilst they, their ends, & nature are the same)
But will be wrought vpon the selfe-same frame,
This benefit, most noble Prince, doth yeeld
The sure records of Bookes, in which we finde
Th tenure of our state, how it was held
By all our ancestors, and in what kinde
We hold the same, and likewise how in the end
This fraile possession of felicity
Shall to our late posterity descend,
By the same pattent of like destinie.
In them we finde that nothing can accrew
To man and his condition that is new.
Which images here figured in this wise
I leaue vnto your more mature surueay
Amongst the vowes that others sacrifice
Vnto the hope of you, that you one day
Will giue grace to this kinde of Harmonie.
For know great Prince, when you shall come to know
How that it is the fairest ornament
Of worthy times, to haue those which may shew
The deedes of power and liuely represent
The actions of a glorious Gouernment.
And is no lesser honour to a Crowne
T'haue writers then haue actors of renowne.

The Argument.

PHilotas the ſonne of *Parmenio*, was a man of great eſtimation among the *Macedonians*, and next vnto *Alexander* held to be the moſt valiant of the *Greekes*, patient of trauaile, exceeding bountifull, & one that loued his men and friends better then any Noble man of the Camp, but otherwiſe noted of vaine-glory and prodigality, in ſo much as his father hauing notice of his carriage, warned him to make himſelfe leſſe then hee was, to auoid the enuy of the Campe, & the diſlike of the King, who grew ſuſpicious of him in reſpect of the greatnes of his Father, and his owne popularity, & by hauing intelligence of certaine vaunts of his vſed to *Antigona* a faire Curtizan borne in the city of *Pidna*, with whome being in loue, he let fall many braue words, & boaſts of a Souldier to aduance his owne actions & his fathers, terming *Alexander* at euery word the yong-man. Which ſpeches *Antigona* reuealing to a companion of hers, were at lēgth brought to *Craterus*, who with

the

the woman carried them to *Alexander*: wherby *Philotas* lad open to all the aduantages that might worke his ouerthrow. And in the end concealing a conſpiracie (which was reuealed vnto him) intended againſt the king, was thereby ſuſpected to haue been a partie in the plotte: but brought before *Alexander*, hee ſo defended himſelfe, that he obtained his pardon for that time, ſupped with the King that night, and yet the next day notwithſtanding, was arraigned for the ſame fact, which he ſtoutly denying, was afterward put to torture, and then confeſt his treaſon. And indeede *Alexanders* drawing a pedegree from heauen with aſſuming the *Perſian* magnificence, was the cauſe that withdrew many the hearts of the nobility and people from him, and by the confeſſion of *Philotas*, was that, which gaue a purpoſe to him and his father to haue ſubuerted the King as ſoone as hee had eſtabliſhed *Aſia*, and freed them from other feares, which being by *Epheſtion* and *Craterus*, two the moſt eſpeciall counſellors of *Alexander* grauely and prouidently diſcerned, was perſecuted in that manner, as became their neerenes, & deerenes with their Lord and Maſter, and fitting to the ſafetie

of the ſtate, in the caſe of ſo great an aſpirer, who no doubt had he not bin preuented, (howſoeuer popularly in the Armie it might be otherwiſe deemed) he had turnd the courſe of gouernment vpon his father and himſelfe, or els by his imbroilements made it a monſter of many heads, as it afterwards prooued vpon the death of *Alexander*. The *Chorus* conſiſting of three *Grecians*, as of the three eſtates of a kingdome) & one *Perſian*, repreſenting the multitude and and body of a people, who vulgarly according to their affections carried rather with compaſſion of great mens misfortunes then with the conſideration of the cauſe, frame their imaginations by that ſquare, and cenſure what is done.

THE TRAGEDIE of PHILOTAS.

ACTVS I.

Philotas. *Calisthenes.*

Philotas *reading his fathers letter.*

MAke thy selfe lesse Philotas *then thou art?*
What meanes my father thus to write to me?
Lesse then I am, in what? how can that be?
Must I be then set vnderneath my heart?
Shall I let goe the hold I haue of grace
Gain'd with so hard aduentures of my bloud,
And suffer others amount into my place,
And from below, looke vp to where I stood?
Shall I degrade th'opinion of my worth?
By putting off imployment; as vndone
In spirit or grace: whil'st other men set forth
To get that start of Action I haue wonne?
As if such men as I had any place,
To stay betwixt their ruine and their grace,
Can any goe beyond me, but they will
Goe ouer me, and trample on my state,
And make their fortune good vpon my ill,
Whil'st feare hath power to woũd me worse the hate?

Ch. *Philotas*, you deceiue your selfe in this,
Your Father meanes not you should yield in place,
But in your popular dependences:
Your entertainements, gifts, and publike grace,
That doth inialous Kings, distaste the Peeres,
And makes you not the greater, but in feares.
Phi. Alas what popular dependences!
Do I retaine? can I shake of the zeale
Of such as do out of their kindnesses
Follow my fortunes in the common weale.
Cha. Indeede *Philotas* therein you say true:
They follow doe your fortunes, and not you.
Phi. Yea, but I finde their loue to me sincere.
Cha. Euen such as to the wolfe the Foxe doth beare,
That visits him but to partake his pray,
And seeing his hopes deceiu'd turnes to betray.
Phi. I know they would if I in danger stood,
Runne into me with hazard of their blood.
Cha. Yea, like as men to burning houses runne,
Not to lend aid, but to be lookers on.
Phi. But I with bountie and with gifts haue tide
Their hearts so sure, I know they will not slide.
Cha. Bounty and gifts lose more then they do find,
Where many looke for good, few haue their minde:
Each thinkes he merits more then that he hath,
And so gifts laid for loue, do catch men wrath.
Phi. but many meerely out of loue attend,
Cha. Yea, those that loue and haue no other end:
Think you that men can loue you when they know,
You haue them not for friendship but for show?
And as you are ingag'd in your affaires,
And haue your ends, think likewise they haue theirs.
Phi. But I do truely from my heart affect
Vertue and worth where I do finde it set;
Besides my foes doe force me in effect,

To

To make my partie of opinion great.
And I must arme me thus against their scornes,
Men must be shod that goe among the thornes.
Cha. Ah good *Philotas* you your selfe beguile,
'Tis not the way to quench the fire with oyle.
The meeke and humble Lambe with small adoe,
Sucks his owne dam, we see and other too.
In Courts men longest liue, and keepe their ranke,
By taking iniuries and giuing thankes.
Phi. And is it so? then neuer are these haire,
Like to attaine that sober hew of gray,
I cannot plaister and disguise m'affaires,
In other colours then my heart doth lay:
Nor can I patiently indure this fond
And strange proceeding of authoritie,
That hath ingrost vp all into their hand,
By idolizing feeble Maiestie,
And impiously do labour all they can
To make the King forget he is a man:
Whil'st they deuide the spoyles, and prey of powre,
And none at all respect the publike good,
Those hands that guarde and get vs what is our,
The Solderie, ingag'd to vent their blood,
In worse case seeme then *Pallas* old-growne moile,
In *Athenians* fostred at their publike cost;
Or these poore soules consum'd with tedious toile
Remaine neglected hauing done their most.
And nothing shall bring home of all these warres,
But emptie age and bodies charg'd with skars.
Ah, *Philotas* all this publike care I feare,
Is but some priuate touch of your dislike,
Who seeing your owne designes not stand to square
With your desires, no others courses like.
The griefe you take things are not ordered well
Is that you feele your selfe I feare not well.

But

But when your fortunes shall stand parrell
With those you enuy now all will be well.
For you great men, I see, are euermore
Your endes attain'd, the same you were before.
You with a finger can point out the staines
Of others errors now, and now condemne
The traine of state, whil'st your desire remaines
Without; but once got in, you iumpe with them,
And interleague you with iniquitie,
And with a like neglect doe temporize,
And onely serue your owne commoditie,
Your fortune then viewes things with other eyes:
For either greatnesse doth transforme the heart
Int'other shapes of thoughts, or certainely
This vulgar honesty doth dwell apart
From power, and is some priuate qualitie.
Or rather those faire parts which we esteeme
In such as you, are not the same they seeme,
You donble with your selues, or els with vs,
And therefore now *Philotas*, euen as good
T'imbrace the times, as well, and doe no good.

Ph. Alas *Calisthenes*, you haue not laid
True leuell to my nature, but are wide
From what I am within, all you haue said
Shall neuer make me of another side
Then that I am, and I doe skorne to clime
By shaking hands with this vnworthy time.

Cal. The time *Philotas* then will breake thy neck.

Ph. They dare not, friend my faith wil keep my neck
My seruice to the state haue cautioned
So surely for mine honour, as it shall
Make good the place my deeds hath purchased
With danger in the loue, and hearts of all.

Cal. Those seruices will serue as weights to charge
And presse you vnto death, if your foote faile

Neuer so little vnderneath your charge,
And will be deem'd, done for your owne auaile:
And who haue spirits to doe the greatest good,
May doe most hurt if they remaine not good,
Ph. Tush, They cannot want my seruice in the state.
Cal. These times want not men to supply the state.
Ph. I feare not whilst *Parmenios* forces stand,
Cal. Water far off quenches not fire neere hand,
You may be faire dispatcht, ere he can here,
Or if he heard, before he could be heare.
And therefore doe not build vpon such sand,
It will deceiue your hopes, when all is done.
For though you were the vnion of the land,
If you breake out, be sure you are vndone.
When running with the current of the state,
Were you the weakest man of men aliue,
And in conuentions, and in Counsell sate,
And did but sleepe or nod, yet should you thriue:
Those motiue spirits are neuer fit to rise,
And tis a danger to be held so wise.
Ph. What call you running with the state? shall I
Combine with those that doe abuse the state?
Whose want of iudgement, wit, and honestie,
I am asham'd to see, and seeing hate.
Cal. Tush, tush my Lord, think not of what were fit,
The world is gouernd more by forme, then wit:
He that will fret at Lords, and at the raine,
But a foole, and grieues himselfe in vaine.
Cannot you great men suffer others to
Haue part in rule, but must haue all to doe?
Now good my Lord, conforme you to the rest,
Let not your wings be greater then your nest.
Ph. solus. See how these vaine discoursiue Book-men
Out of those shadows of their sleepie powers, talke,
And doe not see how much they must be talke.

Of

Of their accounts, to make them gree with ours
They little know to what necessities,
Our courses stand allyed, or how we are
Ingag'd in reputation other-wise
To be ourselues in our particulare.
They thinke we can command our harts to lye
Out of their place: and still they preach to vs,
Packe-hearing patience, that base property,
And silly gift of th'all enduring Asse,
But let them talke their fill, it is but wind,
I must saile by the compasse of my minde.

Enters a Messenger.

My Lord, the King cals for you, come my Lord away,
Ph. Well then, I know there's some new stratagem
In hand, to be consulted on to day.
That I am sent for with such speede to him
Whose youth and fortune cannot brooke delay,
But here's a suitor stands to impeach my haste,
I would I had gone vp the priuie way,
Whereby we escape th'attending multitude,
Though I confesse, that in humanity
Tis better to deny, then to delude.

Enter Ceballinus.

My Lord *Philotas* I am come with newes
Of great importance that concernes vs all,
And well hath my good fortune met with you,
Who best can heare, and best discharge my care.
Ph. Say what it is, and I pray thee friend be brief.
Ceb. The case requires your patience good my lord
And therefore I must craue your eare a while,
Ph. I cannot now belong from *Alexander*.
Ceb. Nor *Alexander* will be long with vs,
Vnlesse you heare, and therefore know the newes
I bring concernes his life: and that it is,
There is one *Dymnus* here within the campe,

hose low estate, and high affections, seeme
haue thrust him into outragious practises,
his man affecting one *Nichomachus*
youth, my brother, whome one day h'allures,
a temple where being both alone,
e breakes out in this sort: *Nichomachus*
weet louely youth, ah should I not impart
thee the deepest secrets of my heart.
y hart that hath no locke shut against thee,
would let it out sometimes vnwares of me.
ut as it issues from my faithfull loue,
o close it vp in thine, and keepe it fast,
weare to be secret deere *Nichomachus.*
weare by the sacred God-head of this place
o keepe my counsell, and I will reueale
matter of the greatest consequence,
That euer man imparted to his friend.
Youth and desire drawne with a loue to know.
swore to be secret, and to keepe it close,
When *Dymnus* tels him, that within three daies,
There should be effected a conspiracie
On *Alexanders* person by his meanes
And diuers more of the Nobility,
To free their labours and redeeme them home,
Which when *Nichomachus* my brother heard.
Is this your tale saith he: O God forbid
Mine oath should tie my tong to keepe in this,
This ougly sinne of treason, which to tell
Mine oth compels me, faith against my faith
Must not be kept. My falshood heere is truth
And I must tell; friend or friend not, ile tell.
Dymnus amaz'd, hearing beyond conceipt,
The self-e-will'd youth vow to reueale their plot,
Stands staring on him, drawing backe his breath
Or els his breath confounded with his thoughts,

Busie

Busie with death and horror, could not worke,
Not hauing leisure now, to thinke what was,
But what would be, his feares were run before
And at misfortune ere she came to him.
At length, when as his reason had reduc'd
His flying thoughts backe to some certaine stand,
Perceiuing yet some distance was betwixt
Death and his feares, which gaue him time to work
With his returning spirits, he drew his sword,
Puts it t'his owne, then to my brothers throate,
Thē laies it down, thē wrings his hands, thē kneels,
Then stedfast lookes, then takes him in his armes,
Weepes on his necke, no word, but O wilt thou?
Wilt thou be the destruction of vs all?
And finding no relenting in the youth,
His miserie grew furious, and againe
He takes his sword, and sweares to sacrifice
To silence, and their cause, his dearest blood.
The boy amaz'd, seeing no other way,
Was faine to vowe and promise secrecie;
And as if wonne t'allow and take that part,
Praies him to tell, who were his complices.
Which, though perplext with griefe for what was don,
Yet thinking now t'haue gain'd him to his side,
Dymnus replies: no worse then *Loccus*,
Demetrius of the priuie Chamber, and
Nicanor, *Amynias*, and *Archelopis*,
Droccnus, *Aphebeus*, *Leuculaus*,
Shall be th'associats of *Nicomachus*.
This when my brother once had vnderstood,
And after much a doe had got away,
He comes and tels me all the whole discourse,
Which here I haue related vnto you:
And here will I attend t'auouch the same,
Or bring my brother to confirme as much,

Whom

Some now I left behind, leſt the conſpirators
Seeing him here, vnuſing to this place,
Suſpecting to b'appeach'd, might ſhift away.
Pho. Well fellow, I haue heard thy ſtrange report,
And will finde time t'acquaint the king therewith.

SCENA. II.

Antigona and *Thais*.

Ant. WHat can a free eſtate afford me more
Then my incaptiu'd fortune doth allow?
Was I belou'd, enrich'd, and grac'd before?
Am I not lou'd, enrich'd, and greed now?
Tha. Yes, but before thou wert a kings delight.
Ant. I might be his, although he was not mine.
Tha. His greatnes made thee greater in mens ſight.
Ant. More great perhaps without, but not within.
My loue was then aboue me, I am now
Aboue my loue. The King had thouſands more,
Philotas had but me as, I doe know;
For none elſe will he haue, and ſo he ſwore.
Tha. Nay then, you may beleeue him, if he ſwore,
His poore ſoule, ſhee neuer came to know
Her libertie nor louers periuries.
Ant. Stand I not better with a meaner loue,
That is alone to me, then with thoſe powers,
Who out of all proportion muſt b'aboue,
And haue vs theirs, but they will not be ours.
And gentle *Thais*, tho thou a Grecian be,
And I a Perſian, doe not enuie me.
That I embrace the onely gallant Lord

Thy

Thy *Greece*, or all our *Persia* doth afford.
Thou, who art entertain'd and grac'd by all
The flower of honour els, doe not despise,
That vnto me (poore captiue) should befall
So great a grace in such a worthies eyes.
Tha. Antigona, I enuie not thy loue,
But thinke thee blest t'enioy him in that sort,
But tell me truely didst thou euer proue,
Whether he lou'd in earnest, or in sport?
Ant. Thais, let m'a little glorie in my grace,
Out of the passion of the ioy I feele:
And tell the'a secret, but in any case,
As y'are a woman doe not it reueale.
One day as I was sitting all alone,
In comes *Philotas* from a victorie,
All blood and dust, yet iolly hauing wonne
The glorie of the day most gallantly.
And warm'd with honor of his good successe,
Relates to me the dangers he was in:
Whereat I wondring blam'd his forwardnes.
Fa th wench, saies she, thus must we fight, toile, winne,
To make that young man prowd, thus he is borne
Vpon the wings of our deserts, our blood
Sets him aboue himselfe, and makes him skorne
His owne, his countrey, and th'authors of his good:
My father was the first that out from *Greece*,
Shew'd him the way of *Asia*, set him on,
And by his proiect rais'd the greatest peece
Of this prowd worke, which now he treades vpon.
Parmenio *without* Alexander *much hath wrought*,
Without Parmenio, Alexander *hath done nought*.
But let him vse his fortune whil'st he may,
Times haue their change, we must not still be lead,
And sweet *Antigona*, thou maiest one day
Yet, blesse the houre t'haue knowne *Philotas* bed,
Where

Wherewith he sweetly kist me, and now deeme,
If that so great a man, whose parts were such,
Would, if he held me not in deare esteeme,
T'a captiue *Persian* haue reueal'd so much.
But *Thau* I may no longer stay, for feare
My Lord returne, and find me not within,
Whose eyes yet neuer saw me any where,
But in his chamber where I should haue beene,
And therefore *Thau* farewell.

Tha. Farewell *Antigona*.

Now haue I that which I desired long,
Laid in my lap by this fond woman here,
And meanes t'auenge me of a secret wrong,
That doth concerne my reputation nere.
This gallant man, whom this foole in this wise,
Vaunts to be hers, I must confesse t'haue lou'd,
And vs'd all th'ingines of these conquering eyes.
Affections in his hy-built heart t'haue mou'd
Yet neuer could: for what my labour seekes
Hee vpon vaine ignorance is spent,
Whilst he that is the glory of the *Greekes*,
Vertues vpholder, honors ornament,
Out of this garnish of his worthy parts
Infalne vpon this foolish *Persian* here,
To whom his secrets gravely he imparts,
Which she as wisely gouerns, as y u heare,
Tis strange to see the humors of these men,
These great aspiring spirits, that should be wise,
We women shall know all: for now and then
Out of the humor of their iollities,
The smoke of their ambition must haue vent,
And out it comes what rackes should not reueile,
For this hie humor hath so much of wind,
That it will burst it selfe if too close pent,
And none more fit then vs their wise domes find,

Who will for loue or want of wit conceale.
For being the nature of great spirits, to loue
To be, where they may be most eminent.
And rating of themselues so farre aboue
Vs, in conceipt and in great management.
Imagin how we wonder and esteeme,
All that they doe or say, which makes them striue,
(To make our admiration more extreeme)
To tell vs all they know or doe contriue,
And then th'opinion that we loue them too,
Begets a confidence of secresie,
Whereby what euer they intend to doo,
We shall be sure to know it presently.
But faith I scorne that such a one as shee,
A silly wittied weneh, should haue this grace
To be prefer'd and honor'd before mee,
Hauing but onely beauty, and a face.
I that was ouer courted by the great
And gallantst Peeres and Princes of the East,
Whom *Alexander* in the greatest state
The earth did euer see him, made his guest.
There where this tongue obtained for her merit
Eternitie of fame: there where these hands
Did write in fire the glory of my spirit,
And set a trophey that for euer stands.
Thais Action with the *Grecian* acts shall be
Inregistred alike. *Thais* she that fir'd
The stateliest Pallace the earth did euer see,
Darius house that on the clouds aspir'd,
She is put back behind *Antigona*,
But soone *Philotas* shall his error see,
Who thinks that beauty best, mens passions stirs,
For that they vse our bodies, not our wits:
And vnto *Valerius* will I presently,
And him acquaint with all this whole discourse.

Who I am ſure will take it well of vs,
For theſe great minions, who with enuious eie
Looke on each others greatneſſe, will be glad,
In ſuch a caſe of this importancie,
To haue th'aduantage that may here be had.

CHORVS.

WE as the Chorus of the vulgar, ſtand
Spectators here, to ſee thoſe great men play
Their parts, both of obedience and command,
And cenſure all they doe, and all they ſay.
For though we be eſteem'd but ignorant,
Yet are we capable of truth, and know
Where they doe well, and where their actions want
The grace that makes them proue the beſt in ſhow.
And though we know not what they doe within,
Where they attire, their myſteries of ſtate:
Yet know we by th'euents, what plots haue beene,
And how they all without doe perſonate.
We ſee who well a meaner part became,
Faile in a greater, and diſgrace the ſame.
We ſee ſome worthy of aduancement deem'd,
Saue when they haue it: ſome againe haue got
Good reputation and beene well eſteem'd
In place of greatneſſe, which before were not.
We ſee affliction act a better ſcene,
Then proſperous fortune, which hath mard it cleane.
We ſee that all which we haue prais'd in ſome,
Haue onely beene their fortune not deſert:
Some warre haue grac'd whom peace doth ill become:

And lustfull ease hath blemisht all their part.
We see Philotas acts his goodnes ill,
And makes his passions to report of him,
Worse then he is: and we doe feare he will
Bring his free nature to b'intrapt by them,
For sure there is some ingine closely laid,
Against his grace and greatnes with the King:
And that vnlesse his humors proue more staid,
We soone shall see his vtter ruining.
And his affliction our compassion drawes,
Which still lookes on mens fortunes, not the cause.

ACTVS II. SCENA I.

Alexander. Ephestion, and Craterus.

Ephestion thou dooſt *Alexander* loue,
And *Craterus* thou the King: yet both you mee
In one selfe point of loyaltie and loue,
And both I finde like carefull, like discreet.
Therefore my faithfull Counsellors to you
I must a weighty accident impart,
Which lies so heauie, as I tell you true,
I finde the burthen much t'oppresse my hart.
Ingratitude and head-strong stubbornes,
In one of whome my loue deseru'd respect
Makes me the more sosensible of this,
And is a thing I ought not to neglect,
You see how I *Philotas* raised haue
Aboue his rank'd, his Peeres, beyond his terme:
You see the place, the offices I gaue,
As th'earnest of my loue, to bind him firme,
But all he deeming rather his deserts

The

Then the effects of my grace any way,
Beginnes to play moſt peremptory parts,
As fitter to controule, then to obay.
And I haue beene inform'd, he foſters too,
The faction of that home-bent cowardize,
That wou'd runne backe from glory, and vndoe,
All the whole wonder of our enterprize,
And one day to our ſelfe he dares to write,
(ſeeming our ſtile and title to vpbraid,
Which th'oracles themſelues held requiſite
And which not I, but men on me haue laid)
And ſaid he pittied thoſe who vnder him ſhould liue,
Who held himſelfe the ſonne of *Iupiter*.
Alas good man, as though what breath could giue,
Could make mine own thoughts other then they are.
I that am arbiter betwixt my hart
And their opinion know how it ſtands within
And finde that my infirmities take part,
Of that ſame frailetie, other men liue in,
And yet what if I were diſpoſ'de to winke,
At th'entertaind opinion ſpred ſo far,
And rather was content the world ſhould thinke
Vs other then we are, then what we are.
In doing which, I know I am not gone
Beyond example, ſeeing that Maieſtie,
Needes all that admiration can lay on
To giue it grace, and beare it vp on hie,
And much more mine, which but eu'n now begun
By miracles of fortune, and our worth,
Needes all the complements to reſt vpon,
That reuerence and opinion can bring forth,
Which this wiſe man conceiues not, and yet takes
Vpon him to inſtruct vs what to do
But theſe are but the flouriſhes he makes,
Of greater malice he is bent vnto,

For sure me thinkes I view within his face,
The mappe of change, disturbance and vnrest,
I see his pride contented with no place,
Vnlesse it be the throne whereon I rest.
Eph. Had I not heard this from your sacred tongue,
Deare soueraigne, I would neuer haue beleeued
Philotas folly would haue done that wrong
T'his owne worth, and th'honors he receiued,
And yet me thought his carriages of late
In such exceeding pompe and gallantrie,
Attended with such troupes did intimate,
That he affected popularitie.
Especially since for his seruice done,
He was adiudged to haue the second place
In honour with *Antigonus*, which wonne,
To some th'opinion to be high in grace.
Then this last action leading the right wing,
And th'ouerthrow he gaue might hap inlarge
Th'opinion of himselfe considering,
Th'especiall grace and honour of his charge:
Whereby perhaps in rating his owne worth,
His pride might vnder-valew that great grace
From whence it grew, and that which put him forth,
And made his fortune suting to the place.
But yet I thinke he is not so vnwise,
Although his fauour, youth and iollity,
Makes him thus mad, as he will enterprize
Ought against course, his faith and loyalty,
And therefore if your grace did but withdraw.
Those beames of fauor which doe daze his wits:
He would be soone reduc'd t'his rank of awe,
And know himselfe, and beare him as befits.
Alex. With-draw our grace, and how can that be done?
Without some sullilation to insue.
Can he be safe brought in, being so farre gone,
I hold

I hold it not. Say *Crateras*, what thinke you?
Cra. Soueraigne. I know the man, I find his spirit
And malice shall not make me I protest,
Speake other then I know his pride doth merit,
And what I speake is for your interest.
Which long ere this my conscience vttred had.
But that I fear'd your maiesty would take,
That from some priuate grudge it rather bred,
Then out of care for your deare safeties sake.
Or rather that I sought to crosse your grace,
Or to confine your fauour within bounds,
And finding him to hold so high a place:
In that diuine conceipt which ours confounds,
I thought the safest way to let it rest,
In hope that time some passage open would,
To let in those cleere lookes into that brest,
That doth but malice and confusion hold.
And now I see you haue discernd the man,
Whom I protest I hold most dangerous,
And that you ought with all the speed you can
Worke to represse a spirit so mutinous:
For eu'n already he is swalne so high,
That his affections ouer-flow the brim
Of his owne powers, not able to deny
Passage vnto the thoughts that gouerne him.
For but euen now I hard a strange report
Of speeches he should vse t'his Curtizan:
Vaunting what he had done, and in what sort,
He labourd to aduance that proud yong man.
(So termed he your Sacred Maiestie)
With other such extrauagant discourse:
Whereof we shall attaine more certaintie,
I doubt not shortly and descry his course,
Meane while about your person I aduise,
Your grace should call a more sufficient guard:

And on his actions set such warie eyes,
As may thereof take speciall good regard:
And note what persons chiefly he he frequents:
And who to him haue the most free accesse,
How he bestowes his time, where he presents,
The large reuenue of his bounteousnes,
And for his wench that lies betwixt his armes
And knowes his heart, I will about with her,
She shall be brought t'applie her vsuall charmes,
And I will make her my discouerer.

Alex. This counsell *Craterus* we doe well allow,
And giue thee many thankes for thy great care,
But yet we must beare faire, lest he should know
That we suspect what his affections are,
For that you see he holds a side of power,
Which might perhaps call vp some muteny.
His father old *Parmenio* at this howre,
Rules *Media* with no lesser powers then I.
Himselfe you see gallantly followed here
Holds next to vs a speciall gouernment:
Canus that with his sister match'd, doth beare
Next vnder him a chiefe commandement:
Amyntas and *Symanus* his deare friends,
With both their honourable offices.
And then the priuate traine that on them tends,
With all particular dependences,
Are motiues to driue vs to conceale
The worke in hand, and with great care to deale.

Crat. Your grace saies true, but yet these cloudes (smoak
Vanish before the Sunne in that respect,
Whereon mens long-inur'd affections looke
With such a native zeale, and so affect,
As that the vaine and shallow practises,
Of no such giddy traytor (if the thing

Be tooke in time with due aduisednes)
Shall the least showe of any feeling bring.
Alex. Well then, to thee deere *Craterus* I referre,
Th'especiall care of this great businesse.

SCENA II.

Philotas *Ceballinus* *Servus.*

Ceb. MY Lord, I here haue long attendance made;
Expecting to be cald t'auouch my newes.
P. In troth my friend I haue not found the King
At any leisure yet to heare the same.
Ceb. No, not at leisure to prevent his death?
And is the matter of no more import?
Ile trie another: yet me thinke such men,
As are the eyes and eares of princes, should
Not weigh so light such an intelligence.
Ser. My Lord the summe you willed me to giue,
The Captaine that did visite you to day,
To tell you plaine your coffers yeeld it not.
Phi. How? if they yeeld it not; haue I not then
Apparell, plate, iewels, why sell them:
And go your way, dispatch and giue it him.
Phil. alone.
Me thinkes I finde the King much changde of late,
And vnto me his graces not so great.
Although they seeme in show all of one rate,
Yet by the touch I finde them counterfeite.
For when I speake, although I haue his eare,
Yet do I see his minde is otherwhere.
And when he speakes to me, I see he striues,
To giue a colour vnto what is not:

Plutarch in the life of Alexander.

For

For he must thinke that we whose states, whose liues
Depend vpon his grace, learne not by rote,
T'obserue his actions, and to know his time,
And though indeed princes be manifold,
Yet haue they still such eyes to waite on them,
As are so piercing that they can behold,
And penitrate the inwards of the hart.
That no deuice can set so close a dore,
Betwixt their shewes and thoughts, but that their art
Of shadowing it, makes it appeare the more,
But many malicing my state of grace,
I know do worke, with all the powers they haue
Vpon that easien'ture, to displace
My fortunes, and my actions to depraue:
And though I know they seeke t'inclose him in,
And faine would loke him vp, and chamber him:
Yet will I neuer stoope and seeke to win
My way by them, that came not in by them,
And scorne to stand on any other feet
Then these of mine own worth: and what my plaine
And open actions cannot fairely get,
Basenes and soothing them shall neuer gaine.
And yet I know my presence and accesse,
Cleers all these mists, which they haue rais'd before
Though with my back straight turnes that happines,
And they againe blow vp as much or more:
Thus doe we role the stone of our owne toyle,
And men suppose our hell, a heauen the while.

SCENA

SCENA III.

Craterus. *Antigona.*

ANtigona, there is no remedie,
You needs must iustifie the speech you held
With *Thais*, who will your conference verifie,
And therefore now it cannot be conceal'd.
Ant. O my good Lord I pray you vrge me not,
Thais onely of a cunning enuious wit,
Scorning a stranger should haue such a lott,
Hath out of her inuention forged it. (show,
Cra. Why then shall rackes and tortures force thee
Both this and other matters which we know.
Thinke therefore if t'were not a wiser part,
T'accept of rest, rewards, preferment, grace,
And being perhaps so beautious as thou art,
Of faire election for a neerer place,
To tell the truth, then to be obstinate,
And fall with the misfortune of a man,
Who in his dangerous and concussed state,
No good to thee but ruine render can.
Resolue the of this choice, and let me know
Thy minde at full, at my returning back.
Ant. What shall I do, shall I betray my loue,
Or dye disgrac'd? what do I make a doubt
Betray my loue? O heauenly powers aboue
Forbid that such a thought should issue out
Of this confused breast: nay rather first
Let tortures, death, and horror do their worst,
But out alas, this inconsidrate tongue,
Without my hearts consent and priuitie,

Hath

Hath done alreadie this vnwilling wrong,
And now it is no wisedome to denie.
No wisedome to denie? yes, yes, that tongue
That thus hath beene the traytor to my hart,
Shall either powerfully redeeme that wrong,
Or neuermore shall words of breath impart.
Yet what can my denial profit him,
Whom they perhaps whether I tell or not,
Are purpos'd vpon matters knowne to them,
To ruinate on some discouered plot?
Let them do what they will. Let not thy heart
Seeme to be accessarie in a thought,
To giue the least aduantage of thy part,
To haue a part of shame, in what is wrought.
O this were well, if that my dangers could
Redeeme his perill, and his grace restore:
For which, I vow, my life I render would,
If this poore life could satisfie therefore.
But tis not for thine honour to forsake
Thy loue for death, that lou'd thee in this sort,
Alas what notice will the world take,
Of such respects in women of my sort?
This act may yet put on so faire a coate
Vpon my foule profession, as it may
Not blush t'appeare with those of cleanest note,
And haue as high a place with fame as they.
What do I talke of fame do I not see
This faction of my flesh, my feares, my youth
Already entred, and haue rent at me,
The ioyes of life to tatter downe my truth.
O my subdued thoughts what haue you done,
To let in feare and falshood to my heart,
Whom though they haue surpriz'd they haue not won
For still my loue shall hold the deerest part.
Crat. Amigena what are you yet resolu'd?

Ant. Resolu'd my Lord t'indure all miserie,
Crat. And so be sure you shall if that b'your choice.
Ant. What will you haue me doe my Lord, I am
Content to say what you will haue me say.
Crat. Then come, goe in with me to *Alexander*,

CHORVS.

HOw dost thou weare, and weary out thy daies,
Restles ambition neuer at an end:
Whose trauailes no herculean pillar staies,
But still beyond thy rest thy labours tend.
Aboue good fortune thou thy hopes dost raise,
Still climing and yet neuer canst ascend:
For when thou hast attaind vnto the top,
Of thy desires thou hast not yet got vp.
That height of fortune, either is contrould,
By some more powerfull ouerlooking eye,
(That doth the fulnes of thy grace withhold)
Or counter-checkt with some concurrency:
As it doth cost farre more adoe to hold,
The height attaind, then was to get so hie.
Where stand thou canst not, but with carefull toile,
Nor loose thy hold, without thy vtter spoile.
There dost thou struggle with thine owne distrust,
And others icalousies, their conterplot
Against some vnder-working pride, that must
Supplanted be, or els thou standest not.
There wrong is paid with wrong, and he that thrust
Downe others, comes himselfe to haue that lot.
The same concussion doth afflict his breast
That others shooke, oppression is oppresst.

That

That either happi esse dwells not so hie,
Or els aboue, whereto pride cannot rise:
And that the highest of mans felicitie,
But in the region of affliction lies:
And that we clime but vp to miserie,
High fortunes are but high calamities,
It is not in that Sphære, where peace doth moue,
Rest dwels below it, happines aboue.
For in this hight of fortune are imbred,
Those thundring fears that affright the earth,
From thence haue all distemperatures their head:
That brings out desolation, famine dearth:
There certaine order is disordered,
And there it is confusion hath her birth.
It is that high of fortune doth vndoo
Both her owne quietnes and others too.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

Alex. Metron. Ceballinus Craterus Perdiccas, Epheſt.

COme *Metron*, say of whom hast thou receiued,
Th'intelligence of this conspiracie:
Contriu'd against our person, as thou sayst,
By *Dymnus* and some other of the Campe,
Is't not some vaine report borne without cause,
That enuie or imaginarion drawes
From priuate ends to breed a publike feare,
T'amaze the world with things that neuer were?
Met. Here may it please your highnes is the man
One *Ceballinus* that brought me the newes.
Ceb. O *Alexander*, I haue sau'd thy life,

I am

Iam the man that hath reueal'd their plot.
Alex. And how cam'ſt thou to be inform'd thereof?
Ceb. By mine owne brother, one *Nichomachus.*
Whom *Dymnus* chiefe of the conſpirators,
Acquainted with the whole of their intents.
Alex. How long ſince is it, this was tould to thee?
Ceb. About ſome 3. daies ſince, my ſoueraigne Lord,
Alex. What three daies ſince? and haſt thou ſo long
The thing cõceald ftõ vs, being of that weight? (kept
Guard, take him hence, and giue him his reward.
Ceb. O, may it pleaſe your grace, I did not keepe
The thing conceald one houre, but preſently
Ran to acquaint *Philotas* therewithall,
Suppoſing him a man ſo neere in place,
Would beſt reſpect a caſe that toucht ſo neere,
And on him haue I waited theſe two daies,
Expecting t'haue beene brought vnto your Grace,
And ſeeing him weigh it light, pretending that
Your Graces leiſure ſeru'd not fit to heare.
I, to the maſter of your armorie,
Addreſt my ſelfe forthwith, to *Metron* here,
Who without making any more delay,
Preſt in vnto your Grace, beeing in your bath,
Locking me vp the while in th armorie,
And all what I could ſhew, reueal'd hath.
Alex. If this be ſo then, fellow I confeſſe
Thy loyall care of vs was more then theirs,
Who had more reaſon theirs ſhould haue bin more
Cauſe *Dymnus* to be preſently brought forth,
And call *Philotas* ſtraight, who now I ſee
Hath not deceiu'd me, in deceiuing me.
Who would haue thought one whom I held ſo neere,
Would from my ſafetie haue bin ſo farre off,
When moſt it ſhould and ought import his care?
And wherein his allegeance might make proofe

Of

Of those effects my fauours had deseru'd,
And ought t'haue claim'd more duly at his hands
Then any of the rest? But thus w'are seru'd,
When p. iuste grace out of proportion stands,
And that we call vp men from off below,
From th'Element of baser propertie,
And set them where they behold and know
The way of might, and worke of Maiestie.
Where seeing those rares, which beeing sent far off,
Reflect a heate of wonder and respect,
To faile neere hand, and not to shew that proofe,
(The obiect onely working that effect,)
Thinke, seeing themselues (though by our fauor) set
Within the selfesame orbe of rule with vs,
Their light would shine alone, if ours were set,
And so presume t'obscure or shadow vs.
But he shall know, although his neereues hath
Not felt our heat, that we can burne him too.
And grace that shines, can kindle vnto wrath:
And *Alexander* and the king are two.
But here they bring vs *Dimnus*, in whose face
I see is guilt, despaire, horror, and death.

Guar. Yes, death indeed, for ere he could b'attach'd
He stab'd himselfe so deadly to the heart,
As tis impossible that he should liue.

Al. Say *Dimnus* what haue I deseru'd of thee.
That thou shouldst thinke worthier to be thy king,
Philotas then our selfe. Hold, hold, he sinkes:
Guard keepe him vp, get him to answer vs.

Gua. H'hath spoke his last, h'will neuer answer more.

Al. Sorry I am for that, for now hath death
Shut vs cleane out from knowing him within,
And lockt vp into his breast all th'others hearts:
But yet this deede argues the truth in grosse,
Though we be bard it in particular.

Philotas, are you come, looke here this man,
This *Ceballinus* should haue suffred death,
Could it but haue beene proou'd he had conceald,
Th'intended treason from vs these two daies.
Wherewith he saies, he streight acquainted thee:
Thinke the more neere thou art about our selfe,
The greater is the shame of thine offence,
And which had beene lesse fowle in him then thee.
Phil. Renouned Prince, for that my heart is cleare,
Amazement cannot ouercast my face,
And I must boldly with th'assured cheare,
Of my vnguiltie conscience tell your grace.
That this offence (thus hapning) was not made,
By any the least thought or ill in me:
And that the keeping of it vnbewraid,
Was that I held the rumor vaine to be.
Considering some, who were accus'd, were knowne,
Your auncient and most loyall seruitors:
And such as rather would let out their owne
Heart blood I know, then once indanger yours:
And for me then vpon no certaine note,
But on the brabble of two wanton youthes,
That haue told an idle tale, that would haue wrought
In your distrust, and wrong to others truthes,
And to no end, but onely to haue made
My selfe a skorne, and odious vnto all.
(For which, I rather tooke the baite was laid,
Then els for any trechery at all.)
I must confesse, I thought the safest way,
To smoother it a while, to th'end I might,
If such a thing could be, some proofes bewray,
That might yield probabilitie of right:
Protesting that mine owne vnpotted thought
Alike beliefe of others truth did breed,
Iudging no impious wretch could haue bin wrought

T'imagine

T'imagine such a detestible deed.
And therefore, O dread Soueraigne, doe not way
Philotas faith be this his ouer-sight,
But by his actions past, and onely by
Error t'his charge, not malice, not despight.
Al. Well, loe thou hast a fauourable Iudge,
When, though thou hast not power to cleere thy blame
Yet hath he power to pardon thee the same.
Which, take not as thy right, but as his Grace,
Since here the person alters not the case.
And here *Philotas*, I forgiue th'offence,
And to confirme the same, loe here's my hand.
Phi. O sacred hand, the witnesse of my life,
By thee I hold my safetie as secure,
As is my conscience free from trechetie.
Alex. Wel go t'your charge, & locke to your affaires,
For we to morrow purpose to remoue. *Exit.*
In troth I know not what to iudge herein,
Me thinkes the man seemes surely cleare in this,
How euer otherwise his hopes haue bin
Transported by his vnaduisednesse:
It cannot be a guiltie conscience should
Put on so sure a brow, or else by arte
His lookes stand newtrall, seeming not to hold
Respondencie of int're st with his heart.
Sure for my part, he hath dissolu'd the knot
Of my suspition, with so cleere a hand,
As that I thinke in this (what euer plot
Of mischiefe it may be) he hath no hand.
Crat. My Lord, the greater confidence he shewes,
Who is suspected should be fear'd the more:
For danger from weake natures neuer growes,
Who must disturbe the world, we built therefore.
He more is to be fear'd that, nothing feares,
And malice most affects, that least appeares.

Pre-

Presumption of mens powers as well may breed
Assurednesse, as innocencie may:
And mischiefe seldome but by trust doth speed,
Who Kings betray, first their beliefe betray.
I would your grace had first confer'd with vs,
Since you would needs such clemencie haue shown,
That we might yet but haue aduis'd you thus,
That he his danger neuer might haue known.
In faults whereon an after shame will liue,
Tis better to conceale, then to forgiue.
For who are brought vnto the blocke of death,
Thinke rather on the perill they haue past, (breath,
Then on that grace which hath preseru'd their
And more their sufferings then their mercie taste:
He now to plot your danger still may liue,
But you his guilt not alwayes to forgiue.
Know that a man so swolne with discontent,
No grace can cure, nor pardon can restore:
He knowes how these who once haue mercie spent,
Can neuer hope to haue it any more.
But say that through remorce he calmer proue:
Will great *Parmenio* so attended on
With that braue Armie fostred in his loue:
Be thankfull for this grace you doe his sonne?
Some benefits are odious, so is this:
Where men are still ashamed to confesse,
To haue so done, as to deserue to die:
And euer doe desire that men should gesse,
They rather had receiu'd an iniurie.
Then life, since life they know in such a case,
May be restor'd to all, but not to grace.
Perd. And for my part my liege, I hold this mind,
That sure he would not haue so much suppreſt,
The notice of a treason in that kind,
Vnlesse he were a partie with the rest:

Can

Can it be thought that great *Parmenio*s sonne,
The generall commander of the horse:
The minion of the campe, the onely one
Of secret counsell, and of free recourse,
should not in three daies space haue found the King
At leisure t'heare three words of that import:
Whilst he himselfe in idle luishing,
Did thousands spend t'aduance his owne report?

Cra. And if he giue no credit to the youth,
Why did he two daies space delay him then?
As if he had beleeu'd it for a truth,
To hinder his addresse to other men
If he had held it but a vaine conceit,
I pray why had he not dismist him streight?
Men in their priuate dangers may be stout,
But in th'occasions and the feares of Kings,
We ought not to be credulous, but doubt
The intimation of the vainest things.

Al. Well howsoeuer, we will yet this night,
Disport and banquet in vnusuall wise.
That it may seeme we weigh this practise light,
How euer heauy here within it lies.
Kings may not know distrust, & though they feare
They must not take acquaintance of their feare.

SCENA. II.

Antigona. Thais.

O Y'are a secret counsell-keeper *Thais*,
In troth I little thought you such an one.

Tha. And why *Antigona*, what haue I done

ani,

Ant. You know fulwel, your conscience you bewraies.
Tha. Alas good soule, would you haue me conceale,
That which your selfe could not but needes reueale?
Thinke you another can be more to you,
In what concernes them not then you can be,
Whom it imports? will others hold them true,
When you prooue false to your owne secrecie?
But yet this is no wonder, for we see,
Wiser then we do lay their heads to gaze
For riotous expences of their tongues,
Although it be a propertie belongs
Especially to vs and euery age
Can shew strange presidents what we haue beene,
In cases of the greatest plots of men.
And tis the Scene on this worlds stage we play,
Whose reuolution, we with men conuert,
And are to act our part as well as they
Though commonly the weakest, yet a-part.
For this great motion of a state we see,
Doth turne on many wheeles, and some, though smal,
Doe yet the greater moue, who in degree
Stirre those, who likewise turne the great'st of all.
For though we are not wise, we see the wise,
By vs are made, or make vs parties still,
In actions of the greatest qualities
That they can manage, be they good or ill.
Ant. I cannot tell, but you haue made me doe
That which must euermore afflict my heart,
And if this be my wofull part t'vndoe
My deerest loue, would I had had no part.
How haue I sely woman sifted beene,
Examin'd, tride, flattered, terrifide,
By *Craterus* the cunningest of men,
That neuer left me till I had descride
Whatsoeuer of *Philotas* I had knowne,

That

Tha. What is that all perhaps I haue thereby
Done thee more good, then thou canst apprehen
Ant. Such good I rather you should get then I
If that can be a good t'accuse my friend.
Th. Alas thy accusation did but quote
The mergin of some text of greater note.
Ant. But that is more then thou or I can tell:
Th. Yes, yes, *Antigona*, I know it well.
For be thou sure, that alwaies those who seeke
T'attache the Lyon, so prouide that still,
Their toyles be such, as that he shall not scape,
To turne his rage on those that wrought his ill.
Philotas neither was so strong nor high
But malice ouerlookt him, and disc ride,
Where he lay weake, where was his vanitie,
And built her countermonts vpon that side.
In such fort, as they would be sure to raze
His fortunes with the ingines of disgrace.
And now maist thou perhaps come great hereby,
And gratious with his greatest enemie.
For such men thinke they haue no full succesſe,
Vnlesse they likewise gaine the mistresses
Of those they master, and succeed the place,
And fortunes of their loues with equall grace.
Ant. Loues, out alas, loue such a one as he,
That seekes t'vndoe my loue, and in him me?
Th. Tush, loue his fortunes, loue his state, his place,
What euer greatnesse doth, it must haue grace.
Ant. I weigh not greatnes, I must please mine eie.
Th. Th'ye nothing fairer sees then dignitie.
Ant. But what is dignitie without our loue?
Th. If we haue that we cannot want our loue.
Ant. Why that giues but the outside of delight.
The day time ioy, what comfort hath the night?
Th. If power procure not that, what can it doe?

Ant.

Ant. I know not how that can b'attaind vnto,
Th. Nor will I teach thee if thou knoweſt it not.
Is vaine I ſee, to learne an *Aſian* wit. *Exit,*
Ant. If this be that great wit, that learned skill
You *Greekes* profeſſe, let me be fooliſh ſtill,
So I be faithfull. And now beeing alone,
Let me record the heauie notes of mone. *Cantat.*

SCENA III.

Craterus, Ephoeſtion. Clitus, &c.

MY Lords, you ſee the flexible conceit
Of our indangered ſoueraigne, and you know
How much his perrill, and *Philotas* pride,
Imports the ſtate and vs, and therefore now
We either muſt oppoſe againſt deceipt,
Or be vndone. For now hath time deſcride,
No open paſſage to his fartheſt endes,
From whence, if negligence now put vs backe,
Returne we neuer can without our wracke.
And good my Lords, ſince you conceiue as much,
And that we ſtand alike, make not me proſecute
The cauſe alone, as if it did but touch
Me ly my ſelfe, and that I did both breed,
And vrge theſe doubts out of priuate griefe.
Indeed I know, I might with much more eaſe
Still like others, and if dangers come,
Might thinke to ſhift for one, as well as they:
But yet the faith, the dutie and reſpect,
We owe both to our ſoueraigne and the ſtate,
My Lords, I hold, ſ equires another care.

Eph.

Eph. My Lord assure you, we will take a time
To vrge a stricter count of *Dymnus* death.
Cra. My Lords, I say, vnlesse this be the time,
You will apply your Phisicke after death.
You se the king inuited hath this night
Philotas with the rest, and entertaines
Him with as kinde an vsage to our sight,
As euer kind you see the cunning straines
Of sweet insinuation that are vs'd,
T'allure the care of grace with false reports,
So that all this will come to be excus'd
With one remoue, one action quite transports
The kings affections ouer to his hopes:
And sets him so beyond the due regard
Of his owne safetie, as one enterprize,
May serue their turne, and may vs all surprize.
Cli. But now sin e things thus of themselues bre
We haue aduantage to preuent the worst, (out
And euery day will yield vs more no doubt,
For they are sau'd that thus are warned first.
Cra. So my Lord *Clitus* are they likewise warn'd,
T'accelerate their plot, being thus bewraide.
Cli. But that they cannot now it is too late:
For treason taken ere the birth, doth come
Abortiue, and her wombe is made her tombe.
Cra. You doe not know how far it hath put forth
The force of malice, nor how far is spred
Already the contagion of this ill:
Cli. Why then there may some one man tortur'd
Of those whome *Cebellinus* hath reueald.
Cra. That one must be *Philotas* from whose head
All this corruption flowes, take him, take all.
Cli. *Philotas* is not nam'd, and therefore may
Perhaps not be acquainted with the plot,
Cra. That his concealing of the plot bewrayes.

A

And if we doe not caſt to finde him firſt,
His wit be ſure hath laid ſo good a ground,
As he will be the laſt that will be found.
Cli. But if he be not found: then in this caſe,
We doe him more by blemiſhing his grace.
Cra. If that he be not found t'haue delt in this,
Yet this will force out ſome ſuch thoughts of his,
As will vndoo him, for you ſeldom ſee,
Such men arraign'd that euer guiltleſſe be:
Eph. Well my Lord *Craterus*, we will moue his grace
(I thought it to be late) before he take his reſt,
That ſome courſe may be taken in this caſe,
And God ordaine it may be for the beſt.

Exeunt.

CHORVS.

SEE how theſe great men cloth their priuate hate
In thoſe faire coulours of the publique good:
And to effect their ends pretend the ſtate,
As if the ſtate by their affections ſtood.
And arm'd with power and princes iealouſies,
will put the leaſt conceipt of diſcontent:
Into the greateſt ranke of treacheries.
That no one action ſhall ſeeme innocent.
Yea, valour, honour, bounty, ſhall be made,
As acceſſaries vnto endes vniuſt.
And euen the ſeruice of the ſtate muſt lade,
The needfulſt vndertaking with diſtruſt.
So that baſe vileneſſe idle luxuries,
Seeme ſafer far, then to doe worthily.
Suſpition full of eyes, and full of eares,
Doth through the tincture of her owne conceit

See all things in the coulours of her feares,
And truth it selfe must looke like to deceipt.
That what ways euer the suspected take,
Still enuy will most cunningly forelay
The ambush of their ruine or will make
Their humours of themselues to take that way.
But this is still the fate of those that are
By nature or their fortunes eminent:
Who eyther carried in conceipt too farre,
Doe worke their owne or others discontent:
Or else are deemed fit to be suppresst,
Not for they are, but that they may be ill,
Since states haue euer had farre more vnrest,
By spirits of worth, then men of meaner skill:
And finde that those doe alwayes better proone,
Who are equall to imployment not aboue.
For selfe opinion would be seene more wise
Then present counsels, customes, orders, lawes,
And to the end to haue them otherwise,
The common wealth into combustion drawes.
As if ordaind t'imbroyle the world with wit,
As well as grossenes to dishonor it.

ACTVS IIII. SCENA I.

Artarras. Sostratus.

Sost. CAn there be such a suddaine change in Court,
As you report? is to be beleiu'd
That great *Philotas* whom we all beheld
In grace last night should be araign'd to day?
Art. It can be: and it is as I report,

For states of grace are no sure holds in Court.
Soft. But yet tis strange they should be ouerthrown
Before their certaine forfeitures were knowne.
Ant. Tush it was breeding loog, though suddenly
This thunder-cracke comes but to breake out now.
Soft. The time I waited, and I waited long
Vntill *Philotas* with some other Lords
Depart the presence, and as I conceiu'd,
I neuer saw the king in better moode,
Nor yet *Philotas* euer in more grace.
Can such stormes grow, and yet no clouds appeare?
Ant. Yet court stormes grow, when skies there seem
It was about the deepest of the night, (most cleare,
The blackest houre of darknesse, and of sleepe.
When with some other Lords, comes *Craterus*,
Falls downe before the King, intreats, implores,
Coniures his grace, as euer he would looke
To saue his person and the state from spoile,
Now to preuent *Philotas* practises:
Whom they had plainly found to be the man
Had plotted the destruction of them all.
The King would faine haue put them off to time,
And farther day, till better proofes were knowne,
Which they perceiuing, prest him still the more,
And reinforc'd his dangers, and their owne.
And neuer left him till they had obtaind
Commission t'apprehend *Philotas* streight.
Now to make feare looke with more hideous face,
Or els but to beget it out of forme,
And carefull preparations of distrust:
About the Palace men in armour watcht,
In armour, men about the King attend,
All passages and issues were forelaid
With horse, t'interrupt what euer newes
Should hence breake out into *Parmenios* campe.

I with three hundred men in armour charg'd
Had warrant to attach and to commit
The person of *Philotas* presently:
And comming to his lodging where he lay,
Found him imburied in the soundest sleepe
That euer man could be, where neither noise
Of clattering weapons, or our rushing in
With rude and trampling rumour could dissolue
The heauy humour of that drowsie brow
Which held perhaps his sences now more fast
As loath to leaue, because it was the last.
Sost. Artarras, what can treason sleepe so sound?
Will that lowd hand or horror that still beats
Vpon the guiltie conscience of distrust,
Permit it t'haue so resolute a rest?
Art. I cannot tell, but thus we found him there,
Nor could we I assure you waken him:
Till thrice I calld him by his name, and thrice
Had shooke him hard, and then at length he wakes:
And looking on me with a setled cheere,
Deare friend *Artarras*, what's the newes said he?
What vp so soone to hasten the remoue,
Or rais'd by some alarme, or some distrust?
I told him, that the king had some distrust,
Why what will *Nabarzanes* play saith he
The villaine with the king, as he hath done
Already with his miserable Lord?
I seeing he would, of did not vnderstand
His owne distresse: told him the charge I had:
Wherewith he rose, and rising vs'd these words:
O *Alexander*, now I see my foes,
Haue got aboue thy goodnes, and preuail'd
Against my innocencie, and thy word.
And as we then in chain'd and fettred him,
Looking on that base furniture of shame,

Por

Poore body, said he, hath so many alarme:
Rays'd thee to bloud and danger from the rest,
Tinuest thee with his armour now at last,
Is this the seruice I am cald to now?
But we that were not to attend his plaints,
Couering his head with a disgracefull weed:
Tooke and conuaid him suddenly to ward,
From whence he shall be instantly brought forth,
Here to b'arraind before the king, who sits,
(According to the Macedonian vse)
In cases capitall, himselfe, as Iudge,
Soft. Well then I see, these fatall fortunes proue,
Those are neere lightning, who are neere to *Ioue*,

SCENA. II.

Alexander *with all his Councel, the dead body of* Dymnus: *the reuealers of the conspiracie,* Philotas.

THe haynous treason of some few had like,
T'haue rent me from you, worthy followers,
But by the mercy of th'immortall Gods
Liue, and ioy your sight, your reuerend sighe,
Which makes me more t'abhorre those parricides,
Not for mine owne respect, but for the wrong,
You had receiued, if their designe had stood,
Since I desire but life to doe you good.
The souldiers murmure.
But how will you be mou'd when you shall know,
Who were the men, that did attempt the shame?
When I shall shew that which I grieue to show:
And name such as would God I could not name,

But that the fowleneſſe of their practiſe now,
Blots out all memory of what they were,
And though I would ſuppreſſe them, yet I know,
This ſhame of theirs will neuer but appeare,
Parmenio is the man, a man you ſee
Bound by ſo many merits both to me
And to my father, and our auncientſt friend,
A man of yeares, experience, grauitie,
Whoſe vvicked miniſter *Philotas* is,
Who here *Demetrius*, *Leuculaus*, and
This *Dymnus*, whoſe dead body you behold,
With others, hath ſuborn'd to ſlaughter me.
And here comes *Metron* vvith *Nichomachus*
To vvhom this murthered vvretch at firſt reueald,
The proiect of this vvhole conſpiracie
T'auert as much as vvas diſclos'd to him.
Nichomachus looke here, aduiſe thee vvell,
What doeſt thou know this man that here lies dead?
Nic. My ſoueraigne Lord: I know him very well,
It is one *Dymnus*, who did three dayes ſince
Bewray to me a treaſon practiſed
By him and others to haue ſlaine your grace.
Al. Where, or by whom, or when did he report
This vvicked acte ſhould be accompliſhed?
Nic. He ſaid vvithin three dayes your maieſtie
Should be within your chamber murthered
By ſpeciall men of the nobilitie.
Of whom he many nam'd, and they were theſe
Loceus, *Demetrius*, and *Archelopis*
Nicanor, and *Amyntas*, *Luculeus*,
Droceus, with *Aphebetus* and himſelfe.
Met. Thus much his brother *Ceballimus* did
Reueale to me from out this youths report.
Ceb. And ſo much with the circumſtance of all
Did I vnto *Philotas* intimate.

Alex.

Alex. Then what hath been his mind, who did ſup-
The information of ſo foule a traine, (preſſe
Your ſelues my worthy ſoul'diers well may geſſe,
Which *Dymnus* death declares not to be vaine.
Poore *Ceballinus* not a moment ſtayes,
To rediſcharge himſelfe of ſuch a waight,
Philotas careles, feareles, nothing weighes
Nor ought reueales. His ſilence ſhewes deceipt,
And tels he was content it ſhould be done.
Which though he were no partie makes him one,
For he that knew vpon what power he ſtood,
And ſaw his fathers greatneſſe, and his owne,
Saw nothing in the way which now withſtood,
His vaſt deſires, but onely this my crowne:
Thought in reſpect that I am iſſueleſſe,
The ſame was eaſie to haue been attain'd
But yet *Philotas* is deceiu'd in this
I haue who ſhall inherit all I gain'd.
In you I haue both children, kindred, friends,
You are the heyres of all my purchaſes,
And whilſt you liue, I am not iſſueleſſe.
And that theſe are not ſhadowes of my feare,
(For I feare nought but want of enemies.)
See what this intercepted letter beares,
And how *Parmenio* doth his ſonnes aduiſe:
This ſhowes their ends, hold read it *Craterus.*
Crat, reads it. My ſons, firſt haue a ſpeciall care vnto
Then vnto thoſe which do depend on you. (*your ſelues,*
So ſhall you doe what you intend to do.
Alex. See but how cloſe he writes, that if theſe lines
Should come vnto his ſonnes, as they are ſent,
They might incourage them in their deſſignes,
If enterpris'd might mocke the ignorant.
But now you ſee what was the thing was ment,
You ſee the fathers care the ſonnes intent,

And what if he as a conſpirator,
Was not by *Dymnus* nam'd among the reſt:
That ſhewes not his innocencie but his power,
Whom they account too great to be ſuppreſt,
And rather will accuſe themſelues then him,
For that whiles he ſhall liue, there's hope for them.
And how h'hath borne himſelfe in priuate ſort,
will not ſtand to vrge, it's too well knowne,
Nor what hath been his arrogant report
T'imbale my actions, and to bragge his owne,
Nor how he mockt my letter which I wrote,
To ſhew him of the ſtile beſtow'd on me,
By th'Oracle of *Ioue*, theſe things I thought
But weaknesſes, and words of vanitie:
(Yet words that read the vlcers of his heart)
Which I ſuppreſt, and neuer ceaſt to yeeld
The chiefe rewards of worth, and ſtill t'impart
The beſt degrees and honors of the field.
In hope to win his loue, yet not at length,
There haue I danger where I look't for ſtrength:
I would to God my bloud had rather been
Powr'd out the offring of an enemie;
Then practiz'd to be ſhed by one of mine,
That one of mine ſhou'd haue this infamy
Haue I bene ſo reſerv'd from feares to fall
There where I ought not to haue fear'd at all?
Haue you ſo oft a duis'd me to regard
The ſafety which you ſaw mee running from,
When with ſome hote purſute I preſſed hard
My foes abroad, to periſh thus at home?
But now that ſafty only reſts in you
Which you ſo oft haue Wiſht me looke vnto.
And now vnto your boſomes muſt I flie,
Without whoſe will I will not wiſh to liue:
And with your wills I cannot, leſſe I giue

Due punishment vnto this treacherie.
Amin. *Attarras*, bring the hatefull prisoner forth:
This traitor which hath sought t'vndo vs all,
To giue vs vp to slaughter, and to make
Our blood a scorne, herein a barbarous land:
That none of vs should haue returned backe,
Vnto our natiue countrey, to our wiues,
Our aged parents, kinred, and friends.
To make the body of this glorious host,
A most deformed trunke without a head,
Without the life or soule to guide the same.
Cænus. O thou base traitor impious parricide.
Who mak'st me loath the blood that match'd with (thine
And if I might but haue my will I vow
Thou shouldst not dye by other hand then mine.
Alex. Fie *Cænus* what a barbarous course is this
He first must to his accusation pleade.
And haue his tryall formall to our lawes
And let him make the best of his bad cause.
Philotas, here the *Macedonians* are,
To iudge your fact, what language wilt thou vse,
Phi. The *Persian* language, if it please your grace
For that beside the *Macedonians* here,
Are many that will better vnderstand,
If I shall vse the speach your grace hath vs'd,
Which was, I hold, vnto no other end,
But that the most men here might vnderstand.
Al. See how his natiue language he disdaines:
But let him speake at large as he desires,
So long as you remember he doth hate
Besides the speech, our glorie, and the state. *Exit:*
Phi. Black are the colours laid vpon the crime.
Wherewith my faith stands charg'd my worthy lords:
That as behind in fortune, so in time,
I come too late to cleere the same with words,

My

My condemnation is gone out before
My innocency, and my iust defence;
And takes vp all your hearts, and leaues no dore
For mine excuse, te haue an enterance.
That destitute of all compassion, now
Betwixt an vpright conscience of desart.
And an vniust disgrace, I know not how
To satisfie the time, and mine owne hart,
Authoritie lookes with so sterne an eye
Vpon this wofull Bar, and must haue still
Such an aduantage ouer misery,
As that it will make good, all that it will.
He who should onely iudge my cause, is gone,
And why he would not stay, I do not see.
Since when the same were heard, his powre alone,
As well might then condemne, as set me free:
Nor can I by his absence now be clear'd,
Whose presence hath condemn'd me thus vnhard.
And though the grecuance of a prisoners tongue,
May both superfluous, and disgracefull seeme,
Which doth not sue, but shews the iudge his wrong:
Yet pardon mee, I must not disesteeme
My rightfull cause for being dispis'd, nor must
Forsake my selfe, though I am left of all,
Feare cannot make my innocence vniust
Vnto it selfe, to giue my truth the fall,
And I had rather, seeing how my fortune drawes,
My words should be deformed, then my cause,
I know that nothing is more delicate
Then is the sence and feeling of a state:
The clappe, the bruit, the feare but of a hurt
In kings behalfes, thrusts with tha violence
The subiects will to prosecute report,
As they condemne, ere they discerne th'offence.
Eph. *Philotas*, you deceiue your selfe in this,

That thinke to win compassion, and beliefe
B'impugning iustice and to make men gesse
We do you wrong out of our heate of griefe,
Or that our place or passions did lay more
On your misfortunes, then your owne deserr,
Or haue not well discernd your fact before,
Or would without due proofes your state subuert,
These are the vsuall theames of traytors tongues,
Who practise mischiefs, and complaine of wrongs.
Your treasons are too manifestly knowne
To make in other liuerie then their owne.

Cra. Thinke not, that we are set to charge you here
With bare suspicions, but with open fact,
And with a treason that appeares as cleare
As is the sunne, and knowne to be your act.

Phi. What is this treason? who accuses me?

Cra. The processe of the whole conspiracie.

Ph. But wher's the man that names me to be one?

Cra. Here, this dead traitor shews you to be one.

Ph. How can he dead accuse me of the same,
Whom liuing he nor did, nor yet could name?

Cra. But we can other testimonie show
From those who were your chiefest complices.

Ph. I am not to b'adiudg'd in law you know
By testimonie, but by witnesses.
Let them be here produc'd vnto my face.
That can auouch m'a party in this case.
My Lords and fellow soldiers, if of those
Whom *Dymnus* nominated, any one
Out of his tortures will a word disclose,
To shew I was a party, I haue done.
Thinke not so great a number euer will
Endure their torment, and themselues accuse,
And leaue me out. Since men in such case, still
Will rather slander others then excuse.

Non testimonijs sed testibus.

Calumi-

Calamity malignant is, and he
That suffers iustly for his guiltinesse
Eases his one affliction, but to see
Others tormented in the same distresse,
And yet I feare not whatsoeuer they
By rackes and tortures can be forc'd to say.
Had I beene one, would *Dymnus* haue conceald,
My name being held to the principall?
Would he not for his glory haue reueald
The best to him to whom he must tell all?
Nay if he fasly then had nam'd me one?
To grace himselfe must I of force be one?
Alas if *Ceballinus* had not come to me
And giuen me note of this conspiracie,
I had not stood here now, but bin as free
From question, as I am from trachery.
That is the onely cloud that thundereth
On my disgrace: Which had deemed true,
Or could but haue deuind of *Dymnus* death,
Philotas, had my Lords, sat there with you.
My fault was to haue been too credulous,
Wherein I shewd my weakenesse I confesse.
Cra *Philotas* what a monarch and confesse
Your imperfections and your weakenesse?
Phi. O do not so insult vpon calamity,
I'is a barbarous grosenes to lay on
The weight of skorne, where heauy misery
To much already waies mens fortunes downe.
For if the cause be ill I le vndergo.
The law and not reproch must make it so.
Can. Ther's no reproch can euer be to much
To lay on traytors, whose deserts are such.
Phi. Men vse the most reproches where thy feare,
The cause will better proue then their desire
Can; But sir, a traitors cause that is so cleere.

As this of yours will neuer neede that feare.
Phi. I am no traytor but ſuſpected one,
For not beleiuing a conſpiracie.
And meere ſuſpect by law condemneth none,
They are approued facts for which men die.
Cra. The law in treaſons doth the will correct,
With like ſeuerenes as it doth th'effect,
Th'effection is the eſſence of th'offence,
The execution onely but th'accidence,
To haue but wil'd it is t'haue done the ſame.
Phi. I did not erre in wil', but in beliefe,
And if that be a traitor, then am I thee chiefe,
Cra. Yea but your will made your beleife conſent
To hide th'practiſe till th'accompliſhment.
Phi. Beleefe turnes not by motions of our will,
And it was but the euent that made that ill.
Some facts men may excuſe though not defend,
Where will and fortune haue a diuers end,
Th'example of my father made me feare
To be to forward to relate things heard.
Who writing to the king wiſht him forbeare,
The potion his Phiſition had prepard.
For that he hard *Darius* tempted had.
His faith, with many talents, to b'vntrue.
And yet his druggs in th'end not prouing bad,
Did make my fathers care ſeeme more then due.
For oft thy an vntimely diligence,
A buſy faith may giue a prince offence,
So that, what ſhall we do if we reueale,
Wee are diſpit'd. ſuſpected if conceale.
And as for his where euer now thou be
O Alexander thou haſt pardon'd me.
Thou haſt alreadie giuen me thy hand.
The earneſt of thy reconciled hart.
And therefore now O let thy goodneſſe ſtand.

Vnto

Vnto thy word, and be thou what thou wert,
If thou beleiuedst me then, I am absolu'd,
If pardon'd me, these fetters are dissolu'd.
What haue I els deseru'd since yester night,
When at thy table I such grace did finde,
What hainous crime hath since bin brought to light,
To wrong my faith, and to diuert thy mindes
That from a restfull quiet most profound,
Sleeping in my misfortunes, made secure
Both by thy hand, and by a conscience sound,
I must be wak't for Gyues, for ropes impure,
For all disgrace that one me wrath could lay,
And see the worst of shame, ere I saw day,
When I least thought that others cruelty,
Should haue wrought more then thine own clemency.

Cra. Philotas whatsoeuer glosse you lay,
Vpon your rotten cause, it is in vaine,
Your pride, your cariage euer did bewray
Your discontent, your malice and disdaine.
You cannot palliat mischiefe but it will,
Th'row all the fairest couerings of deceipt
Be alwaies seene; we know those streames of ill,
I low'd from that head that feed them with cõceipt,
You foster malcontents, you intertaine
All humors, you all factions must imbrace:
You vaunt your owne exployts, and you disdaine
The kings proceedings, and his stile disgrace,
You promise mountaines, and you draw men on,
With hopes of greater good then hath been seen.
You brag'd of late that something would be done,
Whereby your Concubine should be a Queene.
And now we see the thing that should be done:
But God be prais'd we see you first vndone.

Ph. Ah do not make my nature, if it had,
So pliable a sterne of disposition,

To

To turne to euery kindnes, to be bad,
For doing good to men of all condition.
Make not you charity to interpret all,
Is done for fauour, to be done for show,
And that we in our bounties prodigall,
Vpon our ends not on mens needs bestow.
Let not my one daies error make you tell,
That all my life time I did neuer well.
And that becauſe this falles out to be ill,
That what what I did, did tend vnto this ill.
It is vniuſt to ioyne to a preſent fact,
More of time paſt then it hath euer had
Before to doe with all, as if it lackt
Sufficient matter elſe to make it bad.
I doe confeſſe indeede I wrote ſomething,
Againſt this title of the ſonne of *Ioue*,
And that not of the king but to the king,
I freely vs'd theſe words out of my loue,
And thereby hath that dangerous liberty
Of ſpeaking truth with truſt one former grace
betraid my meaning vnto enuiy
And drawne an argument of my diſgrace.
So that I ſee though I ſpake what I ought,
It was not in that manner as I ought.
And God forbid that euer ſouldiers words,
Should be made liable vnto miſdeedes.
When fainting in their march, tired in the fight,
Sick in their tent, ſtopping their wound that bleeds,
Or haute an iollie after conqueſt gote,
They ſhall out of their heate uſe words vnkind,
Their deedes deſerue to haue them rather thought,
The paſſion of the ſeaſon, then their mind.
For ſouldiers ioy, or wrath is meaſureleſſe,
Rapt with an inſtant motion and we blame,
We hate, we praiſe, we pittie in exceſſe,

According

According as our present passions frame.
Sometimes to passe the Ocean we would faine
Sometimes to other worlds, and sometimes slacke,
And idle, with our conquests intertaine
A sullen humor of returning backe.
All which conceipts on trumpets sound doth end,
And each man running to his ranks doth loose
What in our tents dislikt vs, and we spend
All that conceiued wrath vpon our foes.
And words if they proceed of leuitie
Are to be skornd, if out of madnesse fall
They must be pitied, if of iniurie
Remitted quite, or els not felt at all.
For of themselues they vanish by disdaine,
But if pursude they will be thought not vaine.
Cra. But words according to the person weigh,
If his designes are hainous so are they,
They are the tinder of sedition, still
Wherewith you kindle fires, inflame mens will.
Phi. Craterus you haue th'aduantage of the day,
The law is yours to say what you will say,
And yet doth all your Glosse but beare the sence,
Onely of my misfortune not offence.
Had I pretended mischiefe to the king,
Could not I haue effected it without.
Dymnus? did not my free accesses bring
Continuall meanes to haue brought the same about
Was not I since I heard the thing discride,
Alone, and arm'd in priuate with his grace,
What hindred me that then I had not tride
T'haue done that mischiefe hauing time and place,
Cra. Philotas euen the prouidence aboue,
Protectresse of the sacred state of kings,
That neuer suffers trechery to haue
Good counsell neuer in this case but brings.

Confusion

Confusion to the actors, did vndo
Your harts, in what you went about to do.
Phi. But yet despaire we see doth thrust men on,
Seeing no way els t'vndoe or be vndone.
Cra. That same despaire doth likewise let men fall
In that amaze they can do nought at all.
Phi. Well, well, my Lords my seruice hath made
The faith I owe my soueraigne and the state (known
Philotas forwardnesse hath euer showne
Vnto all nations at so high a rate
I priz'd my king, and at how low my bloud,
To do him honor and my country good. (are
Eph. We blame not what y'haue been, but what you
We accuse not here your valor, but your fact,
Not to haue beene a leader in the warre,
But an ill subiect, in a wicked act.
Although we know thrust rather with the loue
Of your owne glory, then with duty lead
You haue done much, yet all your courses proue
You tide still your atchieuements to the head
Of your owne honor, when it had bin meete,
You had them laid downe at your soueraignes feete.
God giues to kings the honor to command,
To subiects all their glorie to obey:
Who ought in time of warre as rampiers stand,
In peace as th'ornament of state aray.
The king hath recompens'd your seruices
With better loue then you shew thankfulnesse,
By grace, he made you greater then you were
By nature: you receiu'd that which he was not tide
To giue to you: his guift was far more deere
Then all you did, in making you imploid,
But say your seruice hath deseru'd at all,
This one offence hath made it odious all.
And therefore here in vaine, you vse that meane

To

To plead for life which you haue canceld cleane.
Phi. My lord you far mistake me if you deeme
I plead for life, that poore weake blast of breath,
From which so oft I ran with light esteeme
And so well haue acquainted me with death,
No, no, my lords, it is not that I feare
It is mine honor that I seeke to cleare:
And which if my disgraced cause would let
The language of my heart be vnderstood,
Is all which euer I haue sought to get.
And which (ô leaue me now) and take my blood.
Let not your enuy go beyond the bound
Of what you seeke: my life stands in your way
That is your ayme, take it and do not wound
My reputation with that wrong, I pray.
If I must needes be made the sacrifice
Of envy, and that no oblation will
The wrath of Kings but only blood suffice,
Yet let m'haue something left that is not ill.
Is there no way to get vnto our liues
But first to haue our honour ouerthrowne?
Alas, though grace of Kings all greatnesse giues
It cannot giue vs vertue, that's our owne:
Though all be theirs our hearts and hands can do,
Yet that by which we do is only ours:
The trophies that our blood erects vnto
Their memorie, to glorifie their powers
Let them enióy: yet onely to haue done
Worthy of grace, let not that be vndone.
Let that high swelling riuer of their fame (name.
Leaue humble streames that feede them, yet their
O my deare father, didst thou bring thy spirit
Those hands of valour, that so much haue done,
In this great worke of a *Asia*, this to merit
By doing worthily to be vndone?

And

And hast thou made this purchase of thy sword,
To get so great an Empire for thy Lord,
And so disgrac'd a graue for thee and thine,
T'extinguith by thy seruice all thy line?
One of thy sonnes by being too valurous
But fiue daies since, yet ô well, lost his breath,
Thy deeere *Nicanor* th'halfe arch of my house,
And here now th'other at the barre of death
Stands ouercharg'd with wrath in farre worse case,
And is to be confounded with disgrace.
Thy selfe must giue th'acquittance of thy blood
For others debts to whom thou hast done good,
Which if they would a little time afford.
Death would haue taken it without a sword.
Such the rewards of great imployments are,
Hate kills in peace, whom fortune spares in war.
And this is that high grace of Kings we seeke,
Whose fauour, and whose wrath consumes alike,
Eph. Lo here the misery of kings, whose cause,
How euer iust it be, how euer strong,
Yet in respect they may, their greatnesse drawes
The world to thinke they couer do the wrong,
But this foule fact of yours you stand vpon
Philotas shall beside th'apparancy
Which all the world sees plaine'ere we haue done
By your owne mouth be made to satisfie,
The most stiffe partialist that will not see.
Phi. My mouth will neuer proue so false I trust
vnto my hart, to shew it selfe vniust:
And what I heare doe speake I know my lords
I speake with mine owne mouth, but other where
What may be said I say, may be the words
Not of my breath, but fame that oft doth erre,
Let th'oracle of *Ammon* be inquir'd
About this fact, who if it shall be true.

Will

Will neuer ſuffer thoſe who haue conſpir'd
Againſt *Joues* ſonne t'ſcape without their due:
But will reueale the truth, or if this ſhall
Not ſeeme conuenient: why then lay on all
The tortures that may force a tongue to tell,
The ſecret'ſt thought that could imagin ill. (know
Bel. What need wee ſend to know more then wee
That were to giue you time t'acquaint yout friends
With your eſtate, till ſome combuſtion grow
Within the campe to haſten on your ends:
And that the gold and all the treaſurie
Committed to your fathers cuſtody
In *Media*, now might arme his deſperate troupes,
To come vpon vs and to cut our throates.
What ſhall we aske of *Ione* that which he hath
Reueal'd already? but let's ſend to giue
Thanks that by him, the king hath ſkapte the wrath
Of thee diſ ,yall traytor and doth liue.
Guar. Lets teare the wretch in peeces, let vs rend
With our owne hands, the traytorous parthicide.
Alex. Peace *Belon*, ſilence louing ſouldiers.
You ſee my lords out of your iudgements graue
That all excuſes ſickly colours haue,
And he that hath thus falſe and faithleſſe beene
Muſt find out other gods and other men
Whom to forſweare, and whome he may deceiue,
No words of his can make vs more beleeue
His impudence, and therefore ſeeing tis late,
We till the morning do diſmiſſe the court.

ACTVS

ACTVS V.

Chorus. *Grecian and Persian.*

Per. WEll then we see there is small difference now
Betwixt our state and yours, you ciuil Greeks,
You great contriuers of free gouernments,
Whose skill the world from out all countries seekes.
Those whome you call your Kings, are but the same
As are our Soueraigne tyrants of the East,
I see they onely differ but in name;
Th'effects they shew agree, or neare at least.
Your greatmen here as our great Satrapaes
If once laid prostrate are with basest shame,
Vpon the least suspect, or iealousies
Your Kings conceiue, or others enuies frame.
Onely herein they differ, that your Prince
Proceedes by forme of Law t'effect his end;
Our Persian Monarch makes his frowne conuince
The strongest trueth: his sword the proces endes
With present death, and makes no more adoe,
He neuer stands to giue a glosse vnto
His violence to make it to appeare
In other hewe, then that it ought to beare.
Wherein plaine dealing best his course commends,
For more h'offends who by the law offends:
What needs hath Alexander so to shiue
By all these shewes of forme to find this man
Guiltie of treason, when he doth contriue
To haue him so adiudg'd, doe what he can,
He must not be acquit, though he be cleere,
Th'offender not th'offence is punish there.
And what anailes the fore-condemn'd to speake

How

How euer strong his cause, his state is weake.
Gre. Ah, but it satisfies the world, and wee
Thinke that well done, which done by law we see.
Per. And yet your law serues but your priuate ends,
And to the compasse of your power extends.
But is it for the maiestie of kings,
To sit in iudgements thus themselues with you?
Gre. To doe men iustice is the thing that brings
The greatest maiestie on earth to Kings.
Per. That by their subalternate ministers
May be performed as well, and with more grace
For to command it to be done infers
More glory then to doe. It doth imbase
Th'opinion of a power to inuulgar so
That sacred presence, which should neuer go
Neuer be seene, but euen as Gods below.
Like to our Persian Kings, in glorious show;
And who as starres affixed to their sphere
May not descend to be from what they are. (not mee,
Gre. Where kings are so like Gods, their subiects are
Per. Your king begins this course, & what wil you be then
Gre. Indeed since prosperous fortune gaue the raine
To head-strong power and lust, I must confesse
We greatians haue lost deepely by our graine,
And this our greatnes makes vs much the lesse.
For by th'accession of these mightie states
Which Alexander wonderously hath got,
He hath forgot himselfe; and vs, and rates
His state aboue mankind, and ours at nought.
This hath thy pompe & feeble Asia wrought:
Thy base adorings hath transform'd the King
Into that shape of pride, as he is brought
Out of his wits, out of acknowledging
From whence the glory of his greatnesse springs,
And that it was our swords that wrought these things.

How well were we within the narrow bounds
Of our sufficient yeelding Macedon,
Before our Kings enlarg'd then with our wounds
And made the sea salies of ambition?
Before they came to giue the regall law
To those free states, which kept their crownes in awe.
They by these large dominions are made more
But we be become farre weaker then before.
What get we now by winning but wide mindes
And weary bodies with th'expence of bloud?
What should ill doe, since happy fortune findes,
But misery, and is not good, though good?
Action begets still action, and retaines
Her hopes beyond our wishes, drawing on
A neuer ending circle of our paines
That makes vs not haue done, when we haue done.
What can giue bounds to Alexanders ends?
Who counts the world but small, that calles him great:
And his desires beyond his pray distends
The beasts that murther more then they can eate?
Then shall we looke his trauailes will be done,
That tends beyond the Ocean and the Sunne?
What discontentments will there still arise
In such a Campe of kings, to inter-shock
Each others greatnesse, and what mutinies.
Will put him from his comforts, and will mocke
His hopes, and neuer suffer him to haue
That which he hath of all, which fortune gaue?
And from Philotas blood (ô worthy man)
Whose body now rent on the torture lyes
Will flow that vaine of fresh conspiracies,
To ouer-flow him will do what he can.
For cruelties doth not imbetter men
But them more wary makes then they haue ben.
He. Are not your great men free from tortures then,

Must

Must they be likewise rackt, as other men?
Gre. *Treason affoards a priuiledge to none,*
Who like offends, hath punishment all one.

SCENA II.

Polydamas, Sostratus.

FRiend *Sostratus*, come, haue you euer knowne
Such a distracted face of Court as now,
Such a distrustfull eie, as men are growne
To feare themselues and all: and doe not know
Where is the side that shakes not, who lookes best
In this fowle day, th'oppressor or th'oppresst.
What posting, what dispatches, what deuice,
What search, what running, what discoueries?
What rumors, what suggestions, what deuice
To cleere the King, please people, hold the wise,
Retaine the rude, crush the suspected sort
At vnawares, ere they discerne th'are hurt.
So much the fall of such a weighie Peere
Doth shake the state, and with him tumble downe,
All whom his beame of fauour did vpbeare,
All who to rest vpon his base were knowne.
And none that did but touch vpon his loue,
Art free from feare to perish with his loue.
My selfe, whom all the world haue knowne t'imbra
Parmenio in th'intrinesse of my heart,
And euer in all battailes, euery chase
Of danger, fought still next him on that part:
Was seizd on this last night, late in my bed,
And brought into the presence of the King.
To pay I thought the tribute of my head,
But O 'twas for a more abhorred thing:

In

must redeeme my danger with the blood
Of this deare friend, this deare *Parmenios* blood,
His life must pay for mine, these hands must gore,
That worthy heart, for whom they fought before.
Sost. What hath the King commanded such a deed,
To make the hearts of all his subiects bleed?
Must that olde worthy man *Parmenio* die?
Pol. O *Sostratus*, he hath his doome to die,
And we must yeeld vnto necessitie.
For comming to the King, and there receiu'd
With vnexpected grace, he thus began:
Polydamus, we both haue been deceiud
In holding friendship with that faithlesse man
Parmenio, who for all his glozing mind
Thou seest hath sought to cut my throat and thine,
And thou must worke reuenge for thee and me,
And therefore histe to *Media* speedily,
Take these two letters here, the one from me
Vnto my sure and trustie seruants there
The other signed with *Philotas* seale,
Not the same t'his father written were:
Carrie them both, effect what I haue said,
The one will giue th'accesse the other aide,
I tooke the letters vowd t'affect the same,
And here I goe the instrument of shame.
Sost. But will you charge your honor with the shame?
Pol. I must or be vndone with all my name,
For I haue left all th'adamantine ties
Of blood and nature that can hold a heart
Chaind to the world, my brethren and allies
The Ostages to caution for my part.
And for their liues must I dishonor mine.
Oh should the king rather haue turnd his sword
Vpon my heart, then forst it impiously,
(Hauing done all faire seruice to his Lord)

Now to b'imployd in this foule villany.
Thus must we doe who are inthral'd to kings,
Whether they will iust or vnlawfull things.
But now *Parmenio*, O me thinkes I see
Thee walking in th'artificiall Groue
Of pleasant *Susis*, when I come to thee,
And thou remembring all our ancient loue
Hastes to imbrace me. saying, O my friend,
My deare *Polidamus*, welcome my friend,
Well art thou come, that we may sit and chatt
Of all the old aduentures we haue run.
Tis long *Polidamus* since we two met,
How doth my soueraigne Lord how doth my sonne
When I vile wretch, whilst m'answere he attends
With this hand giue the letter, this hand ends
His speaking ioy, and stabbs him to the heart,
And thus *Parmenio* thou rewarded art
For all thy seruice, thou that didst agree
For *Alexander* to kill *Attalus*
For *Alexander* I must now kill thee.
Such are the iudgements of the heauenly powr's
We others ruines worke, and others ours.

Cho. P. *Why this is right now* Alexander *takes*
The course of powre, this is a Persian *trick,*
This is our way, here publicke tryall makes
No doubtfull noyse but buryes clamor quick.

Gre. Indeed now *Persia* hath no cause to rue,
For you haue vs vndone, who vndid you.

NVNCIVS

NVNTIVS.

THis worke is done, the ſad Cataſtrope
Of this great act of blood is finiſht now.
Philotas *ended hath the Tragedie.*
Cho. *Now good my friend, I pray thee tell vs how,*
N. *As willing to relate as you to heare,*
A full charg'd heart is glad to finde an eare.
The Counſell being diſmiſt, from hence and gone
Still Craterus *plyes the king, ſtill in his eare,*
Still whiſpering to him priuately alone,
Vrging it ſeem'd a quick diſpatch of feare:
For they who ſpeake but priuately to kings
Do ſeldome ſpeake the beſt and fitteſt things
Some would haue had him forthwith ſton'd to death,
According to the Macedonian *courſe:*
But yet that would not ſatisfie the breath
Of buſie rumour, but would argue force,
There muſt be ſome confeſſions made within,
That muſt abroad more ſatisfaction winne.
Craterus *with* Cænus *and* Epheſtion,
Doe mainely vrge to haue him tortured,
Whereto the King conſents, and thereupon
They three are ſent to ſeet accompliſhed.
Racks, Irons, Fires, and griſely torturers
Stand hideouſly prepared before his face.
Philotas *all vnmou'd, vnchangd appeares,*
As if he would deathes vglieſt brow out-face,
And skorne the worſt of force, and aſkt them why
They ſtaid to torture the kings enemy.
Cho. *That part was acted well God grant we heare,*
No worſe a Scene then this, and all goes cleere.

So should worth act, and they who dare to sight
Against corrupted times should dye vpright:
Such hearts kings may dissolue but not defeat,
A great man where he fals he should lye great,
Whose ruine (like the sacred carkases
Of scattered temples) still doe reuerent lie,
And the religious honour them no lesse,
Then if they stood in all their maiestie.
But on with thy report.

Nu. Straight were hote yrons appli'd to sere his flesh
Then wresting racks his comely body straine,
Then yron whips, and then the rack a-fresh,
Then sire againe, and then the whips againe:
Which he endures with so resolu'd a looke.
As if his minde were of another side
Then of his body, and his sence forsooke
The part of nature to be wholy tide
To honour, that he would not once consent
So much as with a sigh t'his punishment.

Ch. Yet doth he like himselfe, yet all is well
This Argument no tyrant can refell,
This plea of resolution winnes his cause
More right then all, more admiration drawes,
For we loue nothing more then to renowne,
Men stoutly miserable, highly downe.

Nu. But now.

Ch. We feare that but. O if he might descend
Leaue so and let the Tragedie here end:
Let not the least act now of his at last,
Marre all his act of life and glories past.

Nu. I must tell all and therefore giue me leaue,
Swolne with raw tumours, vlcered with the ierkes
Of yron whips, that flesh from bone had raz'd,
And no part free from wounds: it irkes
His soule to see the horse so foule defac'd,

Wherein his life had dwelt so long time cleane
And therfore craues he they would now dismisse
His grieuous tortures, and he would begin
To open all wherein h'had done amisse.
Straight were his tortures ceast, and after they
Had let him to recouer sence, he said
Now Craterus say, what you will haue me say?
Wherewith as if alluded, or delai'd
Craterus in wrath cals presently againe,
To haue the tortures to be reapplied,
When what so euer secret of his heart
Which had bin fore-conceiu'd but in a thought,
What friend so euer had but tooke his part
In common loue h'accus'd; and so forgot
Himself that now he was more forward to
Confesses then they to urge him thereunto,
Whether affliction had his spirits vndone,
Or seeing to liue or vtter were all one;
Both wayes lay death, and therefore he would vtter,
Now to be sure to say enough to die.
And then began his fortunes to deplore,
Humbly besought them whom he scornd before,
That Alexander where he stood behind
A Trauers, out of sight, was hard to speake,
I neuer thought that man that had a mind
T'attempt so much, had had a heart so weake.
There he confest that one Hegelochus,
When first the king proclaimd himself loues sonne,
Incens'd his fathers heart against him thus
By telling him that now we were vndone,
If we endur'd, that he which did disdaine
To haue bin Philips sonne should liue and raigne,
He that aboue the state of man will straine
His stile, and will not be that which we are,
Not onely vs contemnes, but doth disdaine

The Gods themselues with whome he would compare,
We haue lost Alexander, lost (said he)
The king, and faine one pride and vanity:
And we haue made a God of our owne bloud,
That glorifies himselfe neglects our good
Intollerable is this impious deede
To Gods, whome he would match, to men he would exceed.
Thus having ouer-night Hegelochus
Discours'd my father sends next day
For me to heare the same: and there to vs
All he had said to him made him re-say.
Supposing out of wine the night before
He might but idlie raue. When he againe
Far more inrag'd in heat and passion more
Vrg'd vs to cleare the state of such a staine,
Coniur'd vs to redeeme the common-weale
And doe like men or else as men conceale.
Parmenio thought whilst yet Darius stood
This course was out of season, and thereby
Th'extinguishing of Alexanders bloud
Would now not profit vs but th'enemy.
But he once dead, we seizing the other powers
Might make all the orient and Asia ours.
That course we likt, to that our counsell stands,
Thereto we tide our oathes and gaue our hands.
And as for this, he said, for Dymnus plot,
Though he were cleere, yet now it cleer'd him not.
And yet the force of racks at last could do
So much with him, as he confest that too.
And said that fearing Bactra would detaine
The King to long, he hastned on his endes,
Least that his father Lord of such a traine,
And such a wealth on whome the whole depends,
Should being aged, by his death preuent
Those his designes and frustrate his intent.

Cha.

Cho. *O would we had not heard this latter iarre,*
This all his former straines of worth doth marre:
Before this last his foes his spirit commends,
But now he is vnpitttied of his friends.
Num. *Then was* Demetrius *likewise brought in place,*
And put to torture, who denayes the deed,
Philotas he auerres it to his face.
Demetrius still denyes: then he espide
A youth one Calin *that was standing by:*
Calin said he, how long wilt thou abide,
Demetrius vainely to auouch a lye.
The youth, that neuer had been vam'd before
In all his tortures, gaue them cause to gesse
Philotas car'd not now to vtter more
Then had beed priuy to his practises.
And seeing they had as much as they desir'd,
They with Demetrius *ston'd him vnto death,*
And all whom Dymnus *nam'd to haue conspird.*
With grieuous tortures now must loose their breath
And all that were allide which could not flie,
Are in the hands of iustice now to die.
Ch. *What must the punishment ariue beyond*
Th'offence, not with th'offender make an end?
Nu. *They all must dye who may be fea'rd in time*
To be the heires vnto their kinreds crime.
All other punishments end with our breath,
But treason is pursu'de beyond our death.
Ch. *The wrath of kings doth seldome measure keepe,*
Seeking to cure bad parts they lance too deep:
When punish neut like lightning should appeare,
To few mens hurt, but vnto all mens feare.
Great Elephants, and Lyons murther least,
Th'ignoble beast is the most cruell beast,
But all is well if by the mighty fall
Of this great man, the King be safely freed,

But if this Hydra of ambition ſhall
Haue other heads to ſpring vp in his ſteed,
Then hath he made but way for them to riſe
Who will aſſault him with freſh trecheries.
The which may teach vs to obſerue this ſtraine,
T'admire high hils, but liue within the plaine.

FINIS.

A LETTER SENT FROM Octauia *to her husband* MARCVS ANTONIVS. *into Egypt.*

AT LONDON
Printed by I. L. for *Simon Waterſon.*
1611.

To the right Honourable and vertuous Lady, the Lady *Margaret* Counteſſe of Cumberland.

Another to Anne Countesse of Pembroke.

ALthough the meaner ſort (whoſe thoughts are plac't
As in another region farre below:
The Sphere of greatneſſe) cannot rightly taſte
What touch it hath, nor right her paſſions know:
Yet haue I here aduentur'd to beſtow
Words vpon griefes as my griefes comprehend,
And made this great afflicted Lady ſhow
Out of my feelings, what ſhee might haue pend.
And here the ſame I bring forth, to attend
Vpon thy reuerent name, to liue with thee
Moſt vertuous Ladie, that vouchſafſt to lend
Eare to my notes, and comfort vnto me,
That one day may thine owne faire vertues ſpread
Being Secretary now, but to the dead.

The Argument.

VPon the second agreement (the first beeing broken through icalousie of a disproportion of eminencie) betweene the Trimuiri Octauius Cæsar, Marcus Antonius, and Lepidus. Octauia the sister of Octauius Cæsar, was married to Antonius, as a linke to combine that which neuer yet, the greatest strength of nature, or any power of next respect could long hold together, who made but the instrument of others endes, and deliuered vp as an Ostage to serue the opportunitie of aduantages, met not with that integritie she brought: but as highly preferred to affliction encountred with all the grieuances that beat vpon the miscrie of greatnesse, exposed to stand betwixt the diuers tending humors of vnquiet parties. For Antonie having yet vpon him the fetters of Egypt, laid on by the power of a most incomparable beautie, could admit no new lawes into the state of his affection, or dispose of himselfe beeing not himselfe, but as hauing his heart turned Eastward, whither the point of his desires were directed, touch't with the strongest allurements that ambition, and a licentious soueraignty could drawe a man vnto, could not truely descend to the priuate loue of a ciuill nurtred Matron, whose entertainment bounded with modestie, and the nature of her education, knew not to cloth her affections in any other colours then the plaine habit of truth: wherein shee euer suted all her actions, and vsed all her best ornaments of honestie, to winne the

good

good liking of him that held her but as a curtain drawn between him and Octauius, to shadow his other purposes withall, which the sharpe sight of an equally iealous ambition could soone pierce into, and as easily looke thorowe and ouer blood and nature, as he to abuse it: And therefore to preuent his aspiring, he armes his forces either to reduce Anthony to the rancke of his estate, or else to disranke him out of state and all. When Octauia by the employment of Anthony (as beeing not yet ready to put his fortune to her triall) throwes her selfe, great with child, and as big with sorrow, into the trauell of a most laboursome reconciliation: taking her iourney from the farthest part of Greece to find Octauius, with whom her care and teares were so good Agents, that they effected their commission beyond all expectation, and for that time quite disarmed their wrath, which yet long could not hold so. For Anthonius falling into the relapse of his former disease, watching his opportunitie got ouer againe into Egypt, where he so forgot himselfe, that hee quite put off his owne nature, and wholly became a prey to his pleasures, as if he had wound himselfe out of the respect of Country, blood, and alliance, which gaue to Octauia the cause of much affliction, and to me the Argument of this letter.

A Letter

A Letter sent from Octauia to her husband *Marcus Antonius into Egypt.*

TO thee (yet deare, though most disloyall Lord,
Whom impious loue keepes in a barbarous land,
Thy wronged wife *Octauia* sendeth word
Of th'vnkind woundes receiued by thy hand,
Great *Anthony*, O let thine eies affoard
But to permit thy heart to vnderstand
The hurt thou doest, and doe but read her teares
That still is thine, though thou wilt not be hers.

2 Although perhaps, these my cõplaints may come
Whil'st thou in th'armes of thy incestuous Queene,
The staine of *Egypt*, and the shame of *Rome*,
Shalt dallying sit, and blush to haue them seene:
Whil'st prowd disdainfull shee, guessing from whom
The message came, and what the cause hath beene,
Will skorning say, faith, this comes from your Deere,
Now sir you must be shent for staying here.

3 From her indeede it comes, delitious dame,
(Thou royall concubine, and queene of lust)
Whose arme yet pure, whose brests are void of blame
And whose most lawfull flame, proues thine vniust:
Tis shee that sends the message of thy shame,
And his vntruth that hath betraid her trust:
Pardon, deere Lord, from her these sorrowes are
Whose bed brings neither infamie nor ware.

4 And therefore here her words, that too too much
Hath heard the wrongs committed by thy shame,
Although at first my trust in thee was such
As it held out against the strongest fame.
My heart would neuer let in once a touch
Of least beliefe till all confirm'd the same,
That I was almost last that would beleeue,
Because I knew me first that most must grieue.

5 How oft haue poore abused I tooke part,
With falshood onely for to make thee true?
How oft haue I argued against my heart
Not suffering it to know that which it knew?
And for I would not haue thee what thou art,
I made my selfe vnto my selfe vntrue.
So much my loue labour'd against thy Sinne
To shut out feare which yet keepes feare within.

6 For I could neuer thinke th'aspiring mind,
Of worthie and victorious *Antenie*,
Could be by such a *Syren* so declin'd,
As to be train'd a pray to Luxury.
I could not thinke my Lord would be so vnkind
As to despise his Children, *Rome*, and me:
But O how soone are they deceiu'd that trust,
And more their shame, that will be so vniust.

7 But now that certaine fame hath open laid,
Thy new relapse, and strange reuolt from me,
Truth hath quite beaten all my hopes away
And made the passage of my sorrowes free,
For now poore heart there's nothing in the way,
Remaines to stand betwixt despaire and thee:
All is throwne downe, there comes no succours new
It is most true, my Lord is most vntrue.

8 And now I may with shame enough pull in,
The colours I aduanced on his grace,
For that subduing power that him did win

Hath

Hath loſt me too, the honor of my face:
Yet why ſhould I bearing no part of ſinne,
Beare ſuch a mightie part of his diſgrace?
Yes though it be not mine, it is of mine,
And his renowne being clips'd mine cannot ſhine.
9 Which makes me as I doe, hide from the eie
Of the misiudging vulgar that will deeme,
That ſure there was in me ſome reaſon why
Which made thee thus my bed to diſeſteeme:
So that alas poore vndeſeruing I
A cauſe of thy vnkeane deſerts ſhall ſeeme,
Though luſt takes neuer ioy in what is due,
But ſtill leaues knowne delights to ſeeke out new.
10 And yet my brother *Cæſar* counſelled
To haue me leaue thy houſe and liue more free,
But God forbid, *Octauia* ſhould be led
To leaue to liue in thine, though left thy thee,
The pledges here of thy forſaken bed.
Are ſtill the obiects that remember me
What *Anthonie* was once, although falſe now,
And is my Lord, thotgh he neglect his vow.
11 Theſe walles that here doe keepe mee out of ſight,
Shall keepe me all vnſpotted vnto thee,
And teſtifie that I will doe thee right,
Ile neuer ſtaine thy houſe, though thou ſhame me:
The now ſad chamber of my once delight,
Shall be the temple of my pietie,
Sacred vnto the faith I reuerence,
Where I will pay my teares for thy offence.
12 Although my youth, thy abſence & this wrong,
Might draw my blood to forfeit vnto ſhame,
Nor needde I fruſtrate my delights ſo long,
That haue ſuch meanes to cauſe ſo the ſame,
Since that the face of greatneſſe is ſo ſtrong
As it diſſolues ſuſpect, and beares out blame,

Hauing all secret helps that long thereto,
That seldome wants there ought, but will to doe.
Which yet to do, ere lust this heart shall frame,
Earth swallow me aliue, hell rap me hence:
Shall I because dispis'd contemne my shame,
And adde disgrace to others impudence?
What can my power but giue more power to fame?
Greatnesse must make it great incontinence;
Chambers are false, the bed and all wil tell
No doore keepes in their shame that doe not well.

14 Hath greatnes ough peculiar else alone
But to stand faire and bright aboue the base?
What doth deuide the cottage from the throne,
If vice shall lay both leuell with disgrace?
For if vncleannesse make them but all one,
What priuiledge hath honor by his place?
What though our sinnes go braue and better clad
They are as those in rags as base as bad.

15 I know not how, but wrongfully I know
Hath vndiscerning custome plac'd our kind
Vnder desert, and set vs farre below
The reputation to our sexe assign'd;
Charging our wrong reputed weakenesse, how
We are inconstant, fickle, false, vnkind,
And though our life with thousand proofes shews
Yet since strength saies it, weakenes must be so,

16 Vnequall partage to b'allow'd no share
Of libertie, of lifes best benefite,
But stand as if we interdicted were
Of vertue, action, practises of might:
Must you haue all and not vouchsafe to spare
Our weakenes any part of natures right,
Is there no portion left for vs at all,
But sufferance, sorrow, ignorance and thrall?

17 Thrice happie you in whom itis no fault,

To know, to speake, to iudge, and to be wise:
Whose words haue credite, and whose deeds though
Must yet be made to seeme far otherwise: (naught
You can be on'ly heard whil'st we are taught
To hold our peace, and not to exercise
The powers of our best parts, because your parts
Haue with our freedome robb'd vs of our hearts.

18 We in this prison of our selues confin'd,
Must heare shut vp with our owne passions liue
Turn'd in vpon vs, and denied to finde
The vent of outward meanes that might releeue,
That they alone must take vp all our mind,
And no roome left vs but to thinke and grieue,
Yet oft our blindfold thoughts looke more direct,
Then your loose wisdomes borne with wild neglect.

19 For should we do (as God forbid we should)
Carry no better hand on our desires
Then your strength doth, what int'rest could
Our wronged patience pay you for your hires?
What mixture of strange generations would
Succeed the fortunes of vncertaine Sires?
What foule confusion in your bloud and race,
To your immortall shame and our disgrace?

20 What are there bars for vs no bouuds for you
Must leuity stand sure though firmenesse fall?
And are you priuiledg'd to be vntrue,
And we no grant to be dispenc'd withall?
Must we inuiolable keepe your due,
Both to your loue, and to your falshood thrall?
Whil'st you haue stretch'd your lust vnto your will,
As if your strength were licenc'd to do ill.

21 O if you be more strong then be more iust,
Cleere this suspicion, make not the world to doubt
Whether in strong or weake be better trust,
If frailty or else valor be more stout:
And if we haue shut in our harts from lust,

Let not your bad example let them eur,
Thinke that there is like feeling in our bloud,
If you will haue vs good, be you then good
22 Is it that loue doth take no true delight
In what it hath, but still in what it would,
Which drawes you on to do vs this vnright,
Whilst feare in vs in loosing what we hold,
Keepes vs in still to you, that set vs light,
So that what you vnties, doth vs vnfold?
Then loue tis thou that dost confound vs so,
To make our truth the occasion of our wo.
23 Distressed woman kind that either must
For louing loose your loues, or get neglect;
Whilst wantons are more car'd for then the iust,
And falshood cheerisht, faith without respect.
Better she fares in whom is lesser trust,
And more is lou'd that is in more suspect.
Which (pardon me) shewes no great strength of mind
To be most theirs that vse you most vnkind.
24 Yet well it fits, for that sinne euer must
Be tortur'd with the racke of his owne frame,
For he that holds no faith shall find no trust,
But sowing wrong is sure to reape the same:
How can he looke to haue his measure iust
That fils deceipt, and reckons not of shame.
And being not pleas'd with what he had in lot,
Shall euer pine for that which he hath not? (seem'd
25 Yet if thou couldst not loue, thou mightst haue
Though to haue sum'd had likewise been vniust:
Yet so much are leane shewes of vs esteem'd,
That oft they feed, though not suffice our trust,
Because our nature grieueth to be deem'd
To be so wrong'd, although we be, and must,
And it's some ease yet to be kindly vs'd,
In outward shew, though secretly abus'd.

26 But

26 But wo to her, that both in shew despis'd,
And in effect disgrac'd, and left forlorne,
For whom no comforts are to be deuis'd,
Nor no new hopes can euermore be borne:
O *Antonie*, could it not haue suffiz'd
That I was thine, but must be made her skorne
That enuies all our bloud, and doth deuide
Thee from thy selfe only to serue her pride?

27 What fault haue I committed that should
So great dislike of me and of my loue? (make
Or doth thy fault but an occasion take
For to dislike what most doth it reproue?
Because his conscience gladly would mistake
Her owne misdeedes which she would faine remoue,
And they that are vnwilling to amend,
Will take offence because they will offend.

28 Or hauing run beyond all pardon quite,
They flie and ioyne with sinne, as wholy his,
Making it now their side, their part, their right,
And to turne backe would shew t'haue done amisse:
For now they thinke not to be opposite
To what obraids their fault where wickednes,
So much doth so lie thrust them into blame
That euen to leaue of shame, they count it shame.

29 Which do not thou deare Lord, for I do not
Pursue thy fault, pursue for thy returne
Backe to thy selfe, whom thou hast both forgot,
With me, poore me, that do thee no spight but mourne.
And if thou could'st as well amend thy blot
As I forgiue, these plaints had beene forborne:
And thou should'st be the same vnto my hart
Which once thou wert, not that which now thou art.

30 Though deep doth sit the hart recouering smart
Of that last wound (which God grant be the last)
And more doth touch that tender feeling part

Of

Of my ſad ſoule, then al th' vnkindneſſe paſt:
And *Antony* I appeale to thine owne heart,
(If th'heart which once was thine thou yet ſtill haſt)
To iudge if euer woman that did liue,
Had iuſter cauſe, then wretched I, to greeue
31 For comming vnto *Athens* as I did,
Weary and weake with toile, and all diſtreſt,
After I had with ſorrow compaſſed
A hard conſent, to grant me that requeſt
And how my trauell was conſidered
And all my care, and coſt, thy ſelfe knowes beſt:
That would'ſt not mooue one foote from luſt for me
That had left all was deare to come to thee.
32 For firſt what great ado had I to win
M'offended brother *Cæſars* backward will?
And praid, and wept, and cri'd to ſtay the ſinne
Of ciuill rancor riſing twixt you ſtill:
For in what caſe ſhall wretched I be in,
Set betwixt both to ſhare with both your ill?
My blood, ſaid I with either of you goes.
Who euer win, I ſhall be ſure to loſe.
33 And what ſhame ſhall ſuch mighty perſons get
For two weake womens cauſe to diſagree?
Nay what ſhall I: that ſhall be deem'd to ſet
Th'inkindeled fire, ſeeming inflam'd for me?
O if I be the motiue of this heate,
Let theſe vnguilty hands the quenchers be.
And let me trudge to mediate an accord,
The Agent twixt my brother and my Lord
34 With prayers, vowes, and teares, with vrging
I wrung from him a ſlender grant at laſt,
And with the rich prouiſion I prepar'd,
For thy intended *Parthian* warre made haſt,
Weighing not how my poore weake body far'd,
But all the tedious difficulties paſt:

And

And came to *Athens*; whence I *Niger* sent,
To shew thee of my comming and intent.
35 Whereof when he had made relation,
I was commanded to approch so neare:
Then sent I backe to know what should be done
With th'horse, and men, and mony I had there:
Whereat perhaps when some remorse begun
To touch thy soule to thinke yet what we were,
Th'Inchanters straight steps twixt thy art and thee,
And intercepts all thoughts that came of me.
36 Shee armes her teares, the ingins of deceit,
And all her battery to appose my loue,
And bring thy comming grace to a retreayt
The power of all her subtilty to proue:
Now pale and faint she languishes, and straight
Seemes in a sound, vnable more to moue:
Whilst her instructed followers plie thine eares
With forged passions mixt with fained teares.
37 Hard harted lord, say they, how canst thou see
This mighty Queene a creature so diuine,
Lie thus distrest, and languishing for thee,
And onely wretched but for being thine?
Whilst base *Octauia* must intitled bee
Thy wife, and shee esteem'd thy concubine:
Aduance thy heart, raise it vnto his right,
And let a sceptre baser passions quite.
38 Thus they assaile thy natures weakest side
And worke vpon th'aduantage of thy mind,
Knowing where iudgement stood least fortified.
And how t'incounter folly in her kind:
But yet the while O what dost thou abide,
Who in thy selfe such wrastling thoughts doest find?
In what confused case is thy soule in,
Rackt betwixt pitty, sorrow, shame and sinne?
39 I cannot tell, but sure I dare beleue

My trauailes needs must some compassion moue
For no such looke to bloud could nature giue
To shut our pittie, though it shut our loue:
Conscience must leaue a little way to grieue
To let in horror comming to reproue,
The guilt of thy offence, that caus'd the same;
For deepest wounds the hand of our owne shame.

40 Neuer haue vniust pleasures beene complete
In ioyes intire, but feare still keepe the dore
And held back something from that full of sweet,
To intersowre vnsure delights the more:
For neuer did all circumstances meete
With those desires which were conceiu'd before:
Something must still be left to checke our sinne,
And giue a touch of what should not haue been.

41 Wretched mankind, wherefore hath nature
The lawfull vndelightfull th'vniust, shame?
As if our pleasure onely were forbade
But to giue fire to lust, t'ad greater flame,
Or else but as ordained more to lade
Our heart with passions to confound the same,
Which though it be, yet ad not worse to ill,
Do, as the best men do, bound thine owne will.

42 Redeeme thy selfe, and now at length make
With thy diuided hart opprest with toyle, (peace
Breake vp this war; this breast dissention cease,
Thy passions to thy passions reconcile:
I doe not onely seeke my good t'increase,
But thine owne ease, and liberty the while
I bee in the circuit of thy selfe confine,
And be thine owne, and then thou wilt be mine.

43 I know my pittied loue doth aggrauate,
Enuy and wrath for these wrongs offered:
And that my sufferings adde with my estate
Coales in thy bosome, hatred on thy head,

Yet is not that my fault, but my hard fate,
Who rather wisht haue beene vnpittied
Of all but thee, then that my loue should be
Hurtfull to him that is so deere to me.
44 Cannot the busie world let me alone,
To beare alone the burthen of my griefe,
But they must intermeddle with my mone,
And seeke to offend me with vnsought reliefe?
Whilst my afflictions labour'd to moue none
But onely thee; must pittie play the thiefe,
To steale so many hearts to hurt my heart,
And moo ue a part against my deerest part?
45 Yet all this shall not preiudice my Lord,
If yet he will but make returne at last,
His sight shall raze out of the sad record
Of my enrolled griefe all that is past;
And I will not so much as once affoard
Place for a thought to thinke I was disgrac't:
And pittie shall bring backe againe with me
Th'offended hearts that haue forsaken thee.
46 And therefore come deere Lord, lest longer stay
Doe arme against thee all the powers of spight,
And thou be made at last the wofull prey
Of full inkindled wrath, and ruin'd quite:
But what presaging thought of bloud doth stay
My trembling hand, and doth my soule affright?
What horror doe I see prepar'd t'attend
Th'euent of this? what end vnlesse thou end?
47 With what strange formes & shadowes ominious
Did my last sleepe, my griev'd soule entertaine?
I dream'd, yet O dreames are but friuolous,
And yet I le tell it, and god grant it vaine.
Me thought a mighty *Hippopotamus*
From *Nylus* floting, thrusts into the maine,
Vpon whose backe a wanton Mermaid sate,

A Sea horse.

As if she rul'd his course, and steerd his fate.
48 With whom t'incounter, forth another makes,
A like in kinde of strength and power as good
At whose engrappling *Neptunes* mantle takes
A purple colour, di'de with streames of blood:
Whereat this looker on, amaz'd forsakes
Her champion there, who yet the better stood;
But seeing her gone, straight after her he hies,
As if his heart and strength lay in his eyes:
49 On followes wrath vpon disgrace and feare,
Whereof th'euent forsooke me with the night,
But my wak'd cares gaue me these shadowes were
Drawne but from darknesse to instinct the light,
These secret figures natures message beare
Of comming woes, were they disciphered right;
But if as clouds of sleepe thou shalt them take,
Yet credit wrath and spight that are awake,
50 Preuent great spirit the tempests that begin,
If lust and thy ambition haue left way
But to looke out, and haue not shut all in,
To stop thy iudgement from a true suruay
Of thy estate; and let thy heart within
Consider in what danger thou doest lay
Thy life and mine, to leaue the good thou hast,
To follow hopes with shadowes couer-cast. (toile,
51 Come'come away from wrong, from craft, from
Possesse thine own, with right, with truth, with peace:
Breake from these snares, thy iudgments vnbeguile.
Free thine owne torment, and my griefe release,
But whether am I carried all this while
Beyond my scope, and know not when to cease?
Words still with my encreasing sorrowes grow,
I know t'haue said too much, but not ynow.
Wherefore no more, but onely I commend
To thee the heart that's thine, and so I end.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF CLEOPATRA.

To the Ladie MARIE, Countesse of PEMBROOKE.

Ætas prima canat veneres, postrema tumultus.

AT LONDON
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1611.

TO THE MOST *NOBLE LADIE*, the Ladie MARIE, *Counteſſe of* PEMBROOKE.

BEhold the work which once thou didſt impoſe
Great ſiſter of the Muſes glorious ſtarre
Of femall worth, who didſt at firſt diſcloſe
Into our times, what noble powers there are
In womens harts, and ſent example farre
To call vp others to like ſtudious thoughts
And me at firſt from out my low repoſe
Didſt raiſe to ſing of ſtate and tragicke notes
Whil'ſt I contented with an humble ſong
Made muſique to my ſelfe that pleaſ'd me beſt

And onely told of Delia and her wrong
And praiſed her eyes, & plaind mine own vnreſt
A text from whence muſe had not digreſt
Had I not ſeene thy well grac'd Anthonie
Adornd by thy ſweete ſtile in our faire tongue
T'expect his Cleopatras *company.*
And that thoſe nations which at firſt in me
The then dilicious Wilton *did impreſſe*
That arbor of the Muſes grac'd by thee
And which did likewiſe grace thy worthineſſe
Were growne to apprehend how th'images
Of action and of greatneſſe figured were
Made me attempt t'attire her miſerie
In th'habit I conceiued became her care
Which if to her it be not fitted right
Yet in the ſute of nature ſure it is
And is the language that affliction might
Perhaps deliuer when it ſpake diſtreſſe
And as it was I did the ſame addreſſe
To thy cleere vnderſtanding and therein
Thy noble name, as in her proper right
Continued euer ſince that time hath beene
And ſo muſt likewiſe ſtill, now it is caſt
Into this ſhape that I haue giuen thereto
Which now muſt ſtand, being like to be the laſt
That I ſhall euer herein haue to doe.

And glad I am I haue renewd to you
The vowes I owe your worth, although thereby
There can no glory vnto you accrew
Who consecrate your proper memory.
Those holy Hymnes the melody of heauen
Which Israels singer to his God did frame
Vnto thy voice eternall fame hath giuen
And shewes thee deere to him from whence they came
In them shall rest thy euer reuerent name(
So long as Sions God remaineth honored
And till confusion hath all zeale bereauen
And murthered faith and temples ruined
By them great Lady you shall then be knowne
When Wilton *may lie leuell with the ground*
And this is that which you may call your owne
Which sacrilegious Time cannot confound:
Here you surviue your selfe, here are you found
Of late succeeding ages fresh in fame,
This monument cannot be ouerthrowne,
Where in eternall brasse remaines your name.
O that the Ocean did not bound our stile
Within these strict and narrow limits so,
But that the musique of our well tund Ile
Might hĕce be heard to Mintium arme & Po,
That they might know how far Thames doth out
Declined Tybur, and might not contemne. (goe

Our Northerne tunes, but now another while
Receiue from vs more then we had from them
Or why may not some after-comming hand
Vnlocke these limits, open our confines,
And breake asunder this imprisoned band
T'inlarge our spirits, and let our designes
Planting our roses on the Apinines,
And to Iberus, Loyce and Arue to teach
That we part glory with their, and our land
Being match forworth, coms not behind in speech
Let them produce the best of all they may
Since Rome left bearing, who bare more thē men
And we shall paralell them euery way
In all the glorious actions of the men.
Our Phœbus is the same that theirs hath been,
How euer ignorance, phantasticke growne
Rates them aboue the valew that they pay,
And like strange notes, and disesteemes our owne
They cannot shew a Sidney, *let them shew*
All their choice peeces, and bring all in one
And altogether shall not make that shew
Of wonder and delight, as he hath done:
He hath th'Olimpian prize (of all that run
Or euer shall with mortall powers) possest
In that faire course of glory and yet now
Sydney *is not our all, although our best.*

That

That influence had Elizaes bleſſed peace
Peculiar to her glory as it ſpread
That ſacred flame of many, and th'increaſe
Did grace the ſeaſon, and her honoured.
And if the ſame come now extinguiſhed
By the diſtemperature of time, and ceaſe
Suffice we were not yet behind the reſt,
But had our part of glorie with the beſt.

The Argument.

AFter the death of Antonius, Cleopatra (liuing ſtill in the monument ſhee had cauſed to be built) could not by any meanes be drawne forth, although Octauius Cæſar very earneſtly laboured it, and ſent Proculeius, to vſe all diligence to bring her vnto him: for that he thought it would be a great ornament to his triumphs, to get her aliue to Rome. But neuer would ſhee put her ſelfe into the hands of Proculeius, although on a time he found the meanes (by a window that was at the toppe of the Monument,) to come downe vnto her: where hee perſwaded her (all he might) to yeeld herſelfe to Cæſars mercy. Which ſhe (to be rid of him) cunningly ſeemed to grant vnto. After that, Octauius in perſon went to viſite her, to whome ſhe excuſed her offence, laying all the fault vpon the greatnes, and feare ſhee had of Antonius, and withall ſeemed very tractable, and willing to be diſpoſed of by him.

Whereupon Octauius, thinking himſelfe ſure reſolued preſently to ſend her away to Rome, Whereof Dolabella, a fauorite of Cæſars (and one that was growne into ſome good liking of her) hauing certified her ſhee makes her humble petition to Cæſar that he would ſuffer her to ſacrifice to the Ghoſt of Antonius, which beeing granted her, ſhee was brought vnto his Sepulchre, where after her rites performed ſhe returned to the monument, and there dined with great magnificence. And

in dinner time, came there one in the habite of a countriman, with a basket of figges vnto her, who (vnsuspected) was suffered to carry them in: And in that basket (among the Figges) were conueied the Aspickes wherewith she did her selfe to death. Dinner being ended, she dispatched Letters to Cæsar, containing great lamentations with an earnest supplication, that she might be intombed with Antonius. Whereupon Cæsar, knowing what she intended, sent presently with all speede, Messengers to haue preuented her death, which notwithstanding, before they came, was dispatched.

Cæsario her sonne, which she had by Iulius Cæsar (conueyed before vnto India, out of the danger of the warres) was about the same time of her death murthered at Rhodes; trained thether by the falshood of his Tutor, corrupted by Cæsar. And so herely came the race of of the Ptolomies to bee wholy extinct, and the flourishing rich kingdome of Egypt vtterly ouerthrowne and subduced.

The names of the Actors.

Cleopatra.	*Seleucus.*
Oct. Cæsar.	*Rhodon.*
Cæsario.	*Dircetus.*
Dolabella.	*Diomedes.*
Proculeius.	*Charmion.*
Arius.	*Eras.*
Philostratus.	

THE TRAGEDIE of CLEOPATRA.

Actus I. Scæna I.

Cleopatra. Cæsario. Rodon.

COme *Rodon*, here, conuey from out this coast
This pretious iemme, the chiefest I haue left,
The iewell of my soule I valew most,
My deare *Cæsario*: Saue him, saue my theft,
Guide him to India, lead him farre from hence.
Conceale where secure he may remaine,
Till better fortune call him backe from thence,
And *Egypts* peace be reconcil'd againe,
For this is he that may our hopes bring backe,
The rising Sunne of out declining state:
These be the hands that may restore our wracke,
And raise the shattered ruines made of late:
He may giue limits to the boundlesse pride
Of fierce *Octauius*, and abate his might,
Great *Iulius* of spring, he may come to guide
The Empire of the world, as his by right.

Ro. No doubt he may, deare Soueraigne when the rage
Of this confused storme is ouer-past,
That furiously now beates vpon this age,
And may be, is too violent at last,

And

And *Cæsars* fortune which now seemes to grow
Into th'Ascendent of felicitie,
And makes the round and full of glory now,
May come to waine like others wretchednes:
No tyrant can prescribe no iniurie:
Kings Rights may oft be sicke, but neuer die:
Ch. Rodon, my selfe, those turnes of Chance haue
And known both sides of fortune, worst & best seen
And therefore he, whose birth, whole sexe hath bene
Worthier then mine, why should not he rebleft
Turne backe to rule the scepter of this land?
Which ah, how well it would become his hand!
O how he seemes the modell of his syre,
Now doe I gaze my *Cæsar* in his face:
Such was his gate, so did his lookes aspire,
Such was his threatning brow, such was his grace;
Hie shouldred, and his forehead euen as hie,
And had he not, ay me, bin borne so late,
He might haue ruld the worlds wide Monarchy.
And haue bin the Champion of our State.
But O deare sonne, the time yeilds no delaies,
Sonne of my youth, flie hence, O flie, be gone,
Reserue thy selfe, ordain'd for better daies,
For much thou hast to ground thy hopes vpon.
Leaue me thy wofull mother to indure
The fury of this tempest here alone,
Who cares not for her selfe, so thou besure:
Thou maiest reuenge when others can but mone.
Rodon will see he safe, *Rodon* will guid
Thee in the way, thou shalt not need to feare,
Rodon my faithfull seruant will prouide
What shall be best for thee, take thou no care.
And O good *Rodon*, tender well his youth,
The waies are long, and dangerous euery where;
I vrge it not, that I doe doubt thy truth,

ut mothers caſt the worſt, and alwaies feare.
The abſent danger greater ſtill appeares,
Leſſe feares he, who is neere the thing he feares.
Rod. Madame, nor can, nor haue I other gage;
o lay for this aſſurance of my troth,
ut th'earneſt of that faith, which all my age
our grace hath tri'd: and which againe by oath
nto the care of this ſweet Prince I vow,
hoſe ſafetie I will tender with more heede
hen mine owne life. For conſider how
he life of Egypt ſtands on his good ſpeed:
nd doubt not Madame *Cæſar* left vs hath
he poſterne gate of *Nylus* free to flie,
nd *India* lies beyond the bounds of wrath,
nd owes no homage to his Empery.
nd there we ſhall find welcome, there remaine
afe, till good fortune brings vs backe againe.
Cle. But ah, I know not what preſaging thoughts
y ſpirit ſuggeſts of ominous euent:
nd yet perhaps my loue doth make me dote
n idle ſhadowes, which my feares preſent.
ut yet the memorie of mine owne fate,
akes me feare his, and yet why ſhould I feare?
is fortune may in time regaine his ſtate,
nd he with greater glory gouerne here.
ut yet I feare the *Genius* of our race,
y ſome more powerfull ſpirit comes ouerthrowne,
ur blood muſt be extinct, in my diſgrace,
nd Egypt haue no more kings of their owne.
Then let him ſtay, and let vs fall together,
it be fore-decreed that we muſt fall:
et who knowes what may come, let him goe thither,
What Marchant in one veſſell venters all?
et vs diuide our ſtarres, goe, goe my ſonne:
e not the fate of Egypt finde you here.

Trie

Trie if so be thy Destinie can shun
The commoon wracke of vs, by beeing there.
But who is he found euer yet defence
Against the heauens, or hide him any where?
Then what need I to send thee so farre hence
To seeke thy death, that maiest as well die here?
And here die with thy mother, die in rest,
Not trauelling to what will come to thee:
Why should we leaue our blood vnto the East,
When Egypt may a tombe sufficient be?
O my diuided soule what shall I doe,
Whereon shall now my resolution rest?
What were I best resolue to yield vnto?
When both are bad, how shall I know the best?
Stay; I may hap to worke with *Cæsar* now,
That he may yield him to restore thy right,
Goe; *Cæsar* neuer will consent that thou
So neere in blood shalt be so great in might.
Then take him *Rodon*, goe my sonne, farwell.
But stay: there's something I would gladly say,
Yet nothing now. But O God speed you well,
Lest saying more, that more might make thee stay.
Yet let me speake, perhaps it is the last
That euer I shall speake to thee, my sonne,
Doe mothers vse to part in such post haste?
What must I end when I haue scarce begun?
Ah no (deare heart) 'tis no such slender twine
Wherewith the knot is tide twixt me and thee:
That blood within thy vaines came out of mine,
Parting from thee, I part from part of me.
And therefore I must speake. Yet what? O sonne,
Though I haue made an end, I haue not done.

Cæs. Deare soueraigne mother, suffer not your care
To tumult thus with th'honor of your state:
The miseries of ours no strangers are,

Nor

for is it new to be vnfortunate.
nd this good, let your many sorrowes past
Worke on your heart t'inharden it at last.
ooke but on all the neighbour States beside,
f *Europe*, *Afrique*, *Asia*, and but note
What Kings? what States? hath not the Roman pride
nsackt, confounded, or else seruile brought?
nd since we are so borne that by our fate,
gainst the stormes we cannot now beare saile,
nd that the boistrous current of their state
ill beare downe all our fortunes, and preuaile:
et vt yet temper with the time: and thinke
he windes may change, & all these States oppresst,
olleagu'd in one, may turne againe to sincke
heir Greatnesse, who now holds them all distrest:
nd I may lead their troupes, and at the walls
f greedie *Rome*, reuenge the wronged blood
f th'innocent, which now for vengeance calls,
nd doe th'inthralled Prouinces this good.
nd therefore my deare mother doe not leaue
o hope the best, I doubt not my returne.
hall d e well, let not your griefe bereaue
ur eies of seeing these comforts when they turne.
Cleop. Well, worthy sonne, and worthily the sonne
f such a father. And in this thou shew'st
om whence thou cam'st; I say no more: begone,
ow in thy vertue, as in yeares thou grow'st.

Exeunt.

Cleopatra sola.

ore comforts can they giue, whom our distresse
kes miserable, and like comfortlesse.
s, such forced cheering from our owne,
on our griefes doe more affliction lay,
thinke, that by our meanes they are vndone,
whom we sought our glory to conuay.

Well

Well then, here is a sad daies worke begun:
For first, betweene these armes my *Antony*
Expir'd his day: and whilst I did vphold
His struggling limmes in his last extasie,
The yet vnclosed wound, which his owne sword
Had made before, burst out, imbru'd my wombe,
And here with these faire collours of my Lord
Which now I weare: I come from out a tombe,
To send away this deerest part of me
Vnto distresse, and now whilst time I haue,
I got t'interre my spouse. So shall I see
My sonne dispatcht for death, my loue t'his graue.

Exit.

SCENA. II.

Octavius. Dircetus. Gallus. Proculeius.

WHat newes brings now *Dircetus* from our foe?
Will *Antony* yet struggle beeing vndone?

Dir. No *Cæsar* he will neuer vexe thee more.
His worke is ended, *Anthony hath done.*
Here is the sword that hath cut off the knot
Of his intangled fortunes, and hath freed
His grieued life from his dishonor'd blot.

Oct. Who is the man that did effect this deed?

Dir. His owne hand and this sword hath done it.

Oct. Relate *Dircetus* of the manner how.

Dir. My Lord when *Anthony* had made this last,
And desperate triall of his fortunes, and
With all the forces which he had amast
From out each coast and corner of the land.

Had brought them to their worke, perceiuing how
His ships in stead of blowes shooke hands with yours
And that his powers by land were vanquisht now,
Backe to the city he with griefe retires,
Confounded with his fortunes, crying out,
That *Cleopatra* had betraid his trust.
Shee all amaz'd, and fearing least he mought
In this conceipt to farther rages burst,
Hastes to the tombe which shee erected had
(A stately vault to *Isis* temple ioyn'd)
And thence caus'd word be sent how she was dead,
And had dispatcht her self, through griefe of mind.
Which when *Antonius* heard, he straight burst forth
Into this passion: what? and hast thou then
Preuented me, braue Queene, by thy great worth
Hath *Cleopatra* taught the worke of men?
Hath shee out gone me in the greatest part
Of resolution, to die worthily?
And must I follow? doth shee disappoint
Me, of th'example to teach her to die?
Come *Eros*, doe this seruice for thy Lord,
The best and greatest pleasure thou canst doe:
Imploy this weapon here; come, make this sword
That wonne me honor, now to saue it to.
It is a deede of glory, *Eros*, this:
For these drie deaths are womonish and base:
It is for an vnsinewed feebleneſſe
T'expire in feathers, and t'attend disgrace.
Ther's no thing easier *Eros* then to die,
For when men cannot stand, thus they may flie.
Eros, his late infranchis'd seruant, takes
The sword, as if he would haue done thee deede,
And on it falls himselfe: and thereby makes
Antonius more confus'd to see him bleed,
Who should haue first euented out his breath,

O *Eros*

O *Eros*, ſaid he, and hath fortune quite
Forſaken me? muſt I b'out gone in all?
What? can I not by by loſing get a right?
Shall I not haue the vpper hand to fall
In death? muſt both a woman, and a ſlaue
The ſtart before me of this glory haue?
With that he takes his ſword, and downe he falls
Vpon the diſmall point, which makes a gate
Spacious enough for death, but that the walls
Of nature skorn'd to let it in thereat.
And he ſuruiues his death. Which when his loue,
His royall *Cleopatra* vnderſtood,
Shee ſends with ſpeede his body to remooue,
The body of her loue imbru'd with blood.
Which brought vnto her tombe. (leſt that the preaſe
Which came with him, might violate her vow)
Shee drawes him vp in rowles of taffary
T'a window at the top, which did allow
A little light vnto her monument.
There *Charmion*, & poore *Eras*, two weake maids
Foretir'd with watching, and their miſtreſſe care,
Tugd at the pulley hauing no other aydes.
And vp they hoiſe the ſwounding body there
Of pale *Antonius* ſhowring out his blood
On th'vnder-lookers, which there gazing ſtood.
And when they had now wrought him vp halfe way
(Their feeble powers vnable more to doe)
The frame ſtood ſtill, the body at a ſtay,
When *Cleopatra* all her ſtrength thereto
Puts, with what vigor loue, and care could vſe,
So that it mooues againe, and then againe
It comes to ſtay. When ſhee a freſh renewes
Her hold, and with reinforced power doth ſtraine,
And all the weight of her weake bodie laies,
Whoſe ſurcharg'd heart more then her body waies.

At

At length she wrought him vp and takes him in,
Lies his yet breathing body on her bed,
Applies all meanes his sences to rewinne
Stops vp his wound againe that freshly bled.
Calls him her Lord, her spouse, her Emperor,
Forgets her owne distresse to comfort his,
And interpoints each comfort with a kisse.
He after some small rest and cherishing
Raises himselfe, and frames a forced cheere,
Wils *Cleopatra* leaue her languishing,
And like herselfe these accidents to beare,
Considering they had had so full a part
Of glory in this world: and that the turne
Of Change was come, and Fortune would depart.
'Twas now in vaine for her to stand and mourne:
But rather ought she seeke her race to free,
By all the meanes (her honor sau'd) she can,
And none about *Octauius* trust, said hee,
But *Proculeius* he's an honest man.
And for my selfe, suffize *I* haue not fail'd
In any acte of worth: and now in this,
A Romane hath but here a Romane quail'd,
And onely but by fortunes variousnes.
And yet herein I may this glorie take,
That he who me vndoes, my sword did make.
This said, he calls for wine, which he requires
Perhaps not for his thirst, but t'end his breath:
Which hauing taken, forthwith he expires:
And thus haue I declar'd *Antonius* death.
Octa. I greeue to heare this much. And I protest
By all the gods, I am no cause of this,
I sought his ruine, wrought his owne vnrest;
And here letters are my witnesses,
How oft I labour'd to recall him home,
And woo'd his friendship, su'd to him for loue:

And

And how he ſtill contemn'd me, skorned Rome,
Your ſelues my fellow citizens can proue.
But *Gallus* you, and *Proculeius* haſte
With ſpeede vnto the cittie to preuent
Leſt *Cleopatra* deſperat now at laſt,
Bereaue vs of the onely ornament,
Which is herſelfe, that can our triumphs grace.
Or fire the treaſure which ſhe hath amaſt
Within that vault, of all the precious ſtuffe
That Egypt yields and diſappoint at laſt
Our trauels of the benefit thereof.
Supple her heart with hopes of kinde reliefe,
Giue words of oyle, vnto her wounds of griefe,

CHORVS.

BEhold what furies ſtill
Torment their tortur'd breſt,
Who by their doing ill,
Haue wrought the worlds vnreſt.
Which when being moſt diſtreſt,
Yet more to vexe their ſprite,
The hideous face of ſinne,
(In formes they muſt deteſt)
Stands euer in their ſight.
Their conſcience ſtill within
Th'eternall larum is
That euer-barkin dog that cals vpon their miſſe,

No meanes at all to hide
Man from himſelfe can finde,
No way to ſtart aſide

ut from the hell of minde.
ut in himselfe confin'd,
e still sees sinne before:
nd winged-footed paine,
hat swiftly comes behind,
he which is euermore,
he sure and certaine gaine
njictie doth get,
And wanton lose respect, that doth it selfe forget.

And Cleopatra now,
ell sees the dangerous way
he tooke, and car'd not how,
hich led her to decay:
And likewise makes vs pay
or her disordered lust,
he int'rest of our blood:
r liue a seruile pray,
nder a hand vniust,
s others shall thinke good.
his hath her riot wonne,
nd thus she hath her state, herselfe, and vs vndone.

ow euery mouth can tell,
hat close was muttered:
ow that shee did not well,
o take the course she did,
For now is nothing hid,
f what feare did restraine.
o secret closely donc,
ut now is vttered.
he text is made most plaine
hat flatteric glos'd vpon,
he bed of sinne reueal'd,
nd all the luxuric that shame would haue conceal'd.

The

The scene is broken downe,
And all vncouered lies,
The purple Actors knowne
Scarce men, whom men despise.
The complots of the wise
Proue imperfections smoake;
And all what wonder gaue
To pleasure gazing eies,
Lies scattered, dasht, all broke.
Thus much beguiled haue
Poore vnconsiderate wights,
These momentary pleasures, fugitiue delights.

ACTVS II. SCENA. I.

Cleopatra. Charmion. Eras.

YEt do I liue, and yet can breath extend
My life beyond my life: nor can my graue
Shut vp my griefes, to make my end my end?
Will yet confusion haue more then I haue?
Is th'honor, wonder, glory, pompe, and all
Of *Cleopatra* dead, and shee not dead?
Haue I out-liu'd my selfe, and seene the fall
Of all vpon me, and not ruined?
Can yet these eies indure the gastly looke
Of desolations darke and ougly face,
Woont but on fortunes fairest side to looke,
Where nought was, but applause, but smiles, & grace
Whil'st on his shoulders all my rest relyde,
On whom the burthen of my ambition lay,
My *Atlas*, and the Champion of my pride,

That

That did the world of all my glorie sway:
Who here throwne downe, disgrac'd, confounded lies
Crusht with the weight of shame and infamie,
Following th'vnluckie partie of mine eyes,
The traines of lust and imbecillitie.
Now who would thinke that I were she who late
With all the ornaments on earth inrich'd,
Enuirond with delights, ingyrt with state,
Glittering in pompe that hearts and eyes bewitc'h,
Should thus distrest cast downe from off the height,
Leueld with low disgrac'd calamitie.
Vnder the weight of such affliction sigh,
Reduc'd vnto th'extreamest misery?
Am I the woman whose inuentiue pride
Adorn'd like *Isis* skorn'd mortalitie?
If I would haue my frailtie so beli'd,
That flatterie could perswade I was not I?
Well now I see they but delude that praise vs,
Greatnes is mockt, prosperitie betraies vs.
And we are but our selues, although this cloud
Of enterpoised-smoake makes vs seeme more.
The spreading parts of pompe whereof w'are proud,
Are not our parts, but parts of other store.
Witnesse these gallant fortune following traines,
These summer-swallowes of felicitie,
Gone with the heat of all, see what remaines,
This monument, two maides, and wretched I.
And I t'adorne their triumphs am reseru'd
A captiue kept to honor others spoiles,
Whom *Cæsar* labours so to hold preseru'd,
And seekes to entertaine my life with wiles,
But *Cæsar* it is more then thou canst doe,
Promise, flatter, threaten extreamities,
Imploy thy wits, and all thy force thereto,
Haue both hands and will, and I can die.

Char. Come *Eras*, shall we goe and interrupt
With some perswading words, this streame of mone?
Eras. No *Charmion*, stay the current that is stopt
Will but swell vp the more: let her alone.
Time hath not brought this hot disease of griefe,
T'a *Crisis* fit to take a medicine yet;
Tis out of season to apply reliefe.
To sorrowes late begun, and in the fit
Calamitie is stubborne in the prime:
Of new afflictions, we must giue it time.
Cle. Shall Rome behold my scepter-bearing hand
Behinde me bound, and glory in my teares?
Shall I passe by whereas *Octauia* stands
To view my misery, that purchast hers?
No, I disdaine that head which wore a crowne
Should stoope to take vp that which others giue:
I must not be, vnlesse I be mine owne,
T'is sweet to die, when we are forc'd to liue.
Nor had I staid behind my selfe this space,
Nor paid such interest for my borrowed breath,
But that hereby I seeke to purchase grace
For my distressed seed after my death.
Its that which doth my deerest bloud controule,
Thats it alas detaines me from my tombe,
Whilst nature brings to contradict my soule,
The argument of mine vnhappy wombe.
But what know I if th'heauens haue decreed,
And that the sinnes of Egypt haue deseru'd
The *Ptolomies* should faile, and none succeed,
And that my weakenes was thereto reseru'd,
That I should bring confusion to my state,
And fill the measure of iniquitie:
And my luxuriousnes should end the date
Of loose and ill-dispensed libertie.
If it be so, then what need these delayes,

Sin

Since I was made the meanes of miserie,
Why should I not but make my death my praise,
That had my life but for mine infamie?
And leauing grau'd in letters of my bloud,
A fit memoriall for the times to come,
To be example for such princes good,
As please themselues, and care not what become.
Char. Deare madam, do not thus afflict your heart
No doubt you may worke out a meane to liue,
And hold your state, and haue as great a part
In *Cæsars* grace, as *Anthony* could giue:
He that in this sort doth sollicit you,
And treates by all the gentle meanes he can,
Why should you doubt that he should proue vntrue,
Or thinke him so disnatured a man,
To wrong your royall trust or dignitie?
Cle. Charmion, because that now I am not I,
My fortune, with my beauty, and my youth.
Hath left me vnto misery and thrall,
And *Cæsar* cares not now by wayes of truth,
But cunning, to get honor by my fall.
Ch. You know not *Cæsars* dealing till you try.
Cle. To try, were to be lost and then descry.
Ch. You to *Antonius* did commit your selfe,
And why might not *Antonius* so haue done?
Cl. I wonne *Antonius*, *Cæsar* hath me woone.
Er But madame, you might haue articuled
With *Cæsar*, when *Thyrius* he of late
Did offer you so kindly as he did.
Vpon conditions to haue held your state.
Cl. Tis true, I know I might haue held my state,
If I would then haue *Anthony* betrai'd,
Er. And why not now, since *Anthony* is dead,
And that *Octauius* hath the end he sought,
May not you haue what then was offered?

On fairer tearmes, if things were fitly wrought
And that you would not teach him to deny,
By doubting him, or asking fearefully.
Cleop. Fearefully *Eras* peace, I skorne to feare,
Who now am got out of the reach of wrath,
Aboue the power of pride. What should I feare
The might of men, that am at one with death?
Speake ye no more to me I charge you here.
What? will you two, who still haue tooke my part
In all my fortunes, now conspire with feare
To make me mutinie against my heart?
No *Antony*, because the world takes note
That t'was my weakenesse that hath ruin'd thee,
And my ambitious practises are thought
The motiue and the cause of all to be.
My constancie shall vndeceiue their mindes,
And I will bring the witnesse of my bloud
To testifie my fortitude, that binds
My equall loue, to fall with him I stood.
Though God thou knowst, this staine is wrongly laid
Vpon my soule, whom ill successe makes ill:
And my condemn'd misfortune hath no aide
Against prowd lucke that argues what it will.
Defects I grant I had, but this was worst,
That being the first to fall, I di'd not first.
Though I perhaps could lighten mine owne side
With some excuse of my constrained case
Drawne downe with power: but that were to diuide
My shame, to stand alone in my disgrace.
To cleare me so, would shew my affections naught,
And make th'excuse more hainous then the fault.
Since if I should our errors disvnite,
I should confound afflictions onely rest,
That from steine death euen steales a sad delight
To die with friends, and with the like distrest.

And I confesse me bound to sacrifice
To death and thee the life that doth reproue me,
Our like distresse I feele doth simpathize,
And now affliction makes me truely loue thee.
When heretofore my vaine lasciuious Cort
Fertile in euery fresh and new-choyce pleasure,
Affoarded me so bountifull disport,
That I to stay on loue, had neuer leisure.
My vagabound desires no limits found,
For lust is endlesse, pleasure hath no bound.
When thou bred in the strictnesse of the citie,
The ryotous pompe of monarchs neuer learnedst
Inur'd to warres, in womens wiles vnwitty,
Whilst others fa and, thou felt'st to loue in earnest
Not knowing women loue them best that houer,
And make least reckoning of a doting louer.
And yet thou c mst but in by beauties waine,
When new appearing wrinckles of declining
Wrought with the hand of yeares, seem'd to detaine
My graces light, as now but dimly shining,
Euen in the confines of mine age, when I
Fayling of what I was. and was but thus,
When such as we doe deeme in iealousie,
That men loue for themselues, and not for vs,
Then and but thus thou didst loue most sincerely.
(O *Antony* that best deserud'st it better)
This Autumne of my beauty, bought so deerely,
For which in more then death I stand thy debtor
Which I will pay thee with so true a minde,
Casting vp all these deepe accounts of mine
As both our soules, and all the world shall find
All reckonings cleer'd betwixt my loue and thine.
But to the end I may preuent prowd *Cæsar*,
Who doth so eagerly my life importune:
I must preuaile me of this little leisure,

Seeming to suite my mind vnto my fortune:
Thereby with more conuenience to prouide,
For what my death, and honor best shall fit,
An yeelding base content must wary hide
My last designe, till I accomplish it:
That hereby yet the world shall see that I,
Although vnwise to liue, had wit to die.

SCENA II.

Octauius. Proculeius. Gallus.

KIngdoms I see we win, we conquer Climats,
Yet cannot vanquish hearts, nor force obedience
Affections kept in close concealed limits,
Stand farre without the reach of sword or violence.
Who forc'd doe pay vs duty, pay not loue,
Free is the heart, the temple of thy mind,
The sanctuarie sacred from aboue,
Where nature keyes that loose and bind,
No mortall hand force open can that dore,
So close shut vp and lockt to all mankind,
I see mens bodies onely ours, no more,
The rest anothers right that rules the minde.
Behold my forces vanquisht haue this land,
Subdu'd that strong Competitor of mine,
All Egypt yeelds to my al-conquering hand:
And all their states, and all themselues resigne,
Onely this Queene, that hath lost all this all,
To whom is nothing left, except a mind,
Cannot into a thought of yeelding fall,
To be dispos'd as chance hath her assign'd,

But

But *Proculeius* tell me what y'haue done,
Will yet this womans ſtubborne heart be woon?
Pro. My Lord, we haue all gentle meanes impli'd,
According to th'inſtructions which you gaue,
And hope in time ſhe will be pacifi'd,
And theſe are all the likelihoods we haue.
Firſt when we came into her arched vault,
I *Gallus* ſet to entertaine the time
Below with her, conferring at a grate,
Whilſt I found meanes vp to the top to clime:
He there perſwaded her to leaue that place,
And come to *Cæſar* and to ſue for grace.
She ſaid, ſhe crau'd not life, but leaue to die,
Yet for her children praid they might inherit,
That *Cæſar* would vouchſafe in clemencie,
To pittie them, though ſhe deſeru'd no merit.
I now deſcending in the cloſeſt wiſe,
And ſilent manner as I could contriue,
Her woman me deſcri'd, and out ſhe cries.
Ah *Cleopatra*, thou art forc'd aliue.
With that the queene raught from her ſide her knife,
And euen in act to ſtab her martyred breſt,
I ſtept with ſpeed, and held, and ſau'd her life,
And forth her trembling hand the blade did wreſt.
Ah *Cleopatra*, why ſhould you ſaid I,
Both iniurie your ſelfe, and *Cæſar* ſo?
Barre him the honor of his victory,
Who euer deales moſt mildly with his foe.
Liue, and relye on him, whoſe mercy will
To your ſubmiſſion alwayes ready be.
With that, as all amaz'd, ſhe held her ſtill
Twixt maieſtie confus'd, and miſerie.
Her prowd grieu'd eies, held ſorrow and diſdaine,
Feare and diſtreſſe warring within her ſoule,
Dying ambition diſpoſſeſt her raigne:

So base affliction seemed to controule.
Like to a burning lampe whose liquor spent
With intermitted flames, when dead you deeme it,
Sends forth a dying flash, as discontent
That so the matter failes that should redeeme it.
So she in spight to see her low borne state,
When all her hopes were now consum'd to naught,
Skornes yet to make an abiect league with fate,
Or once descend into a seruile thought.
Th'imperious tongue vnused to beseech,
Authoritie confounds with prayers so,
As words of rule, conioyn'd with humble speech
Shew'd she would liue, yet skornd to pray her foe.
Ah what hath *Cæsar* here to doe, said she,
In confines of the dead, in darknes lying,
Will he not grant our sepulchers be free,
But violate the priuiledge of dying?
What must he stretch forth his ambitious hand
Into the right of death, and force vs here?
Hath misery no couert where to stand
Free from the storme of pride, ist safe no where?
Cannot my land, my gold, my crowne suffize,
And all that I held deare, to him made common,
But that he thus must seeke to tyrannize
On th'wofull body of a wretched woman?
Tell him my frailtie, and the Gods haue giuen
Sufficient glory, could he be content,
And let him now with his desires make euen,
And leaue me hear in horror to lament.
Now he hath taken all away from me,
What must he take me from my selfe by force?
Ah let him yet in mercy leaue me free
The kingdome of this poore distressed coarse.
No o. her crowne I seeke, no other good,
Yet wish that *Cæsar* would vouchsafe this grace,

To

To fauour the wofull ofspring of my blood,
A mixed issue yet of Romane race.
If blood and name be linkes of loue in princes,
Not spurs of hate: my poore *Cæsario* may
Find fauour notwithstanding mine offences,
And *Cæsars* blood, may *Cæsars* raging stay.
But if that with the torrent of my fall.
All must be rapt with furious violence,
And no respect, or no regard at all.
Can ought with nature, or with blood dispence,
Then be it so, if needs it must be so.
There staies and shrinkes, in th'horror of her state,
When I began to mitigate her woe,
And your great mercies vnto her relate,
And wisht her not despaire but rather come,
And sue for grace, and shake of all vaine feares,
No doubt shee should obtaine as gentle doome
As shee desir'd, both for her selfe and hers,
Wherewith at last shee seem'd well pacifi'd,
And gaue great shewes to be content to liue,
And laid shee was resolu'd your doome t'abide,
And to accept what fauour you would giue.
And therewithall crau'd onely that she might
Performe some obsequies vnto the coarse
Of her dead loue, according to her rite,
And in the meane time might be free from force.
I granting from thy part this her request,
Left her for then, as seeming well in rest.

Oct. But doe you thinke she will remaine so still?

Pro. I thinke, and doe assure my selfe shee will:

Oct. Ah, priuat thoghts, aime wide from princes hearts
Whose state allow's them not t'act their owne parts.

Pro. Why tis her safetie to come yeild to the

Oct. But tis more honour for her to die free.

Pro. She may by yeilding worke her childrés good,

Oct.

Oct. Princes respect their honor more then blood
Pro. Can Princes power dispence with nature thã.
Oct. To be a Prince is more then be a man.
Pro. Ther's none but haue in time perswaded bin.
Oct. And so might shee too, were shee not a queene.
Pro. Diuers respects will force her be reclaim'd.
Oct. Princes like Lyons neuer will be tam'd.
A priuate man may yeild, and care not how,
But greater hearts will breake before they bowe.
And sure I feare she will not condescend
To liue to grace our spoiles with her disgrace.
But yet let still a wary troupe attend,
To guard her person, and to watch the place:
And well obserue with whom shee doth conferre,
And shortly will my selfe goe visit her.

CHORVS.

STerne, and imperious Nemesis
Daughter of iustice, most seuere,
That art the worlds great arbitresse,
And Queene of causes raigning here:
Whose swift-sure hand is euer neere
Eternall iustice, righting wrong:
Who neuer yet deferrest long
The prowds decay, the weakes redresse:
But through thy power euery where,
Doest raze the great, and raise the lesse
The lesse made great doest ruine too,
To shew the earth what heauen can doe.

Thou from darke-cloi'd eternitie,

From

From thy blacke clowdy hidden ſeat,
The worlds diſorders doeſt diſcry:
Which when they ſwell ſo proudly great
Reuerſing th'order nature ſet,
Thou giu'ſt thy all confounding doome,
Which none can know before it come.
Th'incuitable deſtenie,
Which neither wit nor ſtrength can let,
Faſt chain'd vnto neceſſity,
In mortall things doth order ſo,
Th'alternate courſe of weale or woe.
O how the powers of heauen doe play
With trauailed mortality:
And doth their weakeneſſe ſtill betray,
In their beſt proſperitie:
When being lifted vp ſo hie,
They looke beyond themſelues ſo farre,
That to themſelues they take no care;
Whilſt ſwift confuſion downe doth lay,
Their late prowd mounting vanity:
Bringing their glory to decay,
And with the ruine of their fall,
Extinguiſh people, ſtate and all.

But is it iuſtice that all we
The innocent poore multitude,
For great mens faults ſhould puniſht be,
And to deſtruction thus purſu'd?
O why ſhould th'heauens vs include,
Within the compaſſe of their fall,
Who of themſelues procured all?
Or doe the gods in cloſe decree,
Occaſion take how to extrude
Man from the earth with cruelties?
Ah no, the gods are euer iuſt.

Our faults excuse their rigor must.

This is the period Fate set downe,
To Egypts fat prosperitie:
Which now vnto her greatest growne,
Must perish thus, by course must die.
And some must be the causers why
This reuolution must be wrought:
As borne to bring their state to naught
To change the people and the crowne,
And purge the worlds iniquitie:
Which vice so farre hath ouergrowne,
As we, so they that treate vs thus,
Must one day perish like to vs.

ACTVS III. SCENA.

Philostratus. Arius. 2. Philosophers.

HOw deeply *Arius* am I bound to thee
That sau'dst from death this wretched life of mine,
Obtaining *Cæsars* gentle grace for me,
When I of all help else despaird but thine:
Although I see in such an wofull state,
Life is not that which should be much desir'd,
Since all our glories come to end their date,
Our countries honor, and our owne expir'd:
Now that the hand of wrath hath ouergone vs;
And that we liue in th'armes of our dead mother,
With blood vnder our feete, ruine vpon vs,
And in a land most wretched of all other.
When yet we reckon life our deare st good,

And

And ſo we liue we care not how we liue,
So deepe we feele impreſſed in our blood
That touch which nature with our breath did giue,
And yet what blaſts of words hath learning found
To blow againſt the feare of death, and dying:
What comforts vnſicke eloquence can ſound?
And yet all failes vs in the point of trying.
For whilſt we reaſon with the breath of ſafetie,
Without the compaſſe of deſtruction liuing,
What precepts ſhew we then, what courage lo ſetie,
In taxing others feares, in counſell giuing?
When all this aire of ſweet contriued words,
Prooues but weake armour to defend the heart,
For when this ſhip of life pale terror boords,
Where are our precepts then, where is our arte?
O who is he that from himſelfe can turne,
That beares about the body of a man?
Who doth not toyle, and labour to adiourne
The day of death by any meanes he can.
All this I ſpeake to th'end my ſelfe t'excuſe,
For my baſe begging of a ſeruile breath,
Wherein I my profeſſion did abuſe,
So ſhamefully to ſeeke t'auoyd my death.
Arius. Philoſtratus, that ſame deſire to liue,
Poſſeſſeth all alike, and grieue not then,
No priuiledge Philoſophy doth giue,
Though we ſpeake more then men, we are but men,
And yet in troth theſe miſeries to ſee,
Wherein we ſtand in moſt extreame diſtreſſe,
Might to our ſelues ſufficient motiues be,
To loath this life, end weigh our death the leſſe,
For neuer age could better teſtifie,
What feeble footing pride and greatnes hath,
How ſoone improuident proſperitie,
Comes caught, and ruin'd in the day of wrath.

See how dismaid confusion keepe those streetes,
That nought but mirth and musique late resounded,
How nothing with our eie but horror meetes;
Our state, our wealth, our glory all confounded.
Yet what weake sight did not discerne from farre,
This blacke arising tempest all-confounding?
Who did not see we should be what we are,
When pride and ryot grew to such abounding?
When dissolute impietie possest,
Th'vnrespective mindes of prince and people,
When insolent securitie found rest,
In wanton thoughts, with lust, and ease made feeble.
Then when vnwary peace, with fat fed pleasure,
New fresh inuented ryots still detected,
Purchas'd with all the *Ptolomies* rich treasure,
Our lawes, our gods, our mysteries neglected.
Who saw not how this confluence of vice,
This inundation of disorders would
S'ugnlph this state in th'end, that no deuice
Our vtter ouerwhelming could withhold?
O thou, and I, haue heard, and read, and knowne,
Of mighty lands, are wofully incombred,
And fram'd by them examples for our owne,
Which now amongst examples must be numbred.
For this decree a law from hie is giuen,
An ancient Cannon of eternall date,
In Consistorie of the stars of heauen,
Entred the booke of vnauoyded fate:
That no state can in th'height of happines,
In th'exaltation of their glory stand,
But thither once arriu'd, declinit g lesse,
Doe wracke themselues, or fall by others hand.
Thus doth th'euerchanging course of things,
Run a perpetuall circle euer turning,
And that same day that highest glory brings,

Brings

Brings vs vnto the point of backe returning.
For senslesse sensualitie doth euer
Accompanie our loose felicity,
A fatall which, whose charmes doth leaue vs neuer
Till we leaue all confus'd with miserie.
When yet our selues must be the cause we fall,
Although the same be first decreed on hie,
Our error still must beare the blame of all,
Thus must it be, earth aske not heauen why.
Yet mightie men, with wary iealous hand,
Strine to cut off all obstacles of feare,
All whatsoeuer seemes but to withstand
Their least conceit of quiet held so deare:
And so intrench themselues with blood, with crimes,
With all iniustice, as their feares dispose,
Yet for all this we see, how oftentimes,
The meanes they worke to keepe, are meanes to lose.
And sure I cannot see how this can lie
With great *Augustus* safetie and renowne,
T'extinguish thus the race of *Antony*
And *Cleopatra*, to confirme his owne.
Phi. Why must their issue be extinguished?
Ar. It must: *Antillus* is already dead.
Ph. And what *Cæsario* sprung of *Cæsars* blood?
Ar. Pluralitie of *Cæsars* are not good.
Phi. Alas, what hurt procures his feeble arme?
Ar. Not for it doth, but that it may doe harme.
Phi. Then when it offers hurt represse the same.
Ar. Men seeke to quench a sparke before it flame.
Ph. Tis humane an innocent to kill.
Ar. Such innocents seldome remaine so still.
They thinke his death will farther tumults cease,
Competitors are subiects miseries.
And to the end to purchase publike peace,
Great men are made the pleoples sacrifice.

But

But see where *Cæsar* comes himselfe to trie,
And worke the minde of our distressed queene
To apprehend some emptie hope, whereby
Shee may be drawne to haue her fortunes seene.
Though I thinke Rome shall neuer see that face
That queld her Champions, blush, in base disgrace.

Exeunt.

SCENA II.

Cæsar. Cleopatra. Seleucus, Dolabella.

WHat *Cleopatra*, dost thou doubt so much
Of *Cæsars* mercie, that thou hid'st thy face?
Or thinke you, your offences can be such,
As they surmount the measure of our grace?
Cleo. O *Cæsar*, not for that I flie thy sight
My soule this sad retire of sorrow chose:
But that my grieued soule abhorring light
Likes best in darknes my disgrace t'inclose:
And here in those close limits of dispaire,
This solitarie horror where I bide:
I thought not euer Roman should repaire
More, after him, who here distressed di'd.
Yet now here at thy conquering feete I lie,
A captiue soule that neuer thought to bow,
Whose happie foote of rule and maiestie,
Stood late on that same ground thou standest now.
Cæs. Rise madame, rise, your selfe was cause of all,
And yet would all were but your owne alone,
That others ruine, had not with your fall,
Brought Rome her sorrowes, to my triumphs mone,

For

For your dissolu'd that league and loue of blood,
Which makes my winning ioy, & gaine vnpleasing,
Who cannot now looke out into our good,
But through the horror of our owne blood shedding.
And all we must attribute vnto you.

Cleop. To me? what, *Cæsar*, should a woman doe,
Oppresst with greatnesse what was it for me
T'contradict my Lord, being bent thereto?
I was by loue, by feare, by weakenesse, made
An instrument to euery enterprize.
For when the Lord of all the orient bade,
Who but obeyd, who then his helpe denies?
And how could I withdraw my succouring hand,
From him that had my heart, and what was mine?
The interest of my faith in straitest band
My loue to his, most firmely did combine.

Cæs. Loue? no, alas, it was th'innated hatred,
That you and yours haue euer borne our people.
That made you seeke all means to haue vs skattered,
To disvnite our strength and make vs feeble,
And therefore did that breast nurce our dissention,
With hope t'exalt your selfe, t'augment your state,
To prey vpon the wracke of our contention,
And with the rest our foes to ioy thereat.

Cle. How easie *Cæsar* is it to accuse,
Whom fortune hath made faultie by their fall,
They who are vanquished may not refuse
The titles of reproch th'are charg'd withall,
The conquering cause hath right, wherein thou art,
The ouerthrowne must be the worser part,
Which part is mine, because I lost my part,
No lesser then the portion of a crowne,
Ynough for me. Ah what neede I vse art
To gaine by others but to keepe mine owne?
but weaker powers may heresee what it is,

To

To neighbour great competitors so neere,
If we take either part we perish thus.
If newtrall stand, both parties we must feare,
Alas what shall the forc'd partakers doe,
When they must aid, and yet must perish too?
But *Cæsar* since thy right, or cause is such,
Weigh not so heauie on calamitie,
Depresse not the afflicted ouermuch;
Thy chiefest glorie is thy lenitie.
Th'inheritance of mercie from him take,
Of whom thou hast thy fortune, and thy name.
Creat *Cæsar* me a queene at first did make,
And let not *Cæsar* now confound the same.
Read heare these lines which still I keepe with me,
The witnes of his loue and fauours euer,
And God forbid it should be said of thee,
That *Cæsar* wrong'd the fauoured of *Cæsar*:
For looke what I haue beene to *Antony*,
Thinke thou the same I might haue beene to thee.
And here I doe present you with the note
Of all my treasure, all the iewels rare,
Which Egypt hath in many ages gote
And looke what *Cleopatra* hath is there.
Sel, Nay ther's not all set downe within that rowle,
I know some thing, she hath reseru'd apart. (trowle
Cle, What? vile and grateful wretch durst thou con-
Thy queene, and soueraigne, caytiffe as thou art?
Ces. Hold, hold, a poore reuenge, can worke so feeble
Cle. Ah *Cæsar* what a great indignitie, (hands
Is this, that here my vassall subiect stands,
T'accuse me to my Lord of treacherie?
If I reseru'd some certaine womens toyes
Alas, it was not for my selfe, God knowes,
Poore miserable soule that little ioyes
In trifling ornaments, in outward showes.

But

But what I kept I kept to make my way,
Vnto thy *Liuia* and *Octauius* grace,
That thereby in compassion moued, they
Might mediate thy fauour in my case.
Cæ. Well *Cleopatra*, feare not, you shall finde
What fauour you desire or can expect,
For *Cæsar* neuer yet was found but kinde,
To such as yeeld and can themselues subiect.
And therefore comfort now your drooping minde
Relieue your heart thus ouercharg'd with care,
How well I will intreat ye you shall finde,
So soone as some affaires dispatched are.
Til when farewell. *Cle.* Thanks thrice renowned *Cæsar*,
Poore *Cleopatra* rests thine owne for euer,
Dola. No meruaile *Cæsar*, though our greatest spirits,
Haue to the power of such a charming beautie,
Bin brought to yeeld the honor of their merits,
Forgetting all respect of of other dutie.
Then whil'st the glory of her youth remain'd
The wondring obiect to each wanton eie
Before her full of sweet, with sorrow waind,
Came to the period of this miserie.
If still, euen in the midst of griefe and horror
Such beautie shines th'row clouds of age and sorrow,
If euen those sweet decaies seeme to plead for her,
Which from affliction mouing graces borrow:
If in calamitie she could thus moue,
What could shee do adorn'd with youth and loue?
What could she do then when as spreading wide,
The pompe of beauty in her glory dight,
When arm'd with wonder shee could vse beside
The ingines of her loue, Hope, and Delight.
Daughter of meruaile, Beautie, how dost thou
Vnto disgracing sorrowes giue such grace?
What power showes't thou in a distressed brow

To

To make affliction faire, and teares to grace?
What can vndressed lockes, dispoyled haire,
A weeping eie, a wailing face be faire?
I see then artlesse feature may content,
And that true bewtie needs no ornament.

Cæs. What in passion *Dolabella*, What? take heed.
Let others fresh examples charme this heate,
You see what mischiefes these vaine humors breed,
When once they come our iudgements to defeate.
Indeed I saw shee labour'd to impart,
Her sweetest graces in her saddest cheere,
Presuming on that face that knew the art
To moue, with what respect soeuer t'were.
But all in vaine, shee takes her aime amisse,
The ground and marke her leuell much deceiues,
Time now hath altered all, for neither is
Shee as shee was, nor we as shee conceiues,
And therefore now tis fit shee were more sage,
Folly, in youth is sinne, madnes in age.

And for my part, I seeke but t'entertaine
In her, some feeding hope to draw her forth,
The greatest trophy that my toyle shall gaine,
Is to bring home a prizall of such worth.
And now since shee doth seeme so well content,
To be dispos'd by vs: without more stay,
Shee with her children shall to Rome be sent,
Whil'st I by Syria, after take my way.

Exeunt.

CHORVS.

CHORVS.

OPINION, how doeſt thou moleſt
Th'affected minde of reſtleſſe man?
Who following thee neuer can,
Nor euer ſhall attaine to reſt,
For, getting what thou ſaiſt is beſt,
Yet loe, that beſt he findes farre wide
Of what thou promiſedſt before:
For in the ſame he lookt for more,
Which proues but ſmall when once tis tride,
Then ſomething elſe thou findſt beſide,
To draw him ſtill from thought to thought,
When in the end all proues but nought.
Farther from reſt he findes him then,
Then at the firſt when he began.

O malecontent ſeducing gueſt,
Cont riuer of our greateſt woes:
Which borne of winde, and fed with ſhowes,
Dooſt nurce thy ſelfe in thine vnreſt.
Iudging vngotten things the beſt,
Or what thou in conceit deſignſt,
And all things in the world doſt deeme,
Not as they are, but as they ſeeme:
Which ſhowes, thou ill deſin'ſt,
And liu'ſt to come in preſent pin'ſt.
For what thus haſt, thou ſtill doſt lacke:
O mindes tormentor, bodies wracke,
Vaine proniſer of that ſweete reſt,
Which neuer any yet poſſeſt.

If

If we vnto ambition tend,
Then doest thou draw our weakenesse on,
With vaine imagination
Of that which neuer hath an end.
Or if that lust we apprehend.
How doth that pleasant plague infest?
O what strange formes of luxurie,
Thou straight dost cast t'intice vs by?
And tel'st vs that is euer best,
Which we haue neuer yet possest.
And that more pleasure rests beside,
In something that we haue not tri'd.
And when the same likewise is had,
Then all is one, and all is bad.

This Antony can say is true,
And Cleopatra knowes tis so,
By th'experience of their woe.
Shee can say, shee neuer knew
But that lust found pleasures new,
And was neuer satisfi'd:
He can say by proofe of toyle,
Ambition is a Vulture vile,
That feedes vpon the heart of pride:
And finds no rest when all is tri'd.
For worlds cannot confine the one,
Th'other lists and bounds hath none.
And both subuert the mind, the state,
Procure destruction, enuie, hate.

And now when all this is prou'd vaine,
Yet Opinion leaues not here,
But sticks to Cleopatra neere,
Perswading now, how shee shall gaine,
Honour by death, and fame attaine.

And what a ſhame it wer e to liue,
Her kingdome loſt, her louer dead:
And ſo with this perſwaſion led,
Deſpaire doth ſuch a corrage giue,
That nought elſe can her mind relieue,
Nor yet diuert her from that thought:
To this concluſion all is brought,
This is that reſt this vaine world lends,
To end in death, that all things ends.

ACTVS III.

Seleucus. *Rodon.*

FRiend *Rodon?* neuer in a better hower
Could I haue met a friend then now I doe,
Hauing affliction in the greateſt power
Vpon my ſoule, and none to tell it to.
For tis ſome eaſe our ſorrowes to reueale,
If they to whom we ſhall impart our woes,
Seeme but to feele a part of what we feele,
And meete vs with a ſigh but at a cloſe.

Rod. And neuer friend *Seleucus* found'ſt thou one,
That better could beare ſuch a part with thee,
Who by his owne knowes others care ſ to mone,
And can in like accord of griefe agree.
And therefore tell th'oppreſſion of thy heart,
Tell to an eare prepar'd and tun'd to care,
And I will likewiſe vnto thee impart
As ſad a tale as what thou ſhalt declare.
So ſhall we both our mourneſull plaints combine
I will lament thy ſtate, thou pitty mine.

Sel. Well then thou know'ſt how I haue liu'd in grace
With *Cleopatra*, and eſteem'd in Court
As one of Councell, and of worthy place,
And euer held my credit in that ſort,
Till now, in this late ſhifting of our ſtate,
Whe thinking to haue vs'd a meane to clime,
And fled the wretched, flowne vnto the great,
Following the fortune of the preſent time;
I come to be diſgrac'd and ruin'd cleane.
For hauing all the ſecrets of the Queene
Reueal'd to *Cæſar*, to haue fauour wonne
My treachery hath purchas'ſt due diſgrace,
My falſhood's loath'd, and not without great reaſon,
For Princes though they get, yet in this caſe,
They hate the traytor, though they loue treaſon.
For how could he imagine I could be
Entire to him, beeing falſe vnto mine owne?
And falſe to ſuch a worthy Queene as ſhee
As had me rais'd, by whome my ſtate was growne.
He ſaw t'was not for zeale to him I bare,
But for baſe feare, and mine eſtate to ſettle,
Weaknes is falſe, and faith in cowards rare,
Feare finds out ſhifts, timiditie is ſubtle.
And therefore ſkorn'd of him, ſkorn'd of mine owne,
Hatefull to all that looke into my ſtate:
Deſpis'd *Seleucus* now is onely growne
The marke of infamie, that's pointed at.
Rod Tis much thou ſaiſt, and too too much to feele,
And I doe pittie and lament thy fall:
But yet all this which thou do'ſt here reueale,
Compar'd with mine, will make thine ſeem but ſmal,
Although my fault be in the ſelfe-ſame kind,
Yet in degree far greater, far more hatefull.
Mine ſprung of miſchiefe, thine from feeble minde,
Mine ſtain'd with blood, thou onely but vngrateſull.

For

For *Cleopatra* did commit to me
The best and deerest treasure of her blood,
Her sonne *Cesario*, with a hope to free
Him, from the danger wherein Egypt stood:
And chard'd my faith, that I should safely guide,
And close to India should conuey him hence:
Which faith, I most vnkindly falsifi'd,
And with my faith and conscience did dispence.
For skarce were we arriu'd vnto the shore,
But *Cæsar* hauing knowledge of our way,
Had sent an agent thither sent before,
To labour me *Cesario* to betray,
Who with rewards and promises so large,
Assail'd me then, that I grew soone content,
And backe againe did reconuey my charge,
Pretending that *Octauius* for him sent.
To make him king of Egypt presently,
And in their hands haue left him now to die.

Scl. But how hath *Cæsar* since rewarded thee?

Rod. As he hath thee; and I expect the same
As *Theodorus* had to fall to me.
And with as great extremitie of shame,
For *Theodorus* when he had betraid
The yong *Antillus* sonne of *Antony*,
And at his death from off his necke, conuey'd
A iewell: which being askt, he did deny:
Cæsar occasion tooke to hang him streight.
Such instruments with Princes liue not long:
Though they must vse those actors of deceit,
Yet still their sight, seemes to obraid their wrong:
And therefore they must needs this danger run,
And in the net of their owne guile be caught,
They may not liue to brag what they haue done,
For what is done is not the Princes fault.
But here comes *Cleopatra* wofull Queene,

And our shame will not that we should be seene.

Exeunt.

SCENA. II.

Cleopatra. Charmion. Eras Diomedes.

WHat hath my face yet power to win a louer,
Can this torne remnant serue to grace me so
That it can *Cæsars* secret plots discouer
What he intends with me and mine to doe?
Why then poore beauty thou hast done thy last,
And best good seruice thou couldst euer doe me,
For now the time of death reueald thou hast,
Which in my life didst serue but to vndoe me.
Here *Dolabella* far forsooth in loue,
Writes now that *Cæsar* meanes forthwith to send
Both me and mine, the aire of Rome to prooue,
There his triumphant Chariot to attend.
I thanke the man, both for his loue, and letter,
The one comes fit to warne me this before,
But for the other, I must die his debtor,
For *Cleopatra* now can loue no more.
Come *Diomedes*, thou who hast bin one,
In all my fortunes, and art still all one,
Whom the amazing ruine of my fall,
Neuer deterd to leaue calamitie,
As did those other smooth State-pleasures all,
Who followed but my fortune, and not me.
Tis thou must doe a seruice for thy Queene,
Wherein thy loyaltie must worke her best.
Thy honest care and dutie shall be seene,
Performing this, more then in all the rest.

Thou

Thou must seeke out with all thy industrie,
Two *Aspicks*, and conuey them close to me.
I haue a worke to doe with them in hand,
Enquire not what, for thou shalt soone see what,
If th'heauens doe not my designes withstand,
But doe the charge, and let me shift for that.

Diom. I who am swome of the societie
Of death, and haue indur'd the worst of ill,
Prepar'd for all euents, must not deny
What you command me, come there what there will.
And I shall vse the aptest skill I may
To cloake my worke and long I will not stay.

Exit.

Cleop. But hauing leaue I must goe take my leaue
And last farewell of my dead *Antony*,
Whose dearely honord tombe must here receiue
This sacrifice, the last before I die.

Cleopatra at the tombe of Antonius.

O sacred euer memorable stone,
Thou hast without my teares, within my flame,
Receiue th'oblation of the wofullst mone,
That euer yet from sad affliction came.
And you deare reliques of my Lord and loue,
Most precious parcels of the worthiest liuer,
O let no impious hand dare to remooue
You out from hence, but rest you here for euer.
Let Egypt now giue peace vnto you dead,
Who liuing, gaue you trouble and turmoyle,
Sleepe quiet in this euerlasting bed,
In forraine land preferd before your soyle.
And O if that the spirits of men remaine
After their bodies, and doe neuer die:
Then heare thy ghost, thy captiue spouse complaine,
And be attentiue to her miserie.
But if that labourſome mortalitie,

Found this sweete error onely to confine
The curious search of idle vanitie,
That would the depth of darknes vndermine.
Or else to giue a rest vnto the thought
Of wretched man, with th'after comming joy
Of those conceiued fields, whereon we dote,
To pacifie the present worlds annoy
Then why doe I complaine me to the eyre?
But tis not so, my *Antony* doth heare:
His euer liuing Ghost attends my prayer,
And I doe know his houering spirit is neere.
And I will speake and pray, and mourne to thee,
O pure immortall soule, that deign'st to heare:
If eele thou answerst my credulitie,
With touch of comfort, finding none else where,
Thou know'st these hands intomb'd thee here of late,
Free and inforc'd, which now must seruile be,
Reseru'd for bands to grace proud *Cæsars* state,
Who seeke in me to triumph ouer thee.
O if in life we could not seuer'd be,
Shall death diuide our bodies now asunder?
Must thine in Egypt, mine in Italy,
Be made the monuments of fortunes wonder?
If any powers be there whereas thou art,
Since our owne countrey gods betraies our cause,
O worke they may their gracious help impart,
To saue thy wofull wife from such disgrace.
Doe not permit she would in triumph shew
The blush of her reproch, ioynd with thy shame,
But rather let that hatefull tyrant know,
That thou and I had power t'auoid the same.
But what doe I spend breath and idle winde,
In vaine inuoking, a conceiued aide,
Why doe I not my selfe occasion find,
To breake these bounds, wherein my selfe am staid?

Words

Words are for them that can complaine and liue,
Whose melting hearts compos'd of baser frame,
Can to their sorrowes time and leisure giue,
But *Cleopatra* must not doe the same.
No *Antony*, thy loue requiteth more,
A lingring death with thee deserues no merit
I must my selfe force open wide a dore
To let out life, and to vnhouse my spirit.
These hands must breake the prison of my soule,
To come to thee, there to inioy like state,
As doth the long pent solitary foule,
That hath escapt her cage, and found her mate.
This sacrifice, to sacrifice my life,
Is that true incense that my loue beseemes,
These rites may serue a life-desiring wife,
Who doing them, haue done sufficient deemes.
My heart-bloud should the purple flowers haue been
Which here vpon thy tombe to thee are offred,
No smoake but my last gaspe should here bin seene,
And this it had bin too, had I bin suffred.
But what haue I, saue onely these bare hands,
And these weake fingers are not yron-pointed,
They cannot pierce the flesh that them withstands,
And I of all meanes else am disappointed.
But yet I must away, and meanes seeke how
To come vnto thee, and to vnion vs,
O death art thou art so hard to come by now,
That we must pray, intreat, and seeke thee thus?
But I will find, where euer thou doest lie,
For who can stay a mind resolu'd to die.
And now I come to worke th'effect indeed,
I neuer will send more complaints to thee,
I bring my soule, my selfe, and that with speed,
My selfe will bring my soule to *Antony*.
Come, goe my maides, my fortunes sole attenders,

That ministers to misery and sorrow,
Your mistresse you vnto your freedome renders,
And will discharge your charge, yet ere to morrow.
Eras Good madame if that worthy heart you beare
Doe hold it fit; it were a sinne in vs
To contradict your will: but yet we feare
The world will censure that your doing thus,
Did issue rather out of your despaire
Then resolution, and thereby you loose
Much of your glory, which would be more faire
In suffring, then escaping thus your foes.
For when *Pandora* brought the boxe from heauen
Of all the good and ill that men befall,
And them immixt vnto the world had giuen,
Hope in the bottome lay, quite vnderall,
To shew that we must still vnto the last
Attend our fortune, for no doubt there may
Euen at the bottome of afflictions past
Be found some happier turne if we but stay.
Cl. Eras, that hope is honors enemie,
A traytor vnto worth, lies on the ground,
In the base bottome of seruilitie:
The beggars wealth, a treasure neuer found,
The dreame of them that wake, a ghost of th'ayre,
That leads men out of knowledge to their graues,
A spirit of grosser substance then despaire,
And let them *Eras* hope, that can be slaues.
And now I am but onely to attend
My mans returne, that brings me my dispatch,
God grant his cunning sort to happy end,
And that his skill may well beguile my watch
So shall I shun disgrace, laeue to be sorry,
Flye to my loue, scape my foe, free my soule,
So shall I act the last of life with glory,
Die like a Queen, & rest without controule. *Exeunt.*

SCENA III.

Cæsario, *with a Guard conueying him to Execution.*

NOw gentle Guard, let me in curteſie
Reſt me a little here, and eaſe my hands
You ſhall not neede to hold me for your eye
May now as well ſecure you as your hands.
Gu. Doe, take your eaſe *Cæſario*, but not long,
We haue a charge, which we muſt needs performe.
Cæ. Loe here brought back, by ſubtile traine to
Betraid by Tutors faith, or traitors rather, (death,
My fault, my bloud, and mine offence my birth,
For being the ſonne of ſuch a mighty father.
I now am made th'oblation for his feares, (him,
Who doubts the peore reuenge theſe hands may do
Reſpecting neither bloud, nor youth nor yeeres,
O how ſmall ſafetie can my death be to him.
And is this all the good of being borne great?
Then wret hed greatneſſe golden miſery,
Pompous diſtreſſe, glittering calamitie.
Is it for this th'ambitious fathers ſweat
To purchaſe blood and death, for them and theirs:
In this th'inheritance that glories get,
To leaue th'eſtate of ruine to their heires?
Then how much better had it been for me,
From low deſcent, deriu'd from humble birth,
Thaue eate the ſweet-ſowre bread of pouertie,
And drunke of *Nylus* ſtreames, in *Nylus* earth?
Vnder the couering of ſome quiet cottage,
Free from the wrath of heauen, ſecure in mind,

Vntoucht, when proud attempts of Princes dotage,
Imbroyle the world, and ruinate mankind,
So had he not impeach'd their high condition.
Who must haue all things cleere, and al made plaine
Betweene them, and the marke of their ambition,
That nothing let the prospect of their raigne:
Where nothing stands, that stands not in submission,
Whose greatnesse must all in it selfe containe.
Kings will alone, competitors must downe,
Neere death he stands, who stands too neere a crown
Such is my case, *Augustus* will haue all,
My blood must seale th'assurance of his state,
Yet ah weake state, which blood assure him shall,
Whose wrongfull shed ding, gods and men doe hate.
Iniustice cannot scape and flourish still,
Though men doe not reuenge it, th'heauens will.
And he that thus doth seeke with bloudy hand,
T'extinguish th'ofspring of anothers race,
May finde the heauens, his vowes so to withstand,
That others may depriue him in like case.
When he shall see his proud contentious bed
Yeilding him none of his that may inherit,
Subuert his blood, place others in their steed,
To pay this his iniustice, her due merit,
If it be true, (as who can that deny
Which sacred Priests of *Memphis*, doe foresay,)
Some of the ofspring yet of *Antony*,
Shall all the rule of this whole Empire sway
And then *Augustus* what is it thou gainest
By poore *Antillus* blood, and this of mine?
Nothing but this, thy victory thou staines't,
And pulst the wrath of heauen on thee and thine.
In vaine doth man contend against the starres,
For what he seekes to make, his wisedome mars,
But in the meane time, he whom fates reserue,

The

The bloody sacrifices of ambition,
We feele the smart, what euer they deserue,
And we endure the heauy times condition,
The iustice of the heauens reuenging thus,
Doth onely satisfie it selfe not vs.
But yet *Cæsario* thou must die content,
God will reuenge, and men bewaile the innocent.
Well now alone, I rested haue ynow,
Performe the charge, my friends, you haue to doe.

Exeunt.

CHORVS.

Misterious Egypt, wonder breeder,
Strict Religions strange obseruer,
State-order zeale the best rule-keeper,
Fostring still in temp'rate feruor:
O how cam'st thou to lose so wholy,
All religion, law, and order?
And thus become the most vnholy
Of all Lands, that Nylus *border?*
How could confus'd Disorder enter
Where sterne Law sate so seuerely?
How durst weake lust and riot venter,
Th'eye of iustice looking neerely?
Could not those meanes that made thee great,
Be still the meanes to keepe thy state?

Ah no, the course of things requireth
Change and alteration euer:
That staid continuance man desireth,
Th'vnconstant world yeildeth neuer.

We

We in our councels must be blinded,
and not see what doth import vs:
And oftentimes the thing least minded,
is the thing that most must hurt vs.
Yet they that haue the sterne in guiding,
tis their fault that should preuent it,
Who when they see their country sliding,
for their priuate are contented.
We imitate the greater powers,
The Princes manners fashion ours.

Th'example of their light regarding,
vulgar loosenesse much incenses:
Vice vncontrould, growes wide inlarging,
Kings small faults be great offences.
And this hath set the window open
vnto licence, lust, and riot:
This wry confusion first found broken,
whereby entred our disquiet,
Those lawes that old Sesostris founded,
and the Ptolomies obserued,
Hereby first came to be confounded,
which our state so long preserued.
Th'wanton luxurie of Court,
Did forme the people of like sort.

For all (respecting priuate pleasure,)
vniuersally consenting
To abuse their time, their treasure,
in their owne delights contenting:
And future dangers nought respecting,
whereby, (O how easie matter
Made thus so generall neglecting,
confus'd weaknesse to discatter?)
Cæsar found th'effect true tried,

in his easie entrance making.
Who at the sight of armes, discried
all our people, all forsaking.
For riot (worse then warre) so sore
Had wasted all our strength before.

And thus is Egypt seruile rendred
to the insolent destroyer:
And all their sumptuous treasure tendred,
all her wealth that did betray her.
Which poyson (O if heauen be rightfull,)
may so farre inflict their sences,
That Egypts pleasures so delightfull,
may breed them the like offences.
And Romans learne our way of weakenesse,
be instructed in our vices:
That our spoyles may spoyle your greatnesse,
ouercome with our deuises.
Fill full your hands, and carry home
Enough from vs to ruine Rome.

ACTVS V. SCENA I.

Dolabella. Titius.

COme tell me *Titius* euery circumstance
How *Cleopatra* did receiue my newes,
Tell euery looke, each gesture, countenance,
That shee did in my letters-reading vse.
Tit. I shall my Lord, so far as I could note,
Or my conceit obserue in any wise,
It was the time when as shee hauing gote

Leaue

Leaue to her deareſt dead to ſacrifice.
And now was iſſuing out the monument
With odours, incenſe, garlands in her hand,
When I approch't (as one from *Cæſar* ſent)
And did her cloſe thy meſſage t'vnderſtand,
Shee turnes her backe, and with her takes me in,
Reades in thy lines thy ſtrange vnlookt for tale,
And reades, and ſmiles, and ſtares, and doth begin
Againe to read, then bluſht, and then was pale,
And hauing ended with a ſigh, refolds
The letter vp; and with a fixed eye
(Which ſtedfaſt her imagination holds)
Shee mus'd a while, ſtanding confuſedly,
At length, ah friend, ſaith ſhee, tell thy good Lord
How deare I hold his pittying of my caſe,
That out of his ſweet nature can affoard
A miſerable woman ſo much grace,
Tell him how much my heauy ſoule doth grieue
Mercileſſe *Cæſar* ſhould ſo deale with me,
Pray him that hee the beſt aduice would giue
That might diuert him from ſuch cruelty.
As for my loue, ſay *Antony* hath all,
Say that my heart is gone into the graue
With him, in whom it reſts, and euer ſhall.
I haue it not in my ſelfe, nor can it haue,
Yet tell him, he ſhall more command of me
Then any whoſoeuer liuing can.
He that ſo friendly ſhewes himſelfe to be
A worthy Roman and a gentleman.
Although his nation fatall vnto me,
Haue had mine age a ſpoyle, my youth a prey,
Yet his affection muſt accepted be
That fauours one from whom all run away.
Ah, he was worthy then to haue becne lou'd
Of *Cleopatra* whiles her glory laſted,

Before

Before shee had declining fortune prou'd,
Or seene her honour wrackt, her flower all blasted.
Now there is nothing left her but disgrace,
Nothing but her affliction that can mooue.
Tell *Dolabella*, one that's in her case,
Poore soule, needs rather pittie now then loue.
But shortly shall thy Lord heare more of me.
And ending so her speech, no longer staid.
But hasted to the tombe of *Antony*.
And this was all shee did, and all shee said.

Dol. Ah sweet distressed Lady, what hard heart
Could choose but pitty thee and loue thee to?
Thy worth in esse, the state wherein thou art,
Requireth both, and both I vow to doe:
And what my powers and praiers may preuaile,
Ile ioyne them both to hinder thy disgrace:
And euen this present day, I will not faile
To do my best with *Cæsar* in this case.

Tit. And Sir, euen now her selfe hath letters sent,
I met her messengers as I came hither,
With some dispatch, as he to *Cæsar* went
But knowing not what meanes her sending thither;
Yet this he told, how *Cleopatra* late
Was come from sacrifice, how richly clad
Was seru'd to dinner, with most sumptuous state,
In all the braueſt ornaments shee had.
How hauing din'd, shee writes and sends away
Him, streight to *Cæsar*, and commanded than,
All should depart the tombe, and none to stay
But her two maides, and one poore countriman.

Dol. When then I know she sendes t'haue audience
And means t'experience what her state can do, (now
To see if Maiestie will make him bow,
To what affliction could not moue him to.
And now if that shee could but bring a view

Of

Of that rare beawtie shee in youth possest,
The argument wherewith shee ouerthrew
The wit of *Iulius Cæsar*, and the rest
Then happily *Augustus* might relent,
Whilst powerful loue, farre stronger then ambition,
Might worke in him a minde to be content
To grant her asking in the best condition.
But beeing as shee is, yet doth shee merit,
To be respected for what shee hath beene,
The wonder of her kind of powerfull spirit,
A glorious Lady, and a mighty queene.
And now but by a little weakenes falling
To doe that which perhaps th'was forc'd to doe,
Alas, an error past, is past recalling,
Take away weakenesse, and take women too.
But now I goe to be thy aduocate,
Sweete *Cleopatra*, now Ile vse my heart,
Thy presence will me greatly animate,
Thy face will teach my tongue, thy loue my heart.

SCENA II.

[Cleopatra. Eras. Charmion, Diomedes. the Guard, and Cæsars messengers.

NOw *Eras*, come, what newes hast thou lookt out,
Is *Diomedes* comming yet or not?

Eras. Madame, I haue from off the turret top,
Vew'd euery way, he is not comming yet,

Cl. Didst thou see no man tending hitherward?

Er. None truly madame, but one countriman
Carrying a basket as I could discerne.

Cle. Alas then *Eras* I doe feare th'euent
Of my designe, for sure he would not stay
Thus long I know, did not some force preuent
His forward flight, and hold him by the way.
Char. Madame there may be many hindrances
To counterchecke and interrupt his speed.
He hath a wary worke to doe in this
He must take time.
Cl Charmion tis true indeed.
And yet in all ths time me thinkes he might
Effected haue his worke, had all gone right.
Er. Alas we euer thinke the stay is more,
When our desire is run t'our wish before.
Cle. *Eras* I know my will to haue it done
Rides post, and feare in doing to b'vndone
Puts spurs there to: whilst that for which we long
Creepes but a foote. Yet sure he stayes too long.
Good *Eras* goe and looke out once againe,
Yet stay a while, I know it is in vaine.
O gods, I craue no other fortune I
Of heauen and you, but onely lucke to die:
And shall I not haue that. Well, I will yet
Write my dispatch to *Cæsar*, and when that
Is done, I will dispatch my selfe, what way
Soeuer, I must vse no more delay.

Enter the Guard with Diomedes.

Gua. And whither now sir, stay, what haue you there?
Diom. Good sirs, I haue a simple present here,
Which I would faine deliuer to our queene.
Gu. What ist: let's see? *Diom.* And please you sir it is
Onely a few choice figs which I haue growne
In mine owne garden, and are soonest ripe
Of any here about, and euery yeare
I vse to bring a few vnto our queene.
And pray my masters take a taste of them

For

For I assure you they are very good.

Gua. No, no, my friend, goe on, and beare them in.

Cl. Now *Eras*, looke if he be comming yet.
See here he comes, This is that countriman
Which *Eras* thou discri'dst, O happy man,
Can such poore rogues beguile a Princes power?
Why then I see, it is our outsides most
Doe mocke the world. But tell me are they here?
Speake *Diomedes*. *Diom.* Madame they are there.

Cle. O good-ill lucke, most fortunate distresse,
Deare *Diomedes*, thou hast bleft me now:
And here, goe take these letters, and dismaske
Thy selfe againe, returne to thine owne shape
Good *Diomedes*, and giue *Cæsar* these.
Goe, leaue me here alone, I need no more:
I haue put these to keepe a death in store,
I will not vse their helpe till needes I must,
(And that is now) goe *Diomedes* goe.

Diom. Good madame, I know well this furniture
Of death, is farre more requisite, then that
Of life, whre such as you cannot endure
To be beneath your selues, debas'd in state,
I goe t'effect your will as well in this
As I haue done in that onely pray
Our tutelarie gods to giue successe
Vnto the same, and be it what it may.

Cl. Come rarest beast, that all our Egypt breeds,
How deerely welcome art thou now to me?
The fairest creature that faire *Nylus* feedes,
Me thinkes I see, in now beholding thee.
Better then death, deaths office thou dischargest,
That with one gentle touch canst free our breath,
And in a pleasing sleepe our soule inlargest,
Making our selues not priuie to our death.
O welcome now of wonders, wonder chiefe,

That

That open canst with such an easie kay,
The dore of life, come gentle cunning theefe,
That from our selues so steal'st our selues away:
And now I sacrifice these armes to death,
That lust late dedicated to delights,
Offring vp for my last, this last of breath,
The complement of my loues dearest rites.
What now false flesh what? and wilt thou conspire
With *Cæsar* too, as thou wert none of ours,
To worke my shame, and hinder my desire:
And bend thy sible parts against my powers?
Wouldst thou retaine in closure of thy vaines
That enemy, base life, to let my good?
No know, there is a greater power constraines
Then can be countercheckt with fearefull blood:
For to a minde that's great nothing seemes great:
And seeing death to be the last of woes,
And life lasting disgrace which I shall get,
What doe I lose that haue but life to lose?
Eras. See, not a yeilding shrinke, or touch of feare
Consents now to bewray least sence of paine,
But still in one same sweet vnaltered cheere,
Her honor doth her dying spirits retaine.
Cle. Well now this worke of mine is done, here endes
This act of life, that part the fates assign'd
What glory or disgrace this world could lend,
Both haue I had, and both I leaue behind,
And Egypt now the Theater where I
Haue acted this, witnes I die vnforc'd,
Witnes my soule parts free to *Antony*,
And now prowd tyrant *Cæsar* doe thy worst.
Eras. Come *Charmion*, come, wee must not onely (be
Spectators in this Scene, but Actors too.
Now comes our part, you know we did agree
The fellowship of death to vndergoe.

And

And though our meaner fortunes cannot claime
A glorie by this acte, they shall haue fame.
Ch. Eras I am prepar'd, and here is that
Will do the deed.
Er. And here is of the same.
Ch. But *Eras* ile begin, it is my place.
Er. Nay *Charmion*, heere I drinke a death to thee,
I must be first.
Ch. Indeed thou hast preuented me.
Yet will I haue this honor to be last
Which shall adorne this head, which must be seene
To weare that crowne in death, her life held first,
That all the world may see, shee di'd a queene.
O see this face the wonder of her life,
Retaines in death a grace, that graces death.
Colour so liuely, cheere so louely rife,
As none would thinke this beuty could want breath.
And in this cheereth impression of a smile
Doth seeme to shew shee skorns both death & *Cæsar*,
And glories that shee could them so beguile, (her,
And here tels death, how well her death doth please
Cesarion See, we are come too late, this is dispatcht,
Cæsar is disappointed of this grace.
Why how now *Charmion*, what is this well done?
Ch. Yea very well, and sheet that from the race
Of so great kings descends doth best become.

CHORVS.

THen thus we haue beheld
Th'accomplishment of woes
The full of ruine and

The

The worſt of worſt of ills:
And ſeeme all hope expeld,
That euer ſweet repoſe,
Shall repoſſeſſe the land,
That deſolation fills,
And where ambition ſpills
With vncontrouled hand,
All th'iſſue of all thoſe
That ſo long rule haue held:
To make vs no more vs,
But cleane confound vs thus.

And canſt O Nylus thou
Father of flouas indure
That yellow Tyber ſhould
With ſandy ſtreames rule thee?
Wilt thou be pleas'd to bowe
To him thoſe ſectes ſo pure,
Whoſe vnknowne head we hold
A power diuine to be?
Thou that didſt euer ſee
Thy free bankes vncontrould,
Liue vnder thine owne care:
Ah wilt thou beare it now?
And nowwilt yeild thy ſtreams
A prey to other Reames?

Draw backe thy waters flo
To thy concealed head:
Rockes ſtrangle vp thy waues,
Stop Cataractes thy fall.
And turne thy courſes ſo,
That ſandy Deſarts dead,
The world of duſt that craues
To ſwallow thee vp all,

Nay drinke ſo much as ſhall
Reuiue from vaſtie graues
A liuing greene which ſpred
Far flouriſhing, may grow
On that wide face of death,
Where nothing now drawes breath.

Fatten ſome people there,
Euen as thou vs haſt done,
With plenties wanton ſtore,
And feeble luxurie:
And them as vs prepare
Fit for the day of mone
Leſpected not before.
Reaue leueld Egypt drie,
A barren prey to lie,
Waſted for euermore,
Of plenties yielding none
To recompence the care
Of Victors greedie luſt,
And bring forth nought but duſt.

And ſo O leaue to be,
Sith thou art what thou art:
Let not our race poſſeſſe
Th'inheritance of ſhame,
The fee of ſinne that we
Haue left them for their part:
The yoake of whoſe diſtreſſe
Muſt ſtill vpbraid our blame,
Telling from whom it came,
Our weight of wantonneſſe
Lies heauy on their heart,
Who neuer more ſhall ſee
The glory of that worth

They left who brought vs forth.

O thou al-seeing light,
High president of Heauen,
You Magistrates the starres
Of that eternall Court
Of Prouidence *of* Right
Are these the bounds y' haue giuen
Th'vntranspassable barres,
That limit pride so short,
Is greatnesse of this sort,
That greatnesse greatnes marres,
And wrackes it selfe, selfe driuen
On rockes of her owne might?
Doth order order so?
Disorders ouerthrow?

FINIS.

THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND.

AT LONDON
Printed by I. L. for *Simon Waterson*.
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OVt of the horror of infernall deepes
My poore afflicted ghost comes here to plain it
Attended with my shame that neuer sleepes,
The spot wherewith my kind and youth did staine it,
My bodie found a graue where to containe it.
A sheet could hide my face, but not my sin,
For fame findes neuer tombe t'inclose it in.

And which is worse, my soule is now denied,
Her transport to the sweet Elizian rest,
The ioyfull blisse for ghosts repurified,
The euer springing gardens of the blest:
Caron denies me wafrage with the rest.
And saies, my soule can neuer passe the Riuer,
Till louers sighes on earth shall it deliuer.

So shall I neuer passe: for how should I
Procure the sacrifice amongst the liuing?
Time hath long since worne out the memory

Both of my life, and liues vniuſt depriuing,
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reuiuing:
Roſamond hath little left her but her name,
And that diſgrac'd, for time hath worn'd the ſame.

No muſe ſuggeſts the pittie of my caſe,
Each pen doth ouer-paſſe my iuſt complaint,
Whil'ſt others are prefer'd, though farre more baſe,
Shores wife is grac'd, and paſſes for a Saint,
Her Legend iuſtifies her foule attaint,
Her wel-told tale did ſuch compaſſion find,
That ſhe is paſſ'd, and I am left behind.

Which ſeene with griefe, my miſerable ghoſt
(Whilome inueſted in ſo faire a vaile,
Which whilſt it liu'd, was honored of the moſt,
And being dead giues matter to bewaile,)
Comes to ſollicite thee, (ſince others faile,)
To take this taske, and in thy wofull ſong
To forme my caſe, and regiſter my wrong.

Although I know thy iuſt lamenting Muſe,
Toyl'd in th'affliction of thine owne diſtreſſe,
In others cares haue little time to vſe,
And therefore maiſt eſteeme of mine the leſſe:
Yet as thy hopes attend happy redreſſe,
Thy ioyes depend on a womans grace,
So moouc thy mind a wofull womans caſe.

Delia may hap to deigne to reade our ſtory,
And offer vp her ſighs among the reſt,
Whoſe merit would ſuffice for both our glory,
Whereby thou might'ſt be grac'd and I be bleſt,
That indulgence would profit me the beſt,
Such power ſhe hath by whom thy youth is led,

To

To ioy the liuing, and to blesse the dead.
So I (through beauty) made the wofulst wight,
By beauty might haue comfort after death:
That dying faireſt, by the faireſt might
Finde life aboue on earth, and reſt beneath.
She that can bleſſe vs with one happy breath,
Giue comfort to thy Muſe to doe her beſt,
That thereby thou maieſt ioy, and I might reſt.

Thus ſaid forthwith mou'd with a tender care,
And pittie, (which my ſelfe could neuer find,)
What ſhe deſir'd, my Muſe deign'd to declare,
And therefore wil'd her boldly tell her mind.
And I (more willing) tooke this charge aſſign'd
Becauſe her griefes were worthy to be knowne,
And telling hers, might happ forget mine owne.

Then write (quoth ſhe) the ruine of my youth,
Report the downefall of my ſlippery ſtate,
Of all my life reueale the ſimple truth,
To teach to others what I learnt too late,
Exmplifie my frailetie, tell how Fate
Keepes in eternall darke our Fortunes hidden,
And ere they come to know them, tis forbidden.

For whilſt the Sun-ſhine of my fortune laſted,
I ioy'd the happieſt warmth, the ſweeteſt heate,
That euer yet imperious beauty taſted,
I had what glory euer fleſh could get,
But this faire morning had a ſhamefull ſet.
Diſgrace darkt honor, ſin did cloud my brow.
As note the ſequel, and Ile tell thee how.

The blood I ſtaind, was good and of the beſt,
My birth had honor, and my beauty fame:

Nature and Fortune ioyn'd to make me bleſt,
Had I had grace t'haue knowne to vſe the ſame.
My education ſhew'd from whence I came,
And all concur'd to make me happy firſt,
That ſo great hap might make me more accurſt.

Happy liu'd I, whilſt parents eye did guide
The indiſcretion of my feeble waies,
And countrey home kept me from being ei'd,
Where beſt vnknowne I ſpent my ſweereſt daies:
Till that my friends mine honour ſought to raiſe
To higher place, which greater credit yeilds,
Deeming ſuch beauty was vnfit for fields.

From Countrey then to Court I was prefer'd,
From calme to ſtormes, from ſhore into the deepes:
There where I periſh'd, where my youth firſt err'd,
There where I loſt the flower which honor keepes,
There where the worſer thriues the better weepes
Aye me (poore wench) on that vnhappy ſhelfe,
I grounded me, and caſt away my ſelfe.

There whereas fraile and tender beauty ſtands
With all aſſaulting powers inuironed:
Hauing but onely prayers and feeble hands
To hold their honors fort vnuanquiſhed:
There were to ſtand and be vnconquered,
Is to b'aboue the nature of our kind,
That cannot long for pittie be vnkind.

For thither com'd, when yeares had arm'd my youth,
With rareſt proofe of beauty euer ſeene:
When my reuiuing eye had learnt the truth,
That it had power to make the winter greene,
And flowre affections whereas none had beene:

Soone

Soone could I teach my brow to tyrannize,
And make the world doe homage to mine eyes.

For age I saw, (though yeares with cold conceit,
Congeald their thoughts against a warme desire,)
Yet sigh their want, and looke at such a baite.
I saw how youth was waxe before the fire:
I saw by stealth, I fram'd my looke a lyre,
Yet well perceiued, how fortune made me then
The enuy of my sexe, and wonder vnto men.

Looke how a Comet at the first appearing,
Drawes all mens eyes with wonder to behold it:
Or as the saddest tale at suddaine hearing,
Makes silent listning vnto him that told it,
So did my speech when Rubies did vnfold it:
So did the blazing of my blush appeare,
T'amaze the world, that holds such sights so deere

Ah beauty Syren, faire enchanting good,
Sweet silent rhetorique of perswading eyes:
Dumb eloquence, whose power doth moue the blood
More then the words, or wisedome of the wise:
Still harmony, whose diapason lyes
Within a brow, the key which passions mooue,
To rauish sense, and play a world in loue.

What might I then not doe, whose power was such?
What cannot women doe that know their power?
What woman knowes it not (I feare too much)
How blisse or bale lies in their laugh or lower?
Whilst they enioy their happy blooming flower.
Whilst nature deckes them in their best attires
Of youth and beauty, which the world admires.

Such

Such one was I, my beauty was mine owne,
No borrowed bluſh, which bankrupt beauties ſeeke,
That new-found ſhame, a ſinne to vs vnknowne,
Th'adulterate beauty of a falſed cheeke,
Vile ſtaine to honour, and to women eeke,
Seeing that time our fading muſt detect,
Thus with defect to couer our defect.

Impietie of times, Chaſtities abator,
Falſhood, wherein thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe denyeſt,
Treaſon to counterfeit the ſeale of Nature,
The ſtampe of heauen, impreſſed by the higheſt,
Diſgrace vnto the world, to whom thou lieſt.
Idoll vnto thy ſelfe, ſhame to the wiſe,
And all that honour thee idolatriſe.

Farre was that ſinne from vs, whoſe age was pure,
When ſimple beauty was accounted beſt,
The time when women had no other lure
But modeſtie, pure cheekes, a vertuous breaſt,
This was the pompe wherewith my youth was leſt.
Theſe were the weapons which mine honor won,
In all conflicts which mine eyes begun.

Which were not ſmall, I wrought on no mean obiect,
A crowne was at my feete, Scepters obeyd me,
Who Fortune made my King, loue made my ſubiect,
Who did command the land, moſt humbly praid me,
Henry the ſecond, that ſo highly weigh'd me
Found well (by proofe) the priuiledge of beauty,
That it had power to countermand all duty.

For after all his victories in *France*,
And all the triumphs of his honour wonne,
Vnmatcht by ſword, was vanquiſht by a glance,

And

And hotter warres within his breast begun,
Warres, whom whole legions of desires drew on:
Against all which, my chastitie contends
With force of honor, which my shame defends.

No armour might be found that could defend
Transpiercing raies of christal-pointed eies:
No stratagem, no reason could amend,
No not his age; yet old men would be wise,
But shewes deceiue, outward appearance lies.
Let none for seeming so, thinke Saints of others,
For all are men, and all haue suckt their mothers.

Who would haue thoght a Monarch wold haue euer,
Obeyd his handmaide of so meane estate:
Vulture ambition feeding on his liuer,
Age having worne his pleasures out of date,
But hap comes neuer, or it comes too late.
For such a dainty which his youth found not,
Vnto his feeble age did chance allot.

Ah Fortune, neuer absolutely good,
For that same crosse still countercheckes our lucke,
As here behold th'incomparable blood,
Of age and youth was that whereon we stucke:
Whose lothing, we from natures brests doe sucke,
As opposite to what our blood requires,
For equall age doth equall like desires.

But mighty men, in highest honour sitting,
Nought but applause, and pleasure can behold,
Sooth'd in their liking, careless what is fitting.
May not be suffred once to thinke th'are olde,
Not trusting what they see, but what is told.
Miserable fortune to forget so farre

The state of flesh, and what our fraileties are.

Yet must I needs excuse so great defect
For drinking of the *Lethe* of mine eies,
H'is forc'd to forget himselfe, and all respect
Of maiestie, whereon his state relies,
And now of loues and pleasures must deuise.
For thus reuiu'd againe he serues and su'th,
And seekes all meanes to vndermine my youth.

Which neuer by assault he could recouer,
So well incamp'd in strength of chast desires,
My cleane-arm'd thoughts repeld an vnchast louer,
The Crowne that could command what it requires,
I lesser priz'd then Chastities attires.
Th'vnstained vaile, which innocents adornes
Th'vngathered Rose, defended with the thornes.

And safe mine honor stood till that in truth,
One of my sexe, of place and nature bad,
Was set in ambush to intrap my youth.
One in the habit of our frailetie clad,
One who the liuery of like weakenes had.
A seeming Matron, yet a sinfull monster,
As by her words the chaster sort may conster.

Shee set vpon me with the smoothest speech
That Court and age could cunningly deuise,
Th'one authentique, made her fit to teach,
The other learnd her how to subtelise,
Both were enough to circumuent the wise.
A document that well might teach the sage,
That there's no trust in youth, nor hope in age.

Daughter (said she) behold my happie chance,

That

That hast the lot cast downe into thy lap,
Whereby thou maiest thy honor great aduance,
Whilst thou (vnhappy) wilt not see thy hap:
Such fond respect thy youth doth so inwrap,
T'oppose thy selfe against thine own good fortune
That points thee out, & seemes thee to importune.

Doest thou not see, how that thy King (thy *Ioue*)
Lightens forth glory on thy darke estate,
And showers downe gold and treasure from aboue,
Whilst thou doest shut thy lap against thy fate?
Fie fonding sie, thou wilt repent too late
The error of thy youth, that canst not see
What is the fortune that doth follow thee.

Thou must not think thy flower can alwaies flourish
And that thy beautie will be still admired:
But that those raies which all these flames do nourish
Cancel'd with Time, will haue their date expired,
And men will skorne what now is so desired.
Our frailties doome is written in the flowers,
Which flourish now, and fade ere many howers:

Read in my face the ruines of my youth,
The wracke of yeares vpon my aged brow:
I haue beene faire (I must confesse the truth)
And stood vpon as nice respects as thou:
I lost my time, and I repent it now.
But were I to begin my youth againe,
I would redeeme the time I spent in vaine.

But thou hast yeares, and priuiledge to vse them,
Thy priuiledge doth beare beauties great seale:
Besides the law of nature doth excuse them,
To whom thy youth may haue a iust appeale.

Esteeme

Esteeme not fame more then thou doest thy weale,
Fame (whereof the world seemes to make such choice)
Is but an Eccho, and an idle voice.

Then why should this respect of honour bound vs,
In th'imaginarie lists of reputation?
Titles which coldseueritie hath found vs,
Breath of the vulgar, foe to recreation,
Ages opinion, Customes out-worne fashion,
Pleasures plague, beauties scourge, hel to the faire,
To leaue the sweet, for Castles in the aire.

Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceiu'd,
Honor, a thing without vs, not our owne:
Whereof we see how many are bereau'd,
Which should haue reap'd the glory they had sowne,
And many haue it, yet vnworthy knowne.
So breaths his blast this many headed beast,
Whereof the wisest haue esteemed least.

The subtile Citty-women, better learned,
Esteeme them chast enough that best seeme so,
Who though they sport, it shall not be discerned,
Their face bewraies not what their bodies doe,
Tis warie walking that doth safelicst goe
With shew of vertue, as the cunning knowes,
Babes are beguild with sweets, & men with showe

Then vse thy talent, youth shall be thy warrant,
And let not honor from thy sports detract;
Thou must not fondly thinke thy selfe transparent,
That those who see thy face can iudge thy tact,
Let her haue shame that cannot closely act.
And seeme the chast, which is the chiefest arte,
For what we seeme each see, none knows the hart.

What

What, doest thou stand on this: that he is old?
Thy beauty hath the more to worke vpon.
Thy pleasures want shall be suppli'd with gold,
Cold age dotes most, when heat of youth is gone,
Enticing words preuaile with such a one.
Alluring shewes most deepe impression strikes,
For age is prone to credit what it likes.

Here interrupt, she leaues me in a doubt,
When loe began the combate in my blood,
Seeing my weake youth inuiron'd round about,
The ground vncertaine where my reasons stood,
Small my defence to make my partie good,
Against such powers which were so surely laid,
To ouerthrow a poore vnskilfull maide.

Treason was in my bones, my selfe conspiring
To sell my selfe to lust, my soule to sinne,
Pure blushing shame, was euer vpon retiring,
Leauing the sacred hold it glori'd in,
Honor lay prostrate for my flesh to win,
When cleaner thoughts my weakenes gan vpbray
Against my selfe, and shame did force me say.

Ah *Rosamond*, what doth the flesh prepare?
Destruction to thy dayes, death to thy fame,
Wilt thou betray that honour held with care,
T'entombe with blacke reproch a spotted name?
Leauing thy blush the colours of thy shame?
Opening thy feete to sinne, thy soule to lust,
Graceleſſe to lay thy glory in the dust?

Nay, first let th'earth gape wide to swallow thee,
And shut thee vp in bosome with her dead,
Ere Sathan tempt thee taste forbidden tree,

Or

Or feele the warmth of an vnlawfull bed,
Suffring thy ſelfe by luſt to be miſled,
So to diſgrace thy ſelfe, and grieue thine heires,
That *Cliffords* race ſhould ſcorne thee one of theirs.

Neuer wiſh longer to enioy the ayre,
Then that thou breathe'ſt the breath of chaſtitie,
Longer then thou preſeru'ſt thy ſoule as faire
As is thy face, free from impuritie,
Thy face, that makes th'admir'd in euery eye,
Where Natures care ſuch rarities inroule,
Which vs'd amiſſe, may ſerue to damne thy ſoule.

But what he is my King, and may conſtraine me,
Whether I yeild or not, I liue defamed,
The world will thinke Authority did gaine me,
I ſhall be iudg'd his Loue, and ſo be ſhamed.
We ſee the faire condemn'd, that neuer gamed.
And if I yeidl, tis honourable ſhame,
If not, I liue diſgrac'd yet thought the ſame.

What way is left thee then (vnhappy maide,)
Whereby thy ſpotleſſe foote may wander out
This dreadfull danger, which thou ſeeſt is laid,
Wherein thy ſhame doth compaſſe thee about?
Thy ſimple yeares cannot reſolue this doubt.
Thy youth can neuer guide thy foote ſo euen,
But (in deſpight) ſome ſcandale will be giuen.

Thus flood I ballanc'd equally precize,
Till my fraile fleſh did weigh me downe to ſinne,
Till world and pleaſure made me partializе,
And glittering pompe my vanity did win,
When to excuſe my fault my luſts begin
And impious thoughts alleadg'd this wantō clauſe
That

That though I sinn'd, my sinne had honest cause.

So well the golden balles cast down before me.
Could entertaine my course, hinder my way:
Whereat my retchlesse youth stooping to store me,
Lost me the gole, the glory and the day.
Pleasure had set my well school'd thoughts to play,
And bad me vse the vertue of mine eyes,
For sweetly it fits the faire to wantonnize.

Thus wrought to sin, soone was I traind from court
T'a solitarie Grange, there to attend
The time the King should thither make resort,
Where he loues long-desired worke should end,
Thither he daily messages doth send.
With costly iewels (Orators of Loue)
Which (ah too well men know) do women moue.

The day before the night of my defeature,
He greetes me with a casket richly wrought:
So rare, that Arte did seeme to striue with Nature,
T'expresse the cunning work-mens curious thought:
The mysterie whereof I prying sought,
And found engrauen on the lidde aboue,
Amymone, how she with *Neptune* stroue.

Amymone, old *Danaus* fayrest daughter,
As she was fetching water all alone,
At *Lerna*, whereas *Neptune* came and caught her,
From whom she striu'd and strugled to be gone,
Beating the aire with cries and pettious mone:
But all in vaine, with him she's forc'd to go,
Tis shame that men should vse poore maidens so.

There might I see described how she lay,

At

At those proud feet, not satisfide with prayer,
Wailing her heauy hap, cursing the day,
In act so pittious to expresse despaire.
And by how much more grieu'd, so much more faire
Her teares vpon her cheekes (poore careful girle)
Did seeme against the Sunne christall and pearle,

Whose pure clear streames, (which so so fair appears)
Wrought hotter flames, (miracle of loue,)
That kindles fire in water, heate in teares,
And makes neglected beauty mightier proue,
Teaching afflicted eyes affects to moue.
To shew that nothing ill becomes the faire,
But cruelty, which yeelds vnto no prayer.

This hauing viewd, and therewith something moued
Figured I find within the other squares,
Transformed *Io*, *Ioues* decrely loued,
In her affliction how she strangely fares,
Strangely distres'd (O beauty borne to cares,)
Turn'd to a Heiffer, kept with icalous eyes,
Alwayes in danger of her hatefull spies.

These presidents presented to my view,
Wherein the presage of my fall was showne,
Might haue fore-warn'd me well what would ensue,
And others harmes haue made me shun mine owne,
But fate is not preuented, though foreknowne.
For that must hap, decreed by heauenly powers,
Who worke our fall, yet make the fault still ours,

Witnes the world, wherein is nothing rifer,
Then miseries vnkend before they come,
Who can the characters of chance decipher,
Written in clouds of our concealed doome.

Which

Which though perhaps haue been reueal'd to some,
Yet that so doubtfull, (as successe did proue them)
That men must know they haue the heauens aboue
(them.
I saw the sinne wherein my foot was entring,
I saw how that dishonour did attend it,
I saw the shame whereon my flesh was venting,
Yet had I not the vertue to defend it,
So weake is sence, when error hath condemn'd it,
We see what's good, and thereto we consent,
But yet wee choose the worst, and soone repent.

And now I come to tell the worst of ilnes,
Now drawes the date of mine affliction neare:
Now when the darke had wrapt vp all in stilnesse,
And dreadfull blacke had dispossess'd the cleere,
Com'd was the night (mother of sleepe and feare)
Who with her sable mantle friendly couers,
The sweet stolne sports of ioyfull meeting louers.

When loe I ioy'de my louer, not my loue,
And felt the hand of lust most vndefired,
Enforc'd th'vnproued bitter sweet to proue,
Which yeeldes to mutuall pleasure when ti shired:
Loue's not constrain'd, nor yet of due required.
Iudge they who are vnfortunately wed,
What tis to come vnto a loathed bed.

But soone, his age reuiu'd his short contenting
And sleepe sealde vp his languishing desires,
When he turnes to his rest, I to repenting,
Into my selfe my waking thought retires:
My nakednes had prou'd my sences liers:
Now op'ned were mine eyes to looke therein,
For first we taste the fruit, then see our sinne.

Now

Now did I finde my selfe vnparadis'd,
From those pure fields of my so cleane beginning:
Now I perceiu'd how ill I was aduis'd,
My flesh gan loath the new felt touch of sinning,
Shame leaues vs by degrees, not at first winning,
For nature cheekes a dew-offence with loathing.
But vse of sinne doth make it seeme, as nothing.

And vse of sinne did worke in me a boldnes
And loue in him, incorparates such zeale,
That iealousie increas'd with ages coldnes,
Fearing to loose the ioy of all his weale.
Or doubting time his stealth might else reueale,
H'is driuen to deuise some subtill way,
How he might safelest keepe so rich a pray.

A stately pallace he forthwith did build,
Whose intricate innumerable waies,
With such confused errors so beguilde,
Th'vnguidest entrers with vncertaine strayes,
And doubtfull turnings kept them in delayes,
With bootlesse labour leading them about,
Able to finde no way, nor in, nor out.

Within the closed bosome of which frame
That seru'd a Centre to that goodly Round,
Were lodgings, with a Garden to the same,
With sweetest flowers that eu'r adorn'd the ground,
And all the pleasures that delight hath found,
T'intertaine the sence of wanton eyes,
Euill of loue, from whence lusts frame arise.

Here I inclos'd from all the world asunder,
The Minotaure of shame kept for disgrace,
The Monster of misfortune, the ages wonder,

Liu'd

Liu'd cloistred in so desolate a case,
None but the King might come into the place,
With certaine maides that did attend my need,
And he himselfe came guided by a threed.

O Iealousie, daughter of Hate and Loue,
Most wayward issue of a gentle sire,
Fostred with feares thy fathers ioyes t'improue,
Mirth-marring Monster, borne a subtle lier
Hatefull vnto thy selfe, flying thine owne desire,
Feeding vpon suspect that doth renue thee,
Happy were louers, if they neuer knew thee,

Thou hast a thousand gates thou entrest by,
Condemning trembling passions to our hart
Hundred ey'd *Argus*, euer waking Spie,
Pale Hagge, infernall Fury, pleasures smart,
Enuious obseruer, prying in euery part:
Suspitious, fearefull gazing still about thee,
O would to God that loue could be without thee.

Thou didst depriue (through false suggesting feare)
Him of content, and me of libertie,
The onely good that women hold so deare,
And turn'st my freedome to captiuity,
First made a prisoner, ere an enemy,
Enioyn'd the ransome of my bodies shame,
Which though I paid, could not redeeme the same.

What greater torment euer could haue beene,
Then to inforce the faire to liue retir'd?
For what is beauty if it be not seene?
Or what is't to be seene, vnlesse admir'd?
And though admir'd, vnlesse in loue desir'd?
Neuer were cheekes of Roses, lockes of Amber,

Ordain'd

Ordain'd to liue impriſon'd in a chamber.

Nature created beauty for the view,
(Like as the fire for heate, the Sun for light:)
The faire do hold this priuiledge as due,
By ancient Charter, to liue moſt in ſight,
And ſhe that is debar'd it, hath not right
In vaine our friends from this, do vs dehort:
For beauty will be, where is moſt reſort.

Witnes the faireſt ſtrectes that Thames doth viſite,
The wondrous concourſe of the glitt'ring faire,
For what rare woman deckt with beauty is it,
That thither couets not to make repaire?
The ſolitary countrey may not ſtay her,
Here is the centre of all beauties beſt,
Excepting DELIA, left t'adorne the Weſt.

Here doth the curious with iudiciall eies,
Contemplate Beauty glorioufly attired,
And herein all our chiefeſt glorie lies,
To liue where we are prais'd and moſt deſired.
O how we ioy to ſee our ſelues admired,
Whil'ſt niggardly our fauors we diſcouer,
We loue to be belou'd, yet ſkorne the Louer.

Yet would to God my foot had neuer mou'd,
From countries feete, from the fields of reſt
To know the danger to be highly lou'd
And liue in pompe to braue among the beſt,
Happy for me, better had I beene bleſt,
If I vnluckily had neuer ſtraid,
But liu'd at home a happy countrey maid,

Whoſe vnaffected innocency thinkes,

No

No guilefull fraud, as doth the Courtly liuer,
She's deckt with truth, the Riuer where she drinkes,
Doth serue her for her glasse, her counsell giues:
She loues sincerity and is loued euer,
Her duies are peace, and so she ends her breath,
(True life that knowes not what's to die till death.)

So should I neuer haue beene registred,
In the blacke booke of the vnfortunate,
Nor had my name enrold with maides misled,
Which bought their pleasures at so high a rate.
Nor had I taught (through my vnhappie fate)
This lesson (which my selfe learnt with expence,)
How most it hurts, that most delights the sence.

Shame followes sinne, disgrace is duly giuen,
Impiety will out, neuer so closely done.
No walls can hide vs from the eye of heauen,
For shame must end what wickednes begun,
Forth breakes reproach when we least thinke theron,
And this is euer proper vnto Courts,
That nothing can be done, but fame reports.

Fame doth explore what lies most secret hidden,
Entring the closet of the Paliace dweller,
Abroad reuealing what is most forbidden,
Of truth and falshood both an equall teller,
Tis not a guard can serue for to expell her,
The sword of iustice cannot cut her wings,
Nor stop her mouth from vttring secret things.

And this our stealth she could not long conceale,
From her whom such a forfeit most concerned:
The wronged Queene, who could so closely deale,
That she the wholl of all our practise learned,

And

And watcht a time when least it was discerned,
In absence of the King, to wreake her wrong,
With such reuenge as she desired long.

The Laberinth she entered by that threed,
That seru'd a conduct to my absent Lord,
Left there by chance, reseru'd for such a deed,
Where shee surpriz'd me whom she so abhord,
Enrag'd with madnes, scarse she speakes a word,
But flies with eager furie to my face,
Offring me most vnwomanly disgrace.

Looke how a Tygresse that hath lost her whelpe,
Rues fiercely raging through the woods astray,
And seeing her selfe depriu'd of hope or helpe,
Doth furiously assault what's in her way,
To satisfie her wrath, (not for a pray)
So fell she on me in outragious wise,
As could disdaine and iealousie deuise.

And after all her vile reproches vs'd,
Shee forc'd me take the poyson she had brought,
To end the life that had her so abus'd,
And free her feares, and ease her iealous thought,
No cruelty her wrath would leaue vnwrought,
No spitefull Act that to Reuenge is common,
No beast being fiercer then a iealous woman.

Here take (saith she) thou impudent vncleane,
Base graceless strumper, take this next your heart,
Your loue-sicke heart, that ouer-charg'd hath beene,
With pleasures surfeit, must be purg'd with Arte.
This potion hath a power that will conuert
To nought, those humors that oppresse you so,
And (Gerle) Ile see you take it ere I go.

What

What stand you now amaz'd, retire you backe;
Tremble you (minion) come dispatch with speed,
There is no helpe, your Champion now you lacke,
And all these teares you shed will nothing steed,
Those dainty fingers needes must do the deed
Take it, or I will drench you else by force,
And triste not, lest that I vse you worse.

Having this bloody doome from hellish breath,
My wofull eyes on euery side I cast:
Rig'rabout me, in my hand my death,
Presenting me the horror of my last.
All hope of pitty and of comfort past,
No meanes, no power, no forces to contend,
My trembling hands must giue my selse my end.

Those hands that beauties ministers had beene,
They must giue death that me adorn'd of late,
That mouth that newly gaue consent to sinne,
Must now receiue destruction in thereat,
That body which my lust did violate,
Must sacrifice it selfe t'appease the wrong,
So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long.)

And shee no sooner saw I had it taken,
But forth shee rushes, (proud with victory)
And leaues m'alone, of all the world forsaken,
Except of death, which she had left with me,
(Death and my selfe alone together be)
To whome she did her full reuenge refer,
Oh poore weake conqueste both for him and her.

Then straight my conscience summons vp my sinne,
T'appeare before me, in a hidious face:
Now doth the terror of my soule beginne,

When

When euery corner of that hatefull place,
Dictates mine error, and reueales disgrace,
Whilst I remaine oppreſt in euery part,
Death in my body, horror at my hart.

Downe on my bed my loathſome ſelfe I caſt,
The bed that likewiſe giues in euidence,
Againſt my ſoule, and tels I was vnchaſt,
Tels I was wanton, tels I followed ſence,
And therefore caſt by guilt of mine offence,
Muſt here the right of heauen needes ſatisfie,
And where I wanton lay, muſt wretched die.

Here I began to waile my hard miſhap,
My ſuddaine, ſtrange, vnlookt for miſery,
Accuſing them that did my youth intrap,
To giue me ſuch a fall of infamie.
And poore diſtreſſed *Roſamond* (ſaid I,)
Is this thy glory got? to die forlorne
In Deſarts, where no eare can heare thee mourne.

Nor any eye of pitty to behold,
The wofull end of thy ſad tragedy,
But that thy wrongs vnſeene, thy tale vs vntold,
Muſt here in ſecret ſilence buried lie.
And with thee, thine excuſe together die.
Thy ſinne reueal'd, but thy repentance hid,
Thy ſhame aliue, but dead what thy death did.

Yet breath out to theſe wals the breath of mone,
Tell th'aire thy plaints, ſince men thou canſt not tell.
And though thou periſh deſolate alone,
Tell yet thy ſelfe, what thy ſelfe knowes too well;
Vtter thy griefe, wherewith thy ſoule doth ſwell.
And let thy heart pittie thy hearts remorſe,

And

And be thy selfe the mourner and the corse.

Condole thee here, clad all in blacke dispaire,
With silence onely, and a dying bed;
Thou that of late, so flourishing, so faire,
Didst glorious liue, admir'd and honoured,
And now from friends, from succour hither led,
Art made a spoile to lust, to wrath, to death.
And in disgrace, fore'd here to yeeld thy breath.

Did Nature (for this good) ingeniate,
To shew in thee the glory of her best,
Framing thine eye, the starre of thy ill fate,
Making thy face the foe to spoile the rest?
O beauty, thou an enemy profest,
To Chastity, and vs that loue thee most,
Without thee how w'are loath'd, and with the lost.

You, you that prowde with liberty and beautie,
(And well may you be proude that you be so,)
Glitter in Court, lou'd and obseru'd of duty,
Would God I might to you but ere I go,
Speake what I feele, to warne you by my wo,
To keepe your feet in cleanely pathes of shame,
That no enticing may diuert the same.

See'ng how against your tender weakenes still,
The strength of wit, of gold and all is bent:
And all th'assaults that euer might or skill,
Can giue against a chaste and cleane intent.
Ah let not greatnes worke you to consent,
The spot is foule, though by a Monarch made,
Kings cannot priuiledge, what God forbade.

Locke vp therefore the treasure of your loue,

Vnder

Vnder the sureſt keyes of feare and ſhame,
And let no powers haue power chaſte thoughts to
To make a lawleſſe entrie on your fame, (moue,
Open to thoſe the comfort of your flame,
Whoſe equall loue ſhall march with equall pace,
In thoſe pure wayes that lead to no diſgrace.

For ſee how many diſcontented beds,
Our owne aſpiring or our Parents pride
Haue caus'd, whil'ſt that ambition vainely weds,
Wealth and not loue, honour and nought beſide;
Whil'ſt maried but to titles, we abide,
As wedded widowes, wanting that we haue,
When ſhadowes cannot giue vs what we craue.

Or whil'ſt we ſpend the freſheſt of our time,
The ſweet of youth in plotting in the aire,
Alas how oft we fall, hoping to clime,
Or whither as vnprofitably faire,
Whil'ſt thoſe decayes which are without repaire,
Make vs neglected, ſkorned and reprou'd,
(And O what are we, if we be not lou'd?

Faſten therefore vpon occaſions fit
Leſt this or that, or like diſgrace as mine,
Do ouer-take your youth to ruine it,
And cloud with infamie your beauties ſhine,
Seeing how many ſeeke to vndermine,
Treaſurie that's vnpoſſeſt of any:
And hard tis kept that is deſir'd of many.

And flie (O flie) theſe bed-brokers vncleane,
(The monſters of our ſexe, that make a pray,
Of their owne kinde, by an vnkindly meane,
And euen (like vipers) eating out a way,

Through

Throgh th'womb of their own shame, accursed they
Liue by the death of Fame, the gaine of sin,
The filth of lust, vncleannes swallowes in.

As if t'were not enough that we (poore we)
Haue weakenesse, beauty, gold, and men our foes,
But we must haue some of our selues to be,
Traitors vnto our selues, to ioyne with those?
Such as our feeble forces doe disclose,
And still betray our cause, our shame, our youth,
To lust, to folly, and to mens vntruth?

Hatefull confounders both of blood and lawes,
Vilde Orators of shame, that plead delight,
Vngracious Agents in a wicked cause,
Factors for darknesse, messengers of night:
Serpents of guile, diuels that doe inuite
The wanton taste of that forbidden tree,
Whose fruit once pluckt, will shew how foule we (be.

You in the habite of a graue aspect,
(In credit by the trust of yeares) can show,
The cunning wayes of lust, and can direct,
The faire and wily wantons how they goe,
Hauing (youth lothsome selues) your youth spent so,
And in vncleannes euer haue beene fed,
By the reuenue of a wanton bed.

By you haue beene the innocent betraid,
The blushing, fearefull, boldned vnto sinne,
The wife made subtle, subtle made the maide,
The husband skorn'd, dishonoured the kin,
Parents disgrac'd, children infamous beene,
Confus'd our race, and falsified our bloud,
Whilst fathers sons possesse wrong fathers good.

This and much more, I would haue vttered then,
A teſtament to be recorded ſtill.
Sign'd with my bloud, ſubſcribd with conſcience pen
To warne the faire and beautifull from ill.
Though I could wiſh (by th'example of my will,)
I had not left this note vnto the faire,
But dide inteſtate to haue had no heire.

But now the poiſon ſpread through all my vaines,
Gan diſpoſſeſſe my liuing ſences quite:
And nought reſpecting death, (the laſt of paines)
Plac'd his pale colours, (th'enſigne of his might,)
Vpon his new got ſpoile before his right:
Thence chac'd my ſoule, ſetting my day ere noone,
When I leaſt thought, my ioyes could end ſo ſoone.

And as conſider'd vntimely funerals,
My ſcarſe cold corſe not ſuffred longer ſtay,
Behold the King by chance, returning fals
T'incounter with the ſame vpon the way,
As he repair'd to ſee his deereſt ioy.
Not thinking ſuch a meeting could haue beene,
To ſee his loue, and ſeeing be vnſeene.

Iudge thoſe whom chance depriues of ſweeteſt treaſure,
What tis to looſe a thing we hold ſo deare,
The beſt delight wherein our ſoule takes pleaſure,
The ſweet of life, that penetrats ſo neere,
What paſſions feeles that hart, inforc'd to beare
The deepe impreſſion of ſo ſtrange a ſight
That ouerwhelmes vs, or confounds vs quite.

Amaz'd he ſtands, not voice, nor body ſteares,
Words had no paſſage, teares no iſſue found,
For ſorrow ſhut vp words, wrath kept in teares,

Con-

Confus'd effects each other do confounde:
Oppres'd with griefe, his passions had no bound.
Striuing to tell his woes, words would not come;
For light cares speake, when mighty griefs are dumb

At length extremitie breakes out a way,
Throgh which th'imprisned voice with tears attended
Wailes out a sound that sorrowes do bewray,
With armes a-crosse, and eyes to heauen bended,
Vaporing out sighes that to the skies ascended.
Sighes (the poore ease calamitie affoords,)
Which serue for speech when sorrow wanteth (words.

O heauens (quoth he,) why do mine eies behold
The hatefull rayes of this vnhappy sunne?
Why haue I light to see my sinnes contrould,
With bloud of mine owne shame thus vildly donne?
How can my sight endure to looke thereon?
Why doth not blacke eternall darkenesse hide,
That from mine eyes, my heart cannot abide?

What saw my life, wherein my soule might ioy,
What had my dayes, whom troubles still afflicted,
But onely this to counterpoize annoy?
This ioy, this hope, which death hath interdicted:
This sweet, whose losse hath all distresse inflicted:
This that did season all my sowre of life,
Vext still at home with broyles, abroad in strife,

Vext still at home with broiles, abroad in strife,
Dissention in my bloud, i rres in my bed:
Distrust at boord, suspecting still my life,
Spending the night in horror, dayes in dread:
(Such life hath tyrants; and this life I led)
These miseries go mask'd in glittering showes;

Which wise men see, the vulgar little knowes.

Thus as these passions doe him ouerwhelme,
He drawes him neere my body to behold it,
And as the Vine, married vnto the Elme,
With strict embraces, so doth he infold it,
And as he in his carefull armes doth hold it,
Viewing the face that now euen death commends
On senceless lips, millions of kisses spends.

Pittifull mouth (saith he) that liuing gaues't,
The sweetest comfort that my soule could wish,
O be it lawfull now, that dead thou haues't,
This for owing fare well of a dying kisse,
And you faire eyes, containers of my blisse,
Mouues of loue, borne to be matched neuer,
Entomb'd in your sweet circles, sleepe for euer.

Ah how me thinkes I see Death dallying seekes,
To entertaine it selfe in Loues sweet place:
Decayed Roses of discoloured cheekes,
Do yet retaine deere notes of former grace,
And vgly death sits faire within her face,
Sweet remnants resting of vermillion red,
That death her selfe doubts whether she be dead

Wonder of beauty, oh receiue these plaints
These obsequies, the last that I shall make thee,
For loe, my soule that now already faints,
(That lou'd thee liuing, dead will not forsake thee)
Hastens her speedy course to ouertake thee.
Ile meete my death, and free my selfe thereby,
For (ah) what can he doe that cannot die?

Yet ere I die, thus much my soule doth vow,

Reuenge

Reuenge ſhall ſweeten death with eaſe of mind,
And I will cauſe poſteritie ſhall know,
How faire thou wert aboue all women kinde,
And after-ages monuments ſhall finde,
Shewing thy beauties title not thy name
Roſe of the world that ſweetned ſo the ſame.

This ſaid, though more deſirous yet to ſay,
For ſorrow is vnwilling to giue ouer:)
He doth repreſſe what griefe would elſe bewray,
Leaſt he too much his paſſions ſhould diſcouer,
And yet reſpect ſcarſe bridles ſuch a louer,
So farre tranſported that he knew not whether,
For loue and maieſtie dwell ill together.

Then were my funerals not long deferred,
But done with all the rites pompe could deuiſe,
At *Godſtow*, where my body was interred,
And richly tomb'd in honourable wiſe,
Where yet as now ſcarce any note deſcries,
Vnto theſe times, the memory of me,
Marble and braſſe ſo little laſting be.

For thoſe wals which the credulous deuout,
And apt beleeuing ignorant did found,
With willing zeale, that neuer call'd in doubt,
That time their workes ſhould euer ſo confound,
Lie like confuſed heapes as vnder ground.
And what their ignorance eſteemed holy,
Our wiſer ages doe account as folly.

And were it not thy fauourable lines,
Re-edified the wracke of my decaies,
And that thy accents willingly aſſignes,
Some farther date, and giue me longer dayes.

Few in this age had knowne my beauties praise,
But thus renew'd, my fame redeemes some time,
Till other ages shall neglect thy rime.

Then when confusion in her course shall bring,
Sad desolation on the times to come:
When mirthlesse Thames shall haue no Swan to sing
All Musicke silent, and the Muses dumbe,
And yet euen then it must be knowne to some,
That once they flourisht, though not cherisht so,
And Thames had Swannes as well as euer Po.

But here an end I may no longer stay,
I must returne t'attend at Stygian flood:
Yet ere I goe this one word more I pray,
Tell *Della*, now her sight may doe a e good,
And will her note the frailety of our blood,
And if I passe vnto those happy bankes,
Then she must haue her praise, thy pen her thanks.

So vanisht she, and left me to returne,
To prosecute the tenor of my woes:
Eternall matter for my Muse to mourne,
But (yet) the world hath heard too much of those,
My youth such errors must no more disclose,
He hide the rest, and grieue for what hath been,
Who made me known, must make me liue vnseen.

FINIS.

AN ODE.

NOw each creature inyes the other,
passing happy dayes and houres,
One Bird reports vnto another,
in the fall of siluer showers,
Whilst the earth our common mother,
hath her bosome deckt with flowers.

Whilst the greatest torch of heauen,
with bright rayes warmes Floras lap,
Making nights and dayes both euen,
cheering plants with fresher sap,
My field of flowers quite bereauen,
wants refresh of better hap.

Eccho, daughter of the Aire,
(babling guest of Rocks and hils,)
Knowes the name of my fierce Faire,
and sounds the accents of my ils.
Each thing pitties my despaire,
whilst that she her louer kils.

Whilst that she (O cruell Maide)
doth me and my loue despise,
My liues flourish is decaied
that dependeth on her eyes,
But her will must be obeyed,
and well he ends for loue who dyes.

O Happy golden age,
Not for that riuers ranne,
With ſtreames of milke, and hony dropt from trees,
Not that the earth did gage,
Vnto the husbandman,
Her voluntary fruits, free without fees,
Not for no cold did freeze,
Nor any cold beguile
Th'eternall flowring ſpring
Wherein li'd euery thing;
And whereon th'heauens perpetually did ſmile,
Not for no ſhip had brought
From forraine ſhores, or warres or wares ill ſought,
But oncly for that name,
That idle name of wind:
That Idoll of deceit that empty ſound
Call'd Honor, which became
The tyrant of the minde:
And ſo torments our nature with out ground,
Was not yet vainely found:
Nor yet ſad griefes imparts
Amidſt the ſweet delights,
Of ioyfull amarous wights.
Nor were his hard iawes knowne to free-borne hearts,
But golden lawes like theſe
Which nature wrote. That's lawful which doth pleaſe
Then amongſt flowers and ſprings
Making delightfull ſport
Sate louers without conflict, without flame:
And Nimphs and ſhepheards ſing
Mixing in wanton ſort
Whiſp'rings with ſongs, then kiſſes with the ſame
Which from affection came:
The naked virgin then
Her Roſes freſh reueales,

Which

Which now her vayle conceales.
The tender Apples in her bosome seene,
And oft in Riuers cleere
The Louers with their Loues consorting were,
HONOR, *thou first didst close,*
The spring of all delight?
Denying water to the amorous thirst
Thou taught'st faire eyes to lose
The glory of their light.
Restrain'd from men and on themselues reuerst.
Thou in a Lawne didst first
These golden haires incase,
Late spread vnto the winde,
Thou mad'st loose grace vnkinde,
Gau'st bridle to their wordes, art to their pace,
O Honour is it thou
That mak'st that stealth, which loue doth free allow,
It is thy worke that brings
Our griefes and torments thus:
But thou fierce Lord of Nature and of Loue,
The qualifier of Kings,
What doest thou here with vs
That are below thy power shut from aboue?
Go and from vs remoone,
Trouble the mighties sleepe,
Let vs neglected base,
Liue still with the grace,
And th'vse of th'auncient happy ages keepe,
Let's loue, this life of ours
Can make no truce with time that all deuours,

Let's loue, the sun doth set, and rise againe
But when as our short light
Comes once to set, it makes eternall night.

FINIS.

Come

Vlisses and the Syren.

Syren COme worthy Greeke *Vlisses* come,
Possesse these shores with me,
The windes and seas are troublesome,
And here we may be free
Here may we sit and view their toile
That trauaile in the deepe,
And ioy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleepe.

Vliss Faire Nimph, if fame or honour were
To be attaind with ease,
Then would I come and rest with thee,
And leaue such toiles as these.
But here it dwels, and here must I
With danger seeke it forth,
To spend the time luxuriously,
Becomes not men of worth.

Syr. *Vlysses*, O be not deceiu'd
With that vnreall name,
This honour is a thing conceiu'd,
And rests on others fame.
Begotten onely to molest,
Our peace and to beguile.
(The best thing of our life) our rest.
And giue vs vp to toile.

Vl ss. Delicious Nimph, suppose there were
Nor honour, nor report.
Yet manlines would scorne to weare,
The time in idle sport,
For toile doth giue a better touch,
To make vs feele our ioy,

And

And eaſe findes tediouſnes as much
As labour yeeldes annoy.

Syr. Then pleaſure likewiſe ſeemes the ſhore,
Whereto tendes all your toile,
Which you forgo to make it more,
And periſh oft the while.
Who may diſport them diuerſly,
Find neuer tedious day,
And eaſe may haue variety,
As well as action may.

Vliſſ But natures of the nobleſt frame
Theſe toyles and dangers pleaſe,
And they take comfort in the ſame,
As much as yow in eaſe,
An' with the thought of actions paſt,
Are recreated ſtill:
When pleaſure leaues a touch at laſt,
To ſhew that it was ill.

Syr. That doth opinion onely cauſe,
That's out of cuſtome bred,
Which makes vs many other lawes,
Then euer Nature did.
No widdowes waile for our delights,
Our ſports are without bloud,
The world wee ſee by warlike wights
Receiues more hurt then good.

Vliſſ. But yet the ſtate of things require
Theſe motions of vnreſt:
And theſe great Spirits of high deſire
Seeme borne to turne them beſt.
To purge the miſchiefes that increaſe,

And

And all good order mar,
For oft we see a wicked peace,
To be well chang'd for war,

Sy. Well, well *Vlisses* then I see,
I shall not haue thee here:
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortunes there,
I muó be wonne that cannot win,
Yet lost were I not won,
For beauty hath created bin,
T'vndoo, or be vndone.

FINIS.

MVSOPHILVS.

CONTAINING a Generall defence of all LEARNING.

AT LONDON
Printed by I. L. for *Simon Waterſon.*
1611.

TO THE RIGHT worthy Knight SIR FOVLKE GRIVELL.

IF I haue err'd or run a course vnfit
To vent my vnderstanding in this kinde
Your approbation hath beene cause of it
That fed this gratefull error *of my mind*
For your most worthy and iudicious Knight
Did first draw forth from close obscuritie
My vnpresuming verse into the light
And grac'd the same, & made me known therby:
And euery man we see is easily
Confirm'd in that wherein he takes delight,
But chiefly when he findes his industry
Allow'd by him he knowes can iudge aright.
Though praise I feare me is not vertues friend
So much as we would make it seeme to be,
For more vndone, then raised thereby we see
Whereas themselues men cannot comprehend.

And

And for my part, I haue beene oft constraind
To reexamine this my course herein
And question with my selfe what is containd
Or what solidity there was therein.
And then in casting it with that account
And recknings of the world, I therein found
It came farre short, and neither did amount
In valew with those hopes I did propound
Nor answer'd the expences of my time
Which made me much distrust my selfe & ryme
And I was flying from my heart and from
The station I was set in, to remaine:
And had left all, had not fresh forces come
And brought me backe vnto my selfe againe,
And furnisht my distrusts with this defence
This armor wherewithall the best I could
I haue made good, against the difference
Of fortune, and the world, that which I told.
And haue maintain'd your honor in the same
Which herein holds an interest in my fame.

SAMVELL·DANIELL.

MVSOPHILVS.

Containing a generall *defence of all learning.*

Philocosmus.

FOnd man *Musophilus*, that thus dost spend
In an vngainefull art thy deerest daies,
Tyring thy wits and toyling to no end,
But to attaine that idle smoake of praise,
Now then this busie world cannot attend
Th'vntimely musicke of neglected layes,
Other delights then these, other desires
This wiser profit-seeking age requires.

Musophilus.

Friend *Philocosmus*, I confesse indeede
I loue this sacred art thou sett'st so light,
And though it neuer stand my life in steed,
It is enough, it giues my selfe delight,
The whiles my vnafflicted mind doth feed,
On no vnholy thoughts for benefice,
Be it that my vnseasonable seng
Come out of time, that fault is in the time,
And I must not doe vertue so much wrong,

As

As loue her ought the worse for others crime,
And yet I finde some blessed spirits among,
That cherish me, and like and grace my rime.
A Gaine that I do more in soule esteeme
Then all the gaine of dust, the world doth craue,
And if I may attaine but to redeeme
My name from dissolution and the graue,
I shall haue done enough and better deeme
T'haue liu'd to be, then to haue di'd to haue,
Short-breath'd mortalitie would yet extend
That span of life so far forth as it may,
And rob her fate, seeke to beguile her end,
Of some few lingring daies of after stay,
That all this little All, might not descend
Into the darke a vniuersall pray.
And giue our labors yet this poore delight,
That when our daies do end they are not done,
And though we die we shall not perish quite,
But liue two liues where others haue but one,

Philocosinus.

Silly desires of selfe-abusing man,
Striuing to gaine th'inheritance of ayre,
That hauing done the vttermost he can,
Leaues yet perhaps but beggerie to his heire.
All that great purchase of the breath he wan,
Feedes not his race, or makes his house more faire
And what art thou the better thus to leaue
A multitude of words to small effect
Which other times may skorne and so deceiue
Thy promis'd name of what thou doest expect,
Besides some vipercus *Criticke* may bereaue
Th'opinion of thy worth, for some defect,
And get more reputation of his wit,

By

By but controlling of some word or sence,
Then thou shalt honor for contriuing it,
With all thy trauell, care, and diligence,
Being learned now enough to contradict,
And censure others with bold insolence,
Besides so many, so confusedly sing,
As diuers discordes haue the musicke mar'd
And in contempt that mysterie doth bring
That he must sing alowd that will be heard,
And the receiu'd opinion of the thing,
For some vnhallowed strings that vildly iar'd,
Hath so vnseason'd now the eares of men,
That who doth touch the tenor of that vaine,
Is held but vaine, and his vnreck'ned pen,
The title but of leuitie doth gaine,
A poore light gaine to recompence their toile,
That thought to get eternitie the while,
And therefore leaue the left and out-worne course,
Of vnregarded wayes, and labour how
To fit the times with what is most in force,
Be new with mens affections that are now
Striue not to run an idle counter course,
Out from the scent of humors men allow,
For not discreetly to compose our parts,
Vnto the frame of men (which we must be)
Is to put off our selues, and make our artes
Rebels to Times, and to societie,
Whereby we come to burie our deserts,
In th'obscure graue of singularitie.

Musophilus.

Do not prophane the worke of doing well,
Seduced man, that canst not looke so hie,
From out that mist of earth, as thou canst tell,

The

The wayes of right which vertue doth deſcry,
That ouer-lookes the baſe, contemptible,
And low laid follies of mortalitie,
Nor metteout truth and right deſeruing praiſe,
By that wrong meaſure, that confuſed ill,
The vulgar foot, which neuer takes his wayes
By reaſon, but by imitation ſtill:
Rowling on with the reſt, and neuer way's
The courſe which he ſhould go, but what is gone.
Nor what he ought to doe but what is done.
Well were it with mankind, if what the moſt,
Did like were beſt, but ignorance will liue
By others ſquare, as by example loſt,
And man to man muſt th'hand of error giue,
That none can fall alone at their owne coſt,
And al, becauſe meniudge not, but beleeue) boũds
For what poore bounds haue they whom but th'earth
What is their end whereto their care attaines,
When the thing got releeues not, but confounds,
Hauing but trauaile to ſucceede their paines?
What ioy hath he of liuing that propounds,
Affliction but his end, and griefe his gaines?
Inchroching, gathering, wreſting, ioyning to,
Deſtroying, building, decking, furniſhing,
Repairing, altring, and ſo mucha do
To his ſoules toile, and bodies trauailing,
And all this cothhe, little knowing who
Fortune ordaines to haue th'inheriting,
And his faire houſe rais'd hie in enuies eye,
Whoſe pillars rear'd perhaps on bloud and wrong,
The ſpoiles and pillage of iniquitie,
Who can aſſure it to continue long?
If rage ſpar'd not the wals of picte,
Shall the profaneſt piles of ſinne keepe ſtrong?
How many proud aſpiring pallaces,

Haue

Haue we knowne made the pray of wrath & pride
Leuell'd with th'earth, left to forgetfulnes,
Whilest titlers their pretended rights decide,
Or ciuill tumults, or an orderles
Order pretending change of some strong side?
Then where is that proud title of thy name?
Written in yce of melting vanity,
Where is thine heire left to possesse the same?
Perhaps not so well as in beggerie,
Some thing may rise to be beyond the shame,
Of vile and vnregarded pouertie.
Which I confesse, although I often striue,
To cloth in the best habite of my skill,
In all the fairest colours I can giue,
Yet for all that me thinkes she lookes but ill,
I cannot brooke that face, which dead aliue,
Shewes a quicke bodie, but a buried will,
Yet oft we see the bars of this restraint,
Holds goodnes in, which loose wealth would let (flie,
And fruitlesse riches barrainer then want,
Brings forth small worth from idle libertie:
Which when disorders shall againe make skant,
It must refetch her state from pouertie.
But yet in all this interchange of all,
Virtue we see, with her faire grace stands fast,
For what hie races hath there come to fall,
With low disgrace, quite vanquished and past
Since *Chaucer* liu'd, who yet liues and yet shall,
Though (which I grieue to say) out in his last,
Yet what a time hath he wrested from time,
And wonne vpon the mighty waste of dayes,
Vnto th'immortall honour of our clime:
That by his meanes came first adorn'd with baies,
Vnto the sacred Reliques of wh se time,
We yet are bound in zeale to offer praise.

And

And could our lines begotten in this age
Obtaine but such a blessed hand of yeeres,
And scape the fury of that threatnings rage,
Which in confused cloudes gastly appeares,
Who would not straine his trauailes to ingage,
When such true glory should succeede his cares,
But whereas he came planted in the spring,
and had the Sun before him of respect,
We set in th'Autume the deflouri shing,
And sullen season, of a cold defect
Must taste those soure distasts the times do bring,
Vpon the fulnesse of a cloid neglect.
Although the stronger constitutions shall
Weare out th'infection of distempered dayes,
And come with glory to out-liue this fall,
Recouering of another spring of praise,
Cleer'd from th'oppressing humors, wherewithall
The idle multitude surcharge their lays,
When as perhaps the words thou scornest now,
May liue the speaking picture of the minde.
The extract of the soule that laboured how,
To leaue the image of her selfe behind,
Wherein posterity that loue to know
The iust proportion of our spirits may find.
For these lines are the vaines, the Arteries,
And vndecayling lifestrings of those hearts
That still shall pant and still shall exercise,
The motion spirit and and nature both imparts
And shall with those aliue so simpathizes
As nourisht with their powers inioy their parts,
O blessed letters that combine in one,
All ages past and make one liue with all
By you we do confer with who are gone,
And the dead liuing vnto counsell call,
By you th'vnborne shall haue communion,
Of what we feele and what doth vs befall,

Soul

Soule of the world, knowledge, without thee,
What hath the world that truly glorious is?
Why should our pride make such a stirre to be,
To be forgot? what good is like to this,
To do worthy the writing, and to write
Worthy the reading, and the worlds delight?
And let th'vnnaturall and wayward race,
Borne of one wombe with vs, but to our shame,
That neuer read t'obserue, but to disgrace,
Raise all the tempest of their power to blame,
That puffe of follie neuer can deface,
The worke a happy *Genius* tooke to frame.
Yet why should cruill learning seeke to wound,
And mangle her owne members with despight,
Prodigious wits that study to confound,
The life of wit, to seeme to know aright.
As if themselues had fortunately found
Some stand from of the earth, beyond our sight,
Whence ouerlooking all as from aboue,
Their grace is not to worke, but to reproue.
Presumption euer fullest of defects,
Faylesin the doing to performe her part,
And I haue knowne proud words & poore effects,
Of such indeed as do contemne this art,
But let them rest it euer hath beene knowne,
They others vertue skorne that doubt their owne
And for the diuerse disagreeing cordes,
Of interiangling ignorance that fill,
The dainty eares and leaue no roome for wprds,
The worthier mindes neglect, or pardon will,
Seeing how the best he hath, he frankly foords,
And skornes to be a niggard of his skill,
And that the rather since this short-liu'd race,
Being fatally the sonnes but of one day,
That now with all their power ply it apace,

To

So hold out with the greatest might they may,
Against confusion that hath all in chace,
To make of all a vniuersall pray.
Now great *Nature* hath laid downe at last
That mighty birth, wherewith so long she went
And ouerwent the times of ages past,
Here to lie in, vpon our foit content.
Where fruitfull she, hath multiplied so fast,
That all she hath on these times, seem'd t'haue
All that which might haue many ages grac'd, (spent
Is borne in one, to make one cloid withall,
Where plenty hath impreſt a deepe distaſt,
Of best and worst, and all in generall:
That goodnes seemes, goodnes to haue defac'd
And virtue hath no virtue giuen the fall,
For emulation, that proud nurse of wit,
Skorning to stay below or come behind,
Labors vpon that narrow top to sit
Of sole perfection to the highest kind,
Enuie and wonder looking after it
Thrust likewise on, the selfesame bliſſe to find.
And so long striuing till they can no more,
Do stuffe the place, or others hopes shut out;
Who doubting to ouertake those gone before,
Giue vp their care; and cast no more about,
And so in skorne leaue all as fore possest,
And will be none, where they may not be best,
Euen like some empty Creek that long hath laine,
Left or neglect of the Riuer by. (vayne
Whose searching sides pleas'd with a wandring
Finding some little way that close did lye
Steale in at first, then other streames gaine
Second the first, then more then all supply,
Till all the mighty maine hath borne at last
The glory of his chiefest powre that way,

Plying this new found pleaſant roome ſo faſt
Till all be full and all be at a ſtay,
And then about and backe againe doth caſt,
Leauing that full to fall another way,
So feares this humorous world that euermore,
Rapt with the Current of a preſent courſe
Runs into that which lay contemd before,
Then glutted leaues the ſame, and fals t'a worſe,
Now zeale holds all, no life but to adore,
Then could in ſpirit, and faith is of no force.
Straight all that holy was, vnhallowed lyes,
Theſcatte:ed carkaſſes of ruind vowes,
Then truth is falſe, and now hath blindnes eyes,
Then zeale truſts all, now ſcarcely what it knowes,
That euermore to fooliſh or to wiſe,
It fatall is to beſeduc'd with ſhowes,
Sacred *Religion*, mother of forme and feare,
How gorgeouſly ſometimes doſt thou ſit deckt?
What pompous veſtures do we make thee weare?
What ſtately piles we prodigall erect?
How ſweet perfum'd thou art how ſhining cleere?
How ſolemnly obſeru'd with what reſpect?
Another time all plaine, and quite threed bare,
Thou muſt haue all within and nought without,
Sit poorely without light, diſrob'd, no care
Of outward grace, to amuze the poore deuout,
Powerleſſe, vnfollowed, ſcarcely men can ſpare,
Thee neceſſarie rites to ſet thee out.
And either truth and goodnes are not ſtill,
The ſelfe ſame which they are and alwaies one,
But alter to the proiect of our will,
Or we our actions make them wait vpon,
Putting them in the liuery of our skill,
And caſt them of againe when we haue done.
You mighty Lords that with reſpected grace,

Doe at the sterne of faire example stand
And all the body of this populace,
Guide with the onely turning of your hand,
Keepe a right course, beare vp from all disgrace,
Obserue the point of glory to our land.
Hold vp disgraced knowledge from the ground,
Keepe vertue in request giue worth her due,
Let not neglect with barbarous meanes confound
So faire a good to bring in night a new,
Be not, O be not accessaries found,
Vnto her death that must giue life to you.
Where will you haue your vertuous nam eſafe laid,
In gorgeous tombs, in sacred Cels secure?
Do you not see those prostrat heapes betraid,
Your fathers bones, & could not keep them sure?
And will you trust deceitfull stones fayre laid,
And thinke they will be to your honor true?
Poore idle reliques that can neuer crowne,
Your memories which cannot keep their owne,
Witnesse that huge and wondrous *trophei* now,
Which on the goodly plaines nere *Wilton* stands
That huge dumbe heape that cannot tell vs how,
Nor what, nor whence he is, nor with whose hands
Nor for whose glory it was set to shew,
How much our power mocks that of other lands
When in a lesser roome securely lie,
And lie most safe as fresh as if a liue,
All those great worthies of Antiquitie,
Which long foreliu'd vs and shall long suruiue,
Who stronger tombs found for eternitie,
Then could the powers of all the earth contriue.
Where they remaine these trifles to obtaid,
Out of the reach of spoile and way of rage,
Though time wit hall his power of years hath laid,
Long batterie, back'd with vndermining age.

Yet

Yet they make head onely with their owne aide,
And warre with his all conquering forces, wage:
Pleading the heauens prescription to be free
And t'haue a grant t'indure as long as he.

Philocosmus.

Behold how euery man drawne with delight,
Of what he doth, flatters him in his way,
And striuing t'haue her course seeme onely right,
Doth his owne rest, and his owne thoughts betray
Imagination bringing brauely dight
Her pleasing images in best aray,
With flattering glasses that must shew him faire
And others foule, his skill and his wit best,
Others seduc'd, deceiu'd and wrong in their,
His knowledge right, all ignorant the rest:
Not seeing how these minions in the ayre
Present a face of things falsely expresst,
And that the glimmering of these errors shownе,
Are but a light to let him see his owne.
Alas poore Fame in what a narrow roome,
As an encaged Parrot, art thou pent
Here amongst vs, where euen as good be dumbe
As speake and to be heard with no attent?
How can you promise of the time to come,
When as the present are so negligent?
Is this the walke of all your wide renowne,
This little point, this scarce discerned Ile,
Thrust from the world, with whom our speech vn-
Made neuer any trafficke of our stile. (knowne,
And is this all where all this care is shownе,
T'inchant your fame to last so long a while?
And for that happier tongues haue woon so much
Thunk you to make your barbarous language such

Poore narrow limits for so mightie paines,
That cannot promise any forraine vent:
And yet if here to al your wondrous vaines
Were generally knowne it might content
But lo how many reads not, or disdaines
The labours of the chiefe and excellent.
How many thousands neuer weigh the name
Of *Sidney*, or of *Spencer*, or their bookes;
And yet braue fellowes and presume of fame,
By following onely what the season brookes
What then shall they expect of meaner frame,
On whose endeuours few or none scarce lookes
Do not you see these *Pamphlets*, *Libels*, *Rimes*,
These strange confused tumults of the minde,
Are growne to be the sicknes of these times,
The great disease inflicted on mankinde;
Your vertues, by your follies, made your crimes,
Haue issue with your indiscretion ioin'd
Schooles, artes, professions, all in so great store,
Passe the proportion of the present state,
Where being as great a number as before,
And fewer roomes then to accommodate,
It cannot be but they must throng the more,
And kicke, and thrust, and shoulder with debate.
For when the greater wits cannot attaine
Th'expected good, which they account their right,
And yet perceiue others to reape that gaine
Of farre inferiour vertues in their sight,
They present with the sharpe of *Enuy* straine
To wound them with reproches and despight
And for these, cannot haue as well as they
They scorne their faith should daigne to look that way,
Hence discontented Sects, and Schisms arise,
Hence interwounding controuersies spring,
That feede the simple and offend the wise,
Who know the consequence of cauelling,

Disgrace that these to others do deuise,
Contempt and scorne on all in th'end doth bring
Like scolding wiues reckning each others fault
Make standers by imagine both are naught.
For when to these rare dainties time admits,
All commers, all complexions, all that will,
Where none should be let in but choisest wits,
Whose milde discretion could comport with skill,
And when the place their humour neuer fits,
Nor they the place, who can expect but ill?
For being vnapt for what they tooke in hand,
And for ought else whereto they shalb'addrest
They euen become th'incombrance of the land
As out of ranke disordering all the rest,
This grace of theirs to seeme to vnderstand,
Marres all their grace to doe, without their rest,
Men finde that action is another thing,
Then what they in discoursing papers reade,
The worlds affaires requires in managing
More arts then those, wherein you Clarks proceed
Whilst timorous knowledge stands considering
Audacious ignorance hath done the deede.
For who knows most the more he knows to doubt
The least discourse is commonly most stout.
This sweet inchanting knowledge turnes you cleene
Out from the fields of naturall delight,
And makes you hide vnwilling to be seene
In th'open concourse of a publike sight,
This skill wherewith you haue so canning beene,
Vnsinowes all our powers, vnmans you quite.
Publike societie and commerce of men
Require another grace another port,
This eloquence, these rimes, these phrases then
Begot in shades, doe serue vs in no sort,
Th'vnnaturall swelling of your pen

Touch not the ſpirit that action doth import.
A manly ſtile fitted to manly eares
Beſt grees with wit, not that which goes ſo gay,
And commonly the gaudie liu'rie weares
Of nice corruptions which the times doe ſway,
And waites on th'humor of his pulſe that beares
His paſſions ſet to ſuch a pleaſing kay,
Such dainties ſerue onely for ſtomacks weake,
For men doe fowleſt when they fineſt ſpeake.
Yet doe I not diſlike that in ſome wiſe
Be ſung the great heroycall deſerts
Of braue renowned ſpirits, whoſe exerciſe
Of worthy deedes may call vp others hearts,
And ſerue a modell for poſterities
To faſhion them fit for like glorious parts:
But ſo that all our ſpirits may tend hereto
To make it not our grace, to ſay, but do.

Muſophilus.

Much thou haſt ſaid, and willingly I heare
As one that am not ſo poſſeſt with loue
Of what I doe, but that I rather beare
An eare to learne, then a tongue to diſproue:
I know men muſt, as carried in their ſpheare
According to their proper motions moue.
And that courſe likes them beſt which they are on,
Yet truth hath certaine bounds, but falſhood none.
I doe confeſſe our limits are but ſmall
Compar'd with all the whole vaſte earth beſide,
All which againe rated to that great All,
Is likewiſe as a point ſcarcely deſcride,
So that in theſe reſpects we may this call
A point but of a point where we abide.
But if we ſhall deſcend from that high ſtand

Of

Of ouer-looking Contemplation,
And cast our thoughts but to, and not beyond
This spacious circuit which we tread vpon,
We then may estimate our mighty land
A world within a world standing alone.
Where if our fame confind cannot get out,
What shall we then imagine it is pen'd
That hath so great a world to walke about,
Whose bounds with her reports haue both one end,
Why shall we not rather esteeme her stout
That farther then her owne scornes to extend?
Where being so large a roome both to doe well
And eke to heare th'applause of things well done
That farther if men shall our vertues tell
We haue more mouthes, but not more merit won,
It doth not greater make that which is laudable,
The flame is bigger blowne, the fire all one.
And for the few that onely lend their eare,
That few in all the world, which with a few
Doth euer liue, and moue, and worke and stirre,
This is the heart doth feele, and onely know,
The rest of all, that onely bodies beare
Rowle vp and downe, and fill but vp the row,
And serue as other members not their owne,
The instruments of those that do direct.
Then what disgrace is this not to be knowne
To those know not to giue themselues respect?
And though they swel with pompe of folly blown
They liue vngrac'd, and die but in neglect.
And for my part if onely one allow
The care my labouring spirits take in this,
He is to me a Theater large ynow,
And his applause onely sufficient is:
All my respect is bent but to his brow,
Who is my all, and all I am is his.

And if some worthy spirits be pleased to,
It shall more comfort breed, but not more will,
But what if none, it cannot yet vndo
The loue I beare vnto this holy skill,
This is the thing that I was borne to do
This is my Scene, this part must I fulfill.
Let those that know not breath esteeme of winde,
And set t' a vulgar ayre their seruile song,
Rating their goodnes by the praise they finde,
Making their worth on others fits belong,
As vertue were the hireling of the mind,
And could not liue if fame had ne'r a tongue.
Hath not all-knowing power that holdes within
The goodly prospectiue of all this frame,
(Where whatsoeuer is, or what haue bin,
Reflects a certaine image of the same)
No inward pleasures to delight her in,
But she must gad to seeke an almes of fame?
Must she like to a wanton Curtezan
Open her breasts for shew to win her praise,
And blaze her faire bright beauty vnto man,
As if she were enamourd of his waies,
And knew not weakenes nor could rightly scan
To what defects his humorous breath obeies,
She that can tell how proud ambition
Is but a beggar, and hath nought at all
But what is giuen of meere deuotion, (thrall?
For which how much it sweats, how much it's
What toile it takes, and yet when all is done,
The endes in expectation neuer fall
Shall she ioyne hands with such a seruile mate,
And prostrate her faire body to commit
Folly with earth, and to defile that state
Of cleerenes, for so grosse a benefit,
Hauing reward dwelling within her gate,

Vertue.

And

And glory of her owne to furnish it.
Her selfe a recompence sufficient
Vnto her selfe, to giue her owne content,
Is't not enough that she hath raisd so hie
Those that be hers, that they may sit and see
The earth below them, and this all to lie
Vnder their view, taking the true degree
Of the iust height of swolne mortality
Right as it is, not as it seemes to be,
And vndeceiued with the *parallax*
Of a mistaking eye of passion, know
By these mask'd outsides what the inward lacks,
Measuring man by himselfe not by his show,
Wondring not at their rich and golden backs
That haue poore minds, and little else to shew,
Nor taking that for them, which well they see
Is not of them, but rather is their lode,
The lies of fortune, wherewith all men be
Deemed within, when they be all abroad, (& knee
Whose ground, whose grasse, whose earth haue cap
Which they suppose is on themselues bestow'd,
And thinke like *Isis* Asse, all honours are
Giuen vnto them alone, the which are done
Vnto the painted Idol which they beare,
That onely makes them to be gazed on,
For take away their pack and shew them bare,
And see what beast this honor rides vpon,
Hath knowledge lent to hers the priuy kay,
To let them in vnto the hiest stage
Of causes, secrets, Councels to surnay
The wits of men, their heats, their colds, their rage,
That build, destroy, praise, hate, say and gainesay,
beleeue and vnbeleeue, all in one age.
And shall we trust goodnes as it proceedes (breath,
From that vnconstant mouth, which with one

Will

Will make it bad againe, vnlesse it feedes
The present humor that it fauoureth?
Shall we esteeme and reckon how it heedes
Our workes, that his owne vowes vnhalloweth?
Then whereto serues it to haue beene inlarg'd
With this free manumission of the minde,
If for all that we still continue charg'd
With those discouered errors, which we finde?
As if our knowledge onely were discharg'd,
Yet we ouer selues staid in a seruile kind.
That virtue must be out of countenance,
If this grosse spirit, or that weake shallow braine,
Or this nice wit, or that distemperance,
Neglect, distast, vncomprehend, disdaine,
When such sicke eyes, can neuer cast a glance
But through the colours of their proper staine.
Though I must needes confesse the small respect,
That these great-seeming best of men do giue,
(Whose brow begets th'interior sorts neglect,)
Might moue the weake irresolute to grieue:
Yet stronger, see how iustly this defect
Hath ouertooke the times wherein we liue:
That learning needes must run the common fate,
Of all things else, thrust on by her owne waight
Comporting not her selfe in her estate
Vnder this burthen of a selfe conceit:
Our owne dissentious hands opening the gate
Vnto contempt that on, our quarells wait.
Whereby we haue bewraide our gouernment
And let in hard opinion to disgrace
The generall, for some weake, impotent,
Which beare out their disease with a stoine face,
Who (silly soules) the more wit they haue spent
The lesse they shew'd not bettring their bad case,
Nor would our so great number passe the rate

Of our prouisions, where they delt aright.
But yeeld sufficient meanes t'accommodate,
More then we haue in places requisite,
The ill disposing only doth vs set,
In disaray and out of order quite.
Whiles other gifts then of the minde shall get,
Vnder our coulours that which is our dues,
And to our trauailes neither benefite,
Nor grace nor honour, nor respect accrewes.
This sickenesse of the states soule: Learning then
The bodies great distemperature ensues.
For if that learnings roomes to learned men,
Were as their heritages distributed,
All this disordered thrust would cease. For when
Tee fit were clad, th'vnworthy frustrated,
These would be sham'd to seeke, those to b'vnsought
Who in their turne were sure they should be sped,
Then would our drooping Academies brought,
Againe in heart regaine that reuerend hand,
Or lost opinion, and no more bethought,
Th'vnnecessarie furnish of the land,
Nor discouraging with their smale esteeme,
Confus'd, irresolute, and wandring stand,
Not caring to become profound but seeme
Contented with a superficiall skill
Which for a sleight reward enough they deeme,
When the on succeedes as well as the other will,
Seeing shorter waies lead sooner to their end,
And others longer trauailes thinne so ill,
Then would they onely labour to extend
Their now vnsearching spirits beyond these bounds
Of others powers wherein they must be pend,
As if there were besides no other grounds
And set their bold plus vltra far without.

The

The pillar of those *Axioms* age propounds,
Discouering dayly more and more about,
In that immense and boundlesse Ocean,
Of Natures riches neuer yet found out,
Nor fore-clos'd with the wit of any man.
So far beyond the ordinary course
That other vnindustrious ages ran,
That these most curious times they might diuorce,
From the opinion they are linckt vnto,
Of our disable and vnactiue force.
To shew true knowledge can both speake and doo,
Arm'd for the sharp which in these daies they find
With all prouisions that belong thereto.
That their experience may not come behind
The times conceipt, but leading in their place,
May make men see the weapons of the minde,
Are states best strengths, & kingdoms chiefest grace
And rooms of charge, charg'd full with worth and praise
Makes maiesty appeare with her full face
Shining with all her beames with all her rayes
Vnscanted of her parts vnstandowed
In any darkened point which will bewraies
The vaine of power, when power's vnfurnished
And hath not all those entire complements
Wherewith the state, should for her state beesped.
And though the fortune of some age consents
Vnto a thousand errors grossely wrought,
Which flourisht ouer with their faire euents,
Haue past for current and good counsels thought,
The least whereof in other times againe,
Most dangerous inconueniences haue brought,
Whilst to the times, not to mens wits pertaine
The good successes of ill manag'd deedes

Though

Though th'ignorant deceiu'd with coulors vaine,
Misse of the causes whence this lucke proceedes.
Forraine defects, giuing homes faultes the way,
Make euen that weaknes somtimes well succeeds
I grant that some vnlettered practique may,
(Leauing beyond the *Alpes* faith and respect,
To God and man) with impious cunning sway,
The courses fore-begun with like effect,
And without stop maintaine the present way,
And haue his errors deem'd without defect,
But when some powerfull opposition shall
With an incountring shocke of strength, disioynt
The fore contriued frame, and there withall
Th'experience of the present disappoint,
And other stirring spirits and other hearts,
Built huge for action meeting in a point,
Shall driue the world to summon all their arts,
And all to little for so reall might,
When no aduantages of weaker parts,
Shall beare out shallow counsels from the light,
And this sence opening action (which doth hate,
Vnmanly craft) shall looke to haue her right,
Who then holds vp the glory of the state,
(which lettered armes, & armed letters won)
Who shall be fittest to negotiate
Contemn'd *Iustinian*, or els *Littleton*?
When it shall not be held wisedome to be,
Priuately made and publiquely vndone,
But sound designes that iudgement shall decree
Out of a true discerne, of the cleere wayes,
That lye direct, with safe going equity,
Imbroyling not their owne and others daies,
Extending forth their prouidence beyond,
The circuite of their owne particular,
That euen the ignorant may vnderstand

How

How that deceit is but a cauiller,
And true vnto it ſelfe can neuer ſtand,
But ſtill muſt with her owne concluſions war,
Can truth and honeſtie, wherein conſiſts
The right repoſe on earth, the ſureſt ground
Of truſt, come weaker armed into the liſts
Then fraud or vice, that doth it ſelfe confound,
Or ſhall preſumption that doth what it liſts
Not what it ought, carry her courſes ſound?
Then what ſafe place out of confuſion:
Hath plaine proceeding honeſty to dwell?
What ſuit of grace hath vertue to put on
If vice ſhall weare as good, and do as well,
If wrong, if craft, if indiſcretion,
Act as faire parts with ends as laudable?
Which all this mighty volume of euents,
The world, the vniuerſall mappe of deedes
Strongly controwles, and prooues from all diſcents,
That the directeſt courſes beſt ſucceedes,
When craft, wrapt ſtill in many cobermeuts,
With all her cunning thriues not, though it ſpeeds
For ſhould not graue and learnd experience,
That lookes with the eyes of all the world beſide
And with all ages holds intelligence,
Go ſafer then deceipt without a guide,
Which in the by paths of her diffidence,
Croſſing the wayes of Righ, ſtill runs more wide;
Who will not graunt? and therefore this obſerue,
No ſtate ſtands ſure but on the grounds of Right,
Of vertue knowledge iudgement to preſerue,
And all the powers of learnings requiſite
Though other ſhifts a preſent turne may ſerue,
Yet in the triall they will way to light,
And do not thou contemne this ſwelling tide,
And ſtreame of words that now doth riſe ſo hie,

Aboue

Aboue the vsuall bankes, and spreads so wide
Ouer the borders of antiquitie,
Which I confesse comes euer amplified
With th'abounding humors that do multiply,
And is with that same hand of happines
Inlarg'd as vices are, out of their bands,
Yet so, as if let out but to redresse
And calme, and sway th'affections it commands,
Which as it stirres, it doth againe represse
And brings in th'out gone malice that withstands.
Power aboue powers, O heauenly eloquence,
That with the strong reine of commanding words,
Dost manage, guide, and maister th'eminence
Of mens affections, more then all their swords,
Shall we not offer to thy excellence
The richest treasure that our wit affoardes?
Thou that canst do much more with one poore pen
Then all the powers of princes can effect,
And draw, diuert, dispose, and fashion men
Better then force or rigour can direct,
Should we this ornament of glory then
As th'vnmaterial fruits of shades neglect?
Or should we careless come behind the rest
In power of words, that goe before in worth,
When as our accents equall to the best
Is able greater wonders to bring forth,
When all that euer hotter spirits expresst
Comes bettered by the patience of the North?
And who in time knowes whether we may vent
The treasure of our tongue, to what straunge shores,
This gaines of our best glorie shall be sent,
T'inrich vnknowing Nations with our stors?
What world is in th'yet vnformed Occident
May come refin'd with th'accents that are ours?
Or who can tell for what great worke in hand

The

The greatnes of our ſtile is now ordain'd ?
What powers it ſhall bring in, what ſpirits cõm'nd
What thoughts let out, what humors keep reſtraind
What miſchi..fe it may powerfully withſtand,
And what faire ends may thereby be attain'd,
And as for Poeſie (mother of this force)
That breeds, br..ngs forth, & nouriſhes this might,
Teach..ng it in a looſe, yet meaſured courſe,
With comely motions how to go vpright,
And foſt..ring it with bountifull diſ..urſe
Adorns it thus in faſhions of delight.
What ſhould I ſay ſince it is well approu'd (mercie
The ſpeech of heauen, with whome they haue cõ-
That onely ſeeme out of themſelues remou'd,
And do with more then humane skils conuerſe,
Thoſe nũbers wherewith heauẽ & earth are mou'd
Shew weeknes, ſpeaks in proſe, but power in verſe
Wherein thou likewiſe ſeem'eſt to allow
That th'acts of worthy men ſhould be preſeru'd,
As in the holieſt tombes we can beſtow
Vpon their glory that haue well deſeru'd,
Wherein thou doſt no other vertue ſhow
Thẽ what moſt barbarous countries haue obſerud
When all the cappieſt nations hitherto
Did with no leſſer glory ſpeake then do,

FINIS.

THE QVEENES ARCADIA.

A Paſtorall Trage-comedie *preſented to her Maie*ieſtie and her Ladies, by the Vniuerſitie *of Oxford in* Chriſts *Church*, in Auguſt. 1605.

LONDON
Printed by I. L. for *Simon Waterſon*.
1611.

The names of the Actors.

Melibæus. } two ancient *Arcadians.*
Ergastus. }
Colax. a corrupted trauellor.
Techne. a subtle wench of *Corinth.*
Amyntas. }
Carinus. } the louers of *Cloris.*
Cloris.
Palamon. }
Silvia. } iealous Louers.
Mirtillus.
Dorinda.
Amarillis, in loue with *Carinus.*
Daphne, abused by *Colax.*
Alcon, a Quack-saluer.
Lincus, a Petty-fogger.
Montanus, the father of *Amyntas.*
Acrysius, the father of *Cloris.*

(Anne of Denmark)

To the Queenes moſt excellent Maieſtie.

That which their zeale, whoſe onely zeale was bent
To ſhew the beſt they could that might delight
Your royall minde, did lately repreſent
Renowned Empreſſe to your Princely ſight:
Is now the offring of their humbleneſſe,
Here conſecrated to your glorious name;
Whoſe happy preſence did vouchſafe to bleſſe
So poore preſentmen ts, and to grace the ſame:
And though it be in th'humbleſt ranke of words,
And in the loweſt region of our ſpeach,
Yet is it in that kinde, as beſt accords
With rurall paſſions, which uſe not to reach
Beyond the groues, and woods where they were bred:
And beſt become a clauſtrall exerciſe,
Where men ſhut out retyr'd, and ſequeſtred
From publicke faſhion, ſeeme to ſympathize
With innocent, and plaine ſimplicitie:
And liuing here vnder the awfull hand
Of diſcipline, and ſtrict obſeruancie,
Learne but our weakeneſſes to vnderſtand,
And therefore dare not enterprize to ſhow
In lowder ſtile the hidden myſteries,
And artes of Thrones, which none that are below
The Sphere of action, and the exerciſe
Of power, can truly ſhew: though men may ſtraine
Conceipt aboue the pitch where it ſhould ſtand,
And forme more monſtrous figures then containe

Apoſ-

A possibilitie, and goe beyond.
The nature of those managements so farre,
As oft their common decencie they marre:
Whereby the populasse (in whom such skill
Is needelesse) may be brought to apprehend
Notions, that may turne all to a taste of ill
What euer power shall do, or might intend:
And thinke all cunning, all proceeding one,
And nothing simple, and sincerely done:
Yet the eye of practise, looking downe from hie
Vpon such ouer-reaching vanitie,
Sees how from error to error it doth flote,
As from an vnknowne Ocean into a Gulfe: (Goate,
And how though th'Woolfe, would counterfeit the
Yet euery chinke bewrayes him for a Woolfe.
And therefore in the view of state I haue showd
A counterfeit of state had been to light
A candle to the Sunne, and so bestowd
Our paines to bring our dimnesse vnto light.
For maiestie, and power, can nothing see
Without it selfe, that can right-worthy be.
And therefore durst not we but on the ground,
From whence our humble Argument hath birth,
Erect our Scene, and thereon are we found,
And if we fall, we fall but on the earth,
From whence we plucke the flowers that here we bring;
Which if at their first opening they did please,
It was enough, they serue but for a spring,
The first sent is the best in things as these:
A musicke of this nature on the ground,
Is euer wont to vanish with the sound.
But yet your royall goodnes may raise new,
Grace but the Muses they will honour you.

Chi non fa, non falla.

THE QVEENES ARCADIA.

ACTVS I. SCENA I.

Ergastus, Melibæus.

Erg. HOw is it *Melibæus* that we finde
Our Cuntry, faire *Arcadia*, so much changd
From what it was, that was thou knowest of late,
The gentle region of plaine honestie,
The modest seat of vndisguised trueth,
Inhabited with simple innocence
And now, I know not how, as if it were,
Vnhallowed, and diuested of that grace,
Hath put off that faire nature which it had,
And growes like ruder countries, or more bad.
Mel. Indeed *Ergastus* I haue neuer knowne,
So vniuersall a distemperature,
In all parts of the body of our state,
As now there is; nor euer haue we heard
So much complaining of disloyaltie,
Among'st yonr yonger Nimphes, nor euer found
Our heardsmen so deluded in their loues,
As if there were no faith on either side.
We neuer had in any age before

So

So many spotlesse Nimphes, so much distain'd
With blacke report, and wrongfull infamy,
That few escape the tongue of malice free.
Erg. And me thinkes too, our very aire is chang'd,
Our holesome climate growne more maladuie,
The fogges, and the Syrene offends vs more
(Or we may thinke so, then they did before)
The windes of Autumne, now are said to bring
More noysomnesse, then those do of the Spring:
And all of vs feele new infirmities,
New Feuers, new Catarres, oppresse our powers,
The milke wherewith we cur'd all maladies,
Hath either lost the nature, or we ours.
Mel. And we that neuer were accustomed
To quarrell for our bounds, how do we see
Montanus and *Acrysius* interstriue
How farre their seueral Sheep-walkes should extend
And cannot be agreed to what we can:
As if some vnderworking hand strake fire,
To th'apt inkindling tinder of debate,
And fostred their contention and their hate.
Erg. And me thinkes too, the beauty of our Nimphes
Is not the same, as it was wont to be.
That Rosie hew, the glory of the Cheeke,
Is either stolne, or else they haue forgot,
To blush with shame, or to be pale with feare:
Or else their shame doth make them alwaies blush,
For alwaies doth their beauties beare one hew,
And either Nature's false, or that vntrue.
Mel. Besides their various habits grow so strange,
As that although their faces certaine are,
Their bodies are vncertaine euery day,
And alwaies differing from themselues so farre,
As if they skorn'd to be the same they are.
And all of vs are so transform'd, that we

Discerne

Diſcerne not an *Arcadian* by th'attyre,
Our ancient Paſtorall habits are deſpis'd,
And all is ſtrange, hearts, clothes, and all diſguis'd.
Erg. Indeed vnto our griefe we may perceiue,
The whole complection of *Arcadia* chang'd,
Yet cannot finde the occaſion of this change:
But let vs with more wary eye obſerue
Whence the contagion of theſe cuſtomes riſe,
That haue infected thus our honeſt plaines,
With cunning diſcord, idle vanitie,
Deceiptfull wrong, and cauſleſſe infamie.
That by th'aſſiſtance of our grauer Swaines,
We now at firſt, may labour to preuent
The further courſe of miſchiefes, and reſtore
Our late cleane woods, to what they were before.
Mel. Content *Ergaſtus*, and euen here will be
A place conuenient for ſo fit a worke:
For here our Nimphes, and heardſmen on this Green,
Do vſually reſort, and in this Groue
We may obſerue them beſt, and be vnſeene.

ACTVS I. SCENA II.

Colax. Techne.

Col. Come my deare *Techne*, thou and I muſt plotte
More cunning proiects yet, more ſtrange deſignes
Amongſt theſe ſimple groſſe *Arcadians* here,
That know no other world, but their owne plaines,
Nor yet can apprehend the ſubtle traines
We lay, to mock their rurall ignorance.
But ſee, here comes two of their amorous Swaines
In hote contention, let vs cloſe conuay
Ourſelues, here vnderneath this couerture,
And ouerheare their paſſionate diſcourſe.
Tech. *Colax*, this place well ſuch a purpoſe fits,

Let

Let vs sit close, and faith, it shall goe hard,
Vnlesse we make some profit by their wits.

Carinus. *Amyntas.*

Ca. Now fond *Amyntas*, how cam'st thou possest
With such a vaine presumption as thou art;
To thinke that *Cloris* should affect thee best,
When all *Arcadia* knowes I haue her heart?
Am. And how *Carinus* canst thou be so mad,
T'imagine *Cloris*, can, or doth loue thee,
When by so many signes as I haue had,
I finde her whole affection bent to me?
Ca. what are those signes by which you come to cast,
And calculate the fortune of your hopes?
Am. More certaine signes, then thou canst euer shew.
Car. But they are more then signes, that I can shew.
Am. Why let each then produce the best I can.
To proue which may be thought the likeliest man.
Car. Content *Amyntas*, and do thou begin.
Am. And I am well contented to begin.
First if by chance, whi'st she at Barley-breake
With other Nimphes, do but perceiue me come,
Streight lookes her cheeke with such a Rosie red,
As giues the setting Sunne vnto the West
When morrow tempests are prefigured.
Car. Euen so that hew prognosticates her wrath,
Which brings to thee the stormie windes of sighes.
Am. And if I finde her with her fellow Nimphes
Gathering of flowers by some sweet Riuers side,
At my approach she straight way stands vpright,
Forgets her worke, and downe lets slide her lap,
And out fall all her flowers, vpon the ground.
Car. So doth the sillie sheepe forget to feed,
When it perceiues the greedie Wolfe at hand.

Am.

Am. And if she meet but with my dog she takes
And strokes him on the head playes with his eares,
Spits in his mouth, and claps him on the back,
And sayes, come, come *Melampus* go with me.
Car. She may loue what is thine, but yet hate thee.
Am. Whilst at a Chrystall spring the other day,
She washt her louely face, and seeing me come,
She takes vp water with her dainty hand,
And with a downe-cast looke besprinckles me. (thee
Car. That shews that she would gladly quench in
The fire of loue, or else like loue doth beare,
As did the *Delian* Goddesse, when she cast
Disdainefull water on *Actæons* face.
Am. As *Siluia* one day, sate with her alone,
Binding of certaine choice selected heabes
To her left arme against bewitching spels,
(And I at th'instant comming) she perceiu'd
Her pulse with farre more violence to beat
(As she'after told me) then it did before.
Car. The like is felt when natures enemy,
The hatefull feauer doth surprise our powers.
Am. And euen but yesternight, she going before
With other maides, and seeing me following her,
Lets fall this dainty Nose gay, gay hauing first
Bestowd a kisse thereon to th'end I might
Receiue it so, and with it doe the like. (know,
Car. Poore wighted fauours, they might teach thee
That she esteemes thee, and thy loue as light
As those dead flowers, she wore but for a show,
The day before, and cast away at night.
Am. Now friend *Carinus*, thou that muttereſt so
At these plaine speaking figures of her loue,
Tell by what signes thou doest her fauours proue?
Car. Now silly man, doest thou imagine me
So fond to blab the fauours of my loue?

Am. Was't not a pact agreed twixt thee and me?
Car. A pact to make thee tell thy secrecie.
Am. And hast thou then betrayd my easie trust,
And dallyed with my open simplenesse?
Car. And fitly art thou seru'd, that so wilt vaunt
The imagin'd fauours, of a gentle Nimph;
And this is that which makes vs feele that dearth
Of grace, t'haue kindnes at so hie a rate.
This makes them wary how they doe bestow
The least regard of common curtesie,
When such as you, poore, credulous deuout,
And humble soules, make all all things miracles
Your faith conceiues, and vainely do conuert
All shadowes to the figure of your hopes.
Am. Carinus now thou dooest me double wrong,
First to deride my easie confidence,
And then t'vpbrayd my trust, as if my tongue
Had here prophan'd faire *Cloris* excellence,
In telling of her mercies, or had sin'd
In vttering th'honor of a modest grace
Bestowing comfort, in so iust a case.
Car. Why man, thou hast no way deseru'd her loue.
Am. Desert I cannot vrge, but faith I can,
If that may haue reward, then happy man.
Car. But you know how I sau'd her from the hands
Of that rude Satyre, who had else vndone
Her honour vtterly; and therefore ought
My loue of due raigne Soueraigne in her thought.
Am. But how that free and vnsubdued heart,
Infranchisd by the Charter of her eyes,
Will beare the imposition of a due,
I doe not see, since loue knew neuer Lord
That could command the region of our will.
And therefore vrge thy due, I for my part,
Must plead compassion, and a faithfull heart.

Car. Plead thou thy faith, whilſt I will get thy loue,
For you kinde ſoules doe ſeldome gracefull proue.
Am. The more vnkind they, who ſhould better way
Our honeſt vowes, and loue, for loue repay,
But oft they beare the penance of their will,
And for the wrong they do, they ſpeed as ill.

SCEN. III.

Colax, Techne.

Col. Alas poore fooles, how hotely they contend
Who ſhall poſſeſſe a prey that's yet vngot.
But *Techne*, I muſt by thy help foreſtall
The mart of both their hopes, and whilſt they ſhall
Purſue the Ayre, I muſt ſurpriſe their gaine.
And fitly now thou, maiſt occaſion take
By theſe aduantages diſcouered here,
T'impreſſe in *Choris* tender heart that touch
Of deepe diſlike of both their vanteries,
As may conuert her wholy vnto me.
Tec. Why will you then *Dorindas* loue forſake,
For whom you traueld ſo, and made me take
Such labour to entice her to your loue?
Col. Tuſh *Techne* we deſire not what we haue,
But what we would, our longings neuer ſtay
With our attaynings, but they goe beyond.
Tec. And why? *Dorinda* is as fayre as ſhe.
Col. That I confeſſe, but yet that payes not me,
For *Choris* is another, and tis that,
And onely that, which *Techne* I deſire.
Something there is peculiar, and alone
To euery beauty that doth giue an edge
To our deſires, and more we will conceiue

In that we haue not then in that we haue.
And I haue heard, abroad where beſt experience,
And wit is leaund, that all the fayreſt choyce
Of Women in the world, ſerue but to make
One perfect beauty, whereof each brings part.
One hath a pleaſing ſmile, and nothing elſe:
Another but ſome ſilly Mole to grace
Th'area of a diſproportion'd face;
Another pleaſes not but when ſhe ſpe:kes,
And ſome in ſilence onely gracefull are:
Some till they laugh, we ſee, ſeeme to be faire,
Some haue their bodies good, their geſtures ill,
Some pleaſe in Motion, ſome in ſitting ſtill,
Some are thought louely, that haue nothing faire,
Some againe faire that nothing louely are.
So that we ſee how beauty doth conſiſt
Of diuers peeces, and yet all at raſt
And therefore vnto all my loue aſpires,
As beauty varies, ſo doth my deſires.
Tec. Ah but yet *Colax* doe not ſo much wrong
Vnto a Nimph, now when thou h:ſt ſubdude
And won her heart, & knowſt ſhe holds thee deare,
Col. Tuſh wrong is as men thinke it, and I ſee
It keepes the world the beſt in exerciſe
That elſe would languiſh, and haue nought to do.
Diſcord in parts, makes harmon' in the whole.
And ſome muſt laugh, whilſt other ſome condole.
And ſo it be not of the ſide we are.
Let others beare it what need de we to care.
And now *Derinda* ſomething hath to doe,
Now, ſhe may ſit, and thinke, and veze and plot,
For eaſe, and ioyning of her full delight
Would but haue dulld her ſpirits, & marrd her quire.
Tec. Alas yet I muſt pittie her poore ſoule
In this diſtreſſe, I being one my ſelfe

Of

Of that frayle corporation, and doe know
That ſhe will take it very grieuouſly.
And yet in troth ſh'is ſerud but well inow,
That would neglect *Mirtillus* honeſt loue,
And truſt ſtronge proteſtations, and new othes,
Be wonne with garded words, and gawdie clothes.

Col, Well, well, *Dorinda* ſhall not waile alone,
She ſhall haue others to conſort her mone:
For ſince my late returne from *Telos* Court
I haue made twenty of their coyeſt Nimphes
Turne louers, with a few proteſting words
And ſome choyce complementall periuries;
I made *Palæmon*, to ſuſpect the faith
Of his chaſt *Siluia*, and chaſte *Siluia* his,
In hope thereby to worke her loue to me.
I wrought coy *Daphne* to infringe her vow
Made to *Menalcas*, and I told her how
Thoſe fetters which ſo heauily were laid
Vpon our free affections, onely were
But cuſtomary bands, not naturall.
And I thinke *Techne* thou haſt done thy part,
Here, in this gentle region of kinde hearts,
Sin:e thou cam'ſt hither, for I ſee thou thriu'ſt.

Tec. Indeede whilſt I in Corinth doe remaine,
I hardly could procure the meanes to liue,
There were ſo many of my trade, that ſold
Complexions, dreſſings, tiſſanies and tyres,
Deuiſors of new faſhions and ſtrange wiers
Bedbrokers, Night wormes, and Compoſitors
That though I knew theſe arts as well as they
Yet being ſo many we could get ſmall pay.
Here, who but *Techne* now is all in all?
Techne is ſent for, *Techne* onely ſhewes
New ſtrange deuiſes to the choyceſt Nimphes:
And I thinke *Techne* teaches them thoſe trickes,

As they will not forget againe in haſt.
I haue ſo opened their vnapt conceipts
Vnto that vnderſtanding of themſelues,
As they will ſhew in time they were well taught.
If they obſerue my rules, and hide a fault.
Col. Ah well done *Techne*. Thus muſt thou and I
Trade for our profit with their ignorance,
And take our time, and they muſt haue their chance.
But pray thee *Techne*, doe not thou forget
To lay a traine for *Cloris*. So adieu,
Tec. Colax I will not, and the rather too,
For that I beare a little leaning loue
To ſweet *Amyntas*, for me thinkes he ſeemes
The louelieſt Shepheard all Arcadia yeelds
And I would gladly intercept his loue,

SCENA IIII.

Melibæus. Ergaſius

Meli. So this is well Here's one diſcouery made;
Here are the heads of that diſtemperature, (nymphs
From whence theſe ſtrange deban'ſhments of our
And vile deluding of our Shepheards Springs:
Here is a monſter, that hath made his luſts
As wide as is his will, and left his will
Without all bounds, & cares not whom he wrongs,
So that he may his owne deſires fulfill,
And being all foule himſelfe, would make all ill.
This is that *Colax* that from forraine lands,
Hath brought home that infection which vndoes
His countrey goodneſſe, and impoyſons all.
His being abroad would marre vs quite at home.
Tis ſtrange to ſee, that by his going out,
He hath out-gone that natiue honeſtie,

Which

Which here the breeding of his countrey g[i]ue.
For here I doe remember him a childe,
The sonne of *Nicoginus* of the Hill,
A man though low in fortune, yet in minde
High set, a man still practising
T'aduance his forward sonne beyond the traine
Of our *Arcadian* breed, and still me thought
I saw a disposition in the youth,
Bent to a selfe conceited surlinesse,
With an insinuating impudence.
Erg. A man the fitter made for Courts abroad
Where I would God he had remained still,
With those loose-liuing wanton Sybarites,
Where luxurie, had made her outmost proofe.
From whence I heare he comes, and hither brings
Their shames, to brand vs with the like reproach.
And for this other viper which you saw,
I do remember how she came of late
For succour to these parts, and sought to teach
Our yonger maides to dresse, and trie our Flaxe,
And vse the Distaffe, and to make a hem,
And such like skill being skill inough for them,
But since I see she hath presum'd to deale
In points of other science, different farre
From their plaine Arte of honest huswiferie,
And as it seemes hath often made repaire
Vnto the neighbour Cities round about,
From whom she hath these strange disguises got
T'abuse our Nimphes, and as it seemes desires,
To suite their mindes, as light as their attires,
But we shall soone preuent this growing plague,
Of pride, and folly, now that she descry
The true symptoma of this maladie,
And by this ouerture thus made we trust
We shortly shall discouer all the rest.

ACTVS II. SCEN. I.

Siluia. Cloris.

Sil. O *Cloris*, here haue thou and I full ought
Sate and beene merry, in this shady Groue.
Here haue we sung full many a Rundelay,
Told Riddles, and made Nosegayes, laught at loue,
And others passions, whilst my selfe was free,
From that intollerable misery,
Wherto affection now inuasels me.
Now *Cloris* I shall neuer more take ioy
To see, or to be seene, with mortall eye,
Now sorrow must be all my company.
Clo. Why *Siluia*, whence should all this griefe arise?
Sil. I am vndone *Cloris*, let that suffice.
Clo. Tell me sweet *Siluia*, how comes that to passe?
Sil. O *Cloris* if thou be as once I was
Free, from that miserable plague of loue,
Keepe thee so still, let my affliction warne
Thy youth, that neuer man haue power to moue
Thy heart to liking, for beleeue me this,
They are the most vnfaithfull impious race
Of creatures on the earth; neuer beleeue
Their protestations, nor their vowes, nor teares,
All is deceipt, none meanes the thing he sweares.
Trust a mans faith? nay rather will I goe
And giue my selfe a prey to Sauage beasts,
For all they seeke, and all they labour for,
Is but t'vndoe vs, and when that is done,
They go and triumph on the spoile they haue wonne
Trust men, or take compassion when they grieue,

O *Cloris* tis to cherish and relieue
The frozen Snake, which with our heat once warmd,
Will sting vs to the heart in recompence,
And ô no maruaile tho the Satyre shund,
To liue with man, when he perceiu'd he could,
With one and the same breath blow heat and cold.
Who would haue euer thought *Palæmons* othes
Would haue prou'd false? who would haue iudgd the face
That promis'd so much faith, and honestie,
Had beene the visor but of tracherie?

Clo. Is't possible *Palæmon* should b'vntrue?

Sil. Tis possible, *Palæmon* is vntrue.

Clo. If it be so, deare *Siluia*, I thinke then
That thou saist truth, there is no trust in men,
For I protest I neuer saw a face
That promis'd better of a heart then his,
And if he faile, whose faith then constant is?

Sil. O *Cloris* if thou didst but know how long,
And with what earnest suite, he sought my loue,
What vowes he vs'd, what othes, what teares among,
What shewes he made, his constancie to prooue,
You would admire: and then againe to see
How I although I lou'd him with my heart
Stood out, and would by no meanes vrged be,
To shew the least affection of my part.
For I had heard that, which (ô now too well)
I finde, that men were cunning, and would not
Regard the thing that easily was got.

Clo. *Siluia*, indeed and I haue heard so too.

Sil. And therefore I would trie him, and not seeme
His vowes, nor protestations to esteeme,
At length one day, here in this selfe-same place,
(Which I shall euer, and good cause I haue
To thinke on whilst I liue) walking with me,
After he had vrged me most earnestly:

O *Siluia*

O *Siluia*, said he, since nor othe, nor vow,
Nor teares, nor prayers, haue the powers to moue,
Nor all that I can doe, can make thee know
How true a heart, I offer to thy loue;
I must trie some way else to shew the same,
And make thy vndiscerning wilfull youth
Know, though too late, (perhaps vnto thy shame)
Thy wayward error, and my constant truth:
When thou maist sigh, and say in griefe of minde,
Palæmon lou'd, and *Siluia* was vnkinde.
With that wringing my hand, he turnes away,
And though his teares would hardly let him looke,
Yet such a looke, did through his teares make way,
As shew'd how sad a farewell there he tooke.
And vp towards yonder craggie Rocke he goes,
His armes incross'd, his head downe on one side,
With such a mournfull pace, as shewd his woes
Way'd heauier then his passions could abide:
Faine would I haue recald him back; but shame,
And modestie could not bring forth his name:
And faine would I haue followed, yet me thought
It did not fit the honour of a maide
To follow one, yet still I sent from me,
T'attend his going, feare, and a carefull eye.
At length when he was gotten to the top,
I might perceiue how with vnfolded armes,
And lookes vp bent to heauen, he stands and turnes
His wofull face vnto the other side,
Whereas that hideous fearefull downfall is:
And seem'd as if he would haue throwne him off:
And as I thought, was now vpon the point:
When my affrighted powers could hold no more,
But pittie breaking all those bands of shame,
That held me back; I shrikd, and ran. God knowes,
With all the speed my feeble feete could make,

And

And clammering vp at length (with much adoo)
Breathleſſe I got, and tooke him by the hand,
And glad I had his hand, and was not come
Too late to haue it, and I puld him back:
But could not ſpeake one word, no more did he,
Senſe ſeem'd to faile in him, and breath in me.
And on before I went, and lead him on,
And downe conducted him into this plaine,
And yonder loe, vnder that fatall tree,
Looke *Cloris* there, euen in that very place,
We ſate vs downe, my arme about his necke,
Which *Ioue* thou know'ſt held neuer man before:
There onely did my teares conferre with his,
Words we had none, it was inough to thinke,
For paſſion was too buſie now within,
And had no time to come abroad in ſpeech.
And though I would haue ſpoken, yet me thought
I ſhould not, but my ſilence told him this,
That tolde too much, that all I was was his.

Clo. Well *Siluia*, I haue heard ſo ſad a tale,
As that I grieue to be a woman borne,
And that by nature we muſt be expoſd
Vnto the mercie of vnconſtant men.
But what ſaid then *Palemon* in the ende?

Sil. Oh what he ſaid, and what deepe vowes he made,
When ioy and griefe, had let his ſenſes looſe.
Witnes O gentle tree vnder whoſe ſhade,
We ſate the while; witnes if euer maide
Had more aſſurances by oathes of man,
And well may you beare witnes of this deede,
For in a thouſand of your barkes he hath
Incarv'd my name, and vnperwrote his vowes,
Which will remaine ſo long as you beare bowes.
But *Cloris*, learne this leſſon now of mee;
Take head of pitty, pittie was the cauſe

Of

Of my confusion, pitty hath vndone
Thousands of gentle natures, in our sexe,
For pittie is sworne seruant vnto loue,
And this be sure, where euer it begin
To make the way, it lets your maister in.
Clo. But what assurance haue you of his fraud?
It may be you suspect him without cause?
Sil. Ah *Cloris*, *Cloris*, would I had no cause,
He who beheld him wrong mee in these woods,
And heard him courting *Nisa*, and protest
As deepe to her, as he had done to me,
Told me of all his wicked treacherie,
Clo. Pray who was that? tell mee good *Siluia*, tell.
Sil. Why it was *Colax*, one I know full well
Would not report vntruthes to gaine the world,
A man of vertue, and of worthy parts,
He told me all, and more then I will shew
I would I knew not halfe of that I know,
Ah had he none but *Nisa* that base trull,
The scorne and iest of all Arcadia now
To serue his lusts, and falsifie his vow?
Ah had it yet beene any els, the touch
Of my disgrace, had neuer bin so much
But to be left for such a one as she,
The stale of all, what will folke thinke of me?
Cloris in troth, it makes me so much loath
My selfe, loath these woods, and euen hath the day,
As I must hide my griefes out of the way:
I will be gone, *Cloris*, I leaue thee here,
I cannot stay, and prethee, *Cloris*, yet
Pitty thy poore companion *Siluius* eare,
And let her fortune make thee to beware.
Clo. *Siluia* adieu, the Gods relieue thy woes,
Since men thus faile, and loue no pittie shewes,

Scen.

SCEN. II.

Cloria. Techne.

Clo. Loue? nay, I'me taught for louing whilſt I liue,
Silvia, thy counſell hath lockt vp my heart
So faſt from loue, as let them ſigh, and grieue,
And pine, and waile who will, I for my part
Will pittie none of all this race of men.
I ſee what ſhowes ſoeuer they pretend,
Their loue is neuer deadly, none of theſe
That languiſh thus haue dide of this diſeaſe
That euer I could heare, I ſee all do
Recouer ſoone, that happen thereinto.
And if they did not, there were no great hurt,
They may indure, they are of ſtronger powers,
Better their hearts ſhould ake, then they breake ours.
Well had I not beene thus forewarnd to day,
Out of all queſtion, I had ſhortly falne,
Into the melting humour of compaſſion too;
That tender pittie that betraies vs thus,
Some thing I began to feele, me thought,
To [illegible] within me, when as I beheld
Amyntas walke, ſo ſadly, and ſo pale,
And euer where I went, ſtill in my way,
His lookes bent all to me, his care of mee.
Which well I ſaw, but would not ſeeme to ſee.
But now he hath his arrent, let him go,
Pittie ſhall neuer cure that heart of his
T'vndoo mine owne, the griefe is beſt where tis.
Tec. What *Cloris* all alone, now fie for ſhame,
How ill doth this become ſo faire a face,

And

And that freſh youth to be without your loue?
Clo. Loue *Techne*? I haue here as many loues
As I intend to haue whilſt I haue breath.
Tec. Nay that you haue not, neuer hault with mee,
For I know two at leaſt poſſeſſors be
Of your kinde fauours as themſelues do boaſte,
Clo. Boaſte of my fauours, no man rightly can.
And otherwiſe, let them ſay what they can.
Tec. No *Cloris* did not you the other night
A gallant noſegay to *Amintas* giue?
Clo. I neuer gaue him noſegay in my life.
Tec. Then truſt me *Cloris* he doth wrong you much
For he produc'd it there in open ſight,
And vaunted to *Carinus*, that you firſt,
Did kiſſe the ſame, then gaue it vnto him,
And tolde too how farre gone you were in loue
What paſſion you would vſe, when he was by,
How you would ieſt with him, and wantonly
Caſt water in his face, call his dogge yours,
And ſhew him your affections by your eye.
And then *Carinus* on the other ſide
He vaunts, that ſince he had redeemed you
Out of the ſatyres handes, he could command
Your loue and all, that you were onely his.
This and much more, I heard them proteſt
Giue out of you how truely you know beſt.
Clo. Techne, their idle talke, ſhall not vexe me
I know the ground I ſtand on, and how free
My heart, and I, in my our liberty,
And if *Amyntas*, hath interpreated
My lookes according to his owne conceipt,
He hath miſtooke the text, and he ſhall finde
Great difference betwixt his commend, and my minde.
And for his Noſegay it ſhall make me take
More care after how I ſcatter flowers:

Let

Let him preſerue it well, and let him make
Much of his gaines, he gets no more of ours.
But thus had I beene ſeru'd, had I reueal'd
The leaſt regard of common courteſie
To ſuch as theſe: but I do thanke the Gods
I haue reſeru'd me, from that vanitie:
For euer I ſuſpected this to be
The vaine of men, and this now ſettles me,
And for *Carinus*, let him vaunt what good
He did for me, he can but haue againe
My hearty thankes, the payment for his paine,
And that he ſhall, and ought in woman-hood.
And as for loue, let him go looke on her
That ſits, and grieues, and languiſhes for him,
Poore *Amarillis*, who affects him deare,
And ſought his loue with many an wofull teare,
And well deſerues a better man then he,
Though he be rich *Lupinus* ſonne, and ſtands
Much on his wealth, and his abilitie,
She is wittie, faire, and full of modeſtie.
And where ſhe of my minde, ſhe rather would
Pull out her eyes, then that ſhee would be ſeene,
To offer vp ſo deare a ſacrifice
To his wilde youth, that ſcornes her in that wiſe.

Tec. *Cloris* in troth, I like thy iudgement well,
In not affecting of theſe home-bred Swaines,
That know not how to manage true delight,
Can neither hide their loue, nor ſhew it right.
Who would be troubled with groſſe ignorance,
That vnderſtands not truely how to loue?
No *Cloris*, if thou didſt but know, how well
Thou art eſteem'd, of one that knowes indeed
How to obſerue thy worth, and his owne wayes
How to giue true delight, how to proceed
With ſecrecie, and wit, in all aſſayes,

Perhaps

Perhaps you might thinke one day of the man,
Clo. What is this creature then you praise a man?
Tec. A man? yes *Cloris*, what should he be else?
Clo. Nought else, it is enough he be a man.
Tec. Yea and so rare a man as euer yet
Arcadia bred, that may be proud she bred
A person of so admirable parts,
A man that knowes the world, hath seene abrod,
Brings those perfections that do truly moue,
A gallant spirit, an vnderstanding loue.
O if you did but know how sweete it were,
To come vnto the bed of worthinesse,
Of knowledge, of conceipt, where strange delights
With strange discourses still shall intertaine
Your pleased thoughts, with fresh variety,
Ah you would loath to haue your youth confin'de,
For euer more, betweene the vnskilfull armes
Of one of these rude vnconceiuing Swaines,
Who would but seeme a trunke without a minde;
As one that neuer saw but these poore plaines,
Knowes but to keepe his sheepe, and set his folde.
Pipe on an Oaten Reede, some Rundelayes,
And daunce a Morrice on the holydayes.
And so should you be alwayes sweetly sped
With ignorance, and two fooles in a bed.
But with this other gallant spirit you should
Be sure to ouerpasse that tediousnesse,
And that society which cloyes this life,
With such a variable cheerefulnesse,
As you will blesse the time t'haue bene his wife.
Clo. What hath this man you thus commend a name?
Tec. A name? why yes, no man but hath a name.
His name is *Colax*, and is one I sweare
Doth honour euen the ground whereon you tread,
And oft, and may times God knowes,

Hath

Hath he with tender paſſion, talkt of you:
And ſaid; Well, there is one within theſe woods
(Meaning y you) that yet of all the Nimphes
Mine eyes haue euerſeene vpon the earth,
In all perfections doth exceede them all.
For all the beauties in that glorious Court
Of *Telos*, where I liu'd, not all the Starres
Of *Greece* beſide, could ſparkle in my heart,
The fire of any heate but onely ſhee.
Then would he ſtay, and ſigh; and then againe
Ah what great pittie ſuch a creature ſhould
Be tide vnto a clogge of ignorance,
Whoſe body doth deſerue to be imbrac'd,
By the moſt mightie Monarch vpon earth.
Ah that ſhe knew her worth, and how vnfit
That priuate woods ſhould hide that face, that wit.
Thus hath he often ſaid, and this I ſay,
Obſerue him when you will, you ſhall not ſee
From his hye fore-head, to his ſlender foote,
A man in all parts, better made then he.
Clo. Techne, me thinkes, the praiſes that you giue
Shewes your owne loue, and if he be that man
You ſay, 'twere good you kept him for your ſelfe.
Tec. I muſt not loue impoſſibilities,
Cloris, he were a moſt fit man for you.
Clo. For me alas *Techne* you moue too late.
Tec. Why haue you paſt your promiſe t'any yet?
Clo. Yes ſure, my promiſe is alreadie paſt.
Tec. And if it be, I truſt you are ſo wiſe
T'vnpaſſe the ſame againe for your owne good.
Clo. No that I may not when it is once paſt.
Tec. No *Cloris*, I preſume that wit of yours
That is ſo pierſiue, can conceiue how that
Our promiſe muſt not preiudice our good:
And that it is no reaſon that the tongue,

Tye the whole body to eternall wrong.
Clo. The Tongue is but the Agent of the heart,
And onely as commissioner allowd
By reason, and the will, for the whole state,
Which warrants all it shall negotiate.
Tec. But prithee tell me to what rusticke Swaine
You pass'd your word to cast away your selfe?
Clo. No I haue past my word to saue my selfe
From the deceiptfull, impious periuries
Of treacherous men, and vow'd vnto my heart,
Vntill I see more faith then yet I see,
None of them all shall triumph ouer me.
Tec. May then, and be no otherwise tis well,
We shall haue other time to talke of this.
But *Cloris* I haue fitted you in faith,
I haue here brought, the most conceipted tyre,
The rarest dressing euer Nimph put on,
Worth ten of that you weare, that now me thinkes
Doth not become you, and besides tis stale.
Clo. Stale why? I haue not worne it scarce a moneth.
Tec. A moneth? why you must change then twise a day
Hold hither *Cloris*, this was not well laid,
Here is a fault, you haue not mixt it well
To make it take, or els it is your haste
To come abroad so soone into the Ayre.
But I must teach you to amend these faults,
And ere I shall haue done with you, I thinke,
I shall make some of these inamored youthes
To hang themselues, or else runne madde for loue,
But goe let's tire this dressing I haue brought.

SCEN.

SCEN. III.

Palæmon. *Mirtillus.*

Pal. Mirtillus did *Dorinda* euer vow,
Or make thee any promise to be thine?
Mir. Palæmon no, shee neuer made me vow,
But I did euer hope she would be mine.
For that I had deliuered vp my youth,
My heart, my all, a tribute to her eyes,
And had secur'd her of my constant truth,
Vnder so many specialties,
As that although she did not graunt againe,
With any shew the acquittance of my loue,
Yet did shee euer seeme to intertaine
My affections, and my seruices t'approoue.
Till now of late I know not by what meane,
(Ill fare that meane) she grew to that dispight,
As she not onely clowds her fauours cleane,
But also scorn'd to haue me in her sight.
That now I am not for her loue thus mou'd,
But onely that she will not be belou'd.
Pal. If this be all th'occasion of thy griefe,
Mirtillus, thou art then in better case
Then I suppos'd, and therefore cheere thy heart,
And good cause too, being in the state thou art.
For if thou didst but heare the historie
Of my distresse, and what part I haue shar'd
Of sad affliction, thou wilt then soone see
There is no miserie vnlesse compar'd.
For all Arcadia, all these hills, and plaines,
These holts and woods and euery Christall spring.

Can

Can testifie my teares, and tell my flames,
And with how cleane a heart, how cleere a faith
Palæmon loued *Siluia*, and how long.
And when consum'd with griefe, and dri'd with care,
Euen at the point to sacrifice my life
Vnto her cruelty, then lo she yeelds,
And was content for euer to be mine:
And gaue m'assurance vnderneath her hand,
Sign'd with a faithfull vow, as I conceiu'd,
And witnessed with many a louely kisse,
That I thought sure I had attain'd my blisse.
And yet (aye me) I gote not what I got,
Siluia I haue, and yet I haue her not.

Mir. How may that be, *Palæmon* pray thee tell?

Pal. O know *Mirtillus* that I rather could
Runne to some hollow caue, and burst and die
In darknes, and in horrour, then vnfold
Her shamefull staine, and mine owne infamie.
But yet it will abrode, her impudence
Will be the trumpet of her owne disgrace,
And fill the wide and open mouth of fame
So full, as all the world shall know the same.

Mir. Why what is *Siluia* false, or is she gone?

Pal. *Siluia* is false and I am quite vndone.

Mir. Ah out alas who euer would haue thought,
That modest looke, so innocent a face,
So chast a blush, that shame-fast countenance,
Could euer haue told how to wantonise?
Ah what shall we poore louers hope for now
Who must to win, consume, and hauing wonne
With hard and much a doe must be vndone?

Pal. Bh but *Mirtillus* if thou didst know who
I snow the man, her choice hath lighted on,
How would'st thou wonder: for that passes all,
That I abhorre to tell, yet tell I shall;

For

For all that would will shortly know't too well:
It is base *Thyrsis* that wild hare-braine youth
Whom euer milkmaid in *Arcadia* skornes:
Thyrsis is now the man with whom she walkes
Alone, in thickets, and in groues remote.
Thyrsis is all in all, and none but he,
With him she dallies vnder euery tree.
Trust women? ah *Dirtillus*, rather trust
The Summer windes, th'Oceans constancie,
For all their substance is but leuitie:
Light are their wauing vailes, light their attires,
Light are their heads, and lighter their desires:
Let them lay on what couerture they will
Vpon themselues, of modestie and shame,
They cannot hide the woman with the same.
Trust women? ah *Mirtillus* rather trust
The false deuouring Crocodiles of *Nile*,
For all they worke is but deceipt and guile:
What haue they but is fain'd? their haire is fain'd,
Their beauty fain'd, their stature fain'd, their pace,
Their iesture, motion, and their grace is fain'd:
And if that all be fain'd without, what then
Shall we suppose can be ncere within?
For if they doe but weepe, or sing, or smile,
Smiles, teares, and tunes, are ingins to beguile.
And all they are, and all they haue of grace,
Consists but in the out-side of a face,
O loue and beauty, eow are you ordain'd
Like vnto fire, whose flames farre of delight,
But if you be imbrac'd consume vs quite?
Why cannot we make at a lower rate
A purchase of you, but that we must giue
The treasure of ou hearts, and yet not haue
What we haue bought so dearely for all that?
O *Siluia* if thou needes wouldst haue beene gone,

Thou

Thou ſhould'ſt haue taken all away of thee;
And nothing left to haue remain'd with me.
Thou ſhould'ſt haue carried hence the portraiture
Which thou haſt left behinde within my heart,
Set in the table-frame of memory,
That puts me ſtill in minde of what thou wert,
Whilſt thou wert honeſt, and thy thoughts were pure,
So that I might not thus in euery place.
Where I ſhall ſet my carefull foote, conferre
With it of thee, and euermore be told,
That here ſate *Siluia* vnder neath this tree,
And here ſhe walkt, and lean'd vpon mine arme,
There gathered flowers, and brought them vnto me.
Here by the murmour of this ruſling ſpring,
She ſweetly lay, and in my boſome ſlept:
Here firſt ſhe ſhew'd me comforts when I pin'd:
As if in euery place her foote had ſtept,
It had left *Siluia* in a print behind.
But yet, ô theſe were *Siluias* images,
Then whil'ſt her heart held faire, and ſhe was chaſte,
Now is her face all ſullied with her fact,
And why are not theſe former paints defac'd?
Why ſhould ſhe hold, ſtill in the forme ſhe was,
Being now deform'd, and not the ſame ſhe was?
O that I could *Mirtillus* locke her out
Of my remembrance, that I might no more
Haue *Siluia* here, when ſhee will not be here.

Mir. But good *Palamon*, tell what proofes haſt thou
Of her diſloyaltie, that makes thee ſhow
Theſe heauie paſſions, and to grieue ſo much?

Pal. *Mirtillus*, proofes, that are alas too plaine;
For *Colax* one thou know'ſt can well obſerue
And iudge of loue, a man both ſtaid, and wiſe,
A gentle heard-man, out of loue, and care
He had of me, came and reported all;

And

And how he saw them diuers times alone,
Imbracing each the other in the woods,
Besides she hath of late with sullaine lookes,
That shew'd disliking, shunn'd my company,
Kept her aloofe, and now I thinke to day,
Is gone to hide her quite out of the way.
But *Siluia* though thou goe and hide thy face,
Thou canst not hide thy shame, and thy disgrace,
No secret thicket, groue, nor yet close grott,
Can couer shame, and that immodest blot,
Ah didst thou lend thy hand in kinde remorse,
To saue me from one death, to giue m'a worse?
Had it not yet beene better I had dy'd,
By thy vnspotted honest cruelty,
Then now by thy disgraced infamie?
That so I might haue carried to my graue,
The image of chaste *Siluia* in my heart,
And not haue had these notions, to ingraue
A stained *Siluia* there, as now thou art?
Ah yes, it had beene better farre, I proue,
Thaue perish'd for thy loue, then with thy loue.

Mir. Ah good *Palemon* cease these sad complaints,
And moderate thy passions, thou shalt see
Shee may returne, and these reports be found
But idle fictions on vncertaine ground.

Pal. Mirtillus I perceiue my tedious tale,
Begins to be distastefull to thine eare,
And therefore will I to some desert vale,
To some close Groue to waile, where none shall heare
But beasts, and trees, whose sense I shall not tyre,
With length of mone, for length is my desire.
And therefore gentle Shepheard, now adieu,
And trust not women, for they are vntrue.

Mir. Adue *Palemon*, and thy sad distresse,
Shall make me wey *Darindas* losse the lesse.

For

For if I should be aers, and she proue so,
Better to be mine owne, and let her go.

SCENA IV.

Ergastus. *Melibæus.*

Erg. Now *Melibæus*; who would haue suppos'd
That had not seene these impious passages,
That euer monstrous wretch could haue expos'd,
Two honest hearts to these extremitie,
T'attaine his wicked ends? by hauing wrought
First in, vnto their easie confidence
Away, by an opinion to be thought,
Honest, discreet, of great experience.
Whereby we see open-fac't villany
Without a maske, no mischiefe could haue done,
It was the couerture of honestie,
That laid the snare, whereby they were vndone,
And that's the ingine that confounds vs all,
That makes the breach whereby the world is sackt,
And made a prey to cunning, when we fall
Into the hands of wise dishonestie:
When as our weake credulitie is racka
By that opinion of sufficiencie,
To all the inconueniences that guile,
And impious craft can practiise to beguile.
And note but how these cankers alwaies seaze
The choisest fruits with their infections,
How they are still ordained to disease,
The natures of the best complections. (gor,
Mel. Tis true. And what an instrument hath he there
To be the Agent of his villony?

How

How truely she negotiats, and doth plot,
To vndermine fraile imbecillitie.
How strong, these spirits combine them in a knot,
To circumuent plaine open honestly?
And what a creature there is to conuerse
With feeble maides, whose weakenesse soone is led
With toyes, and new disguises, to reuerse
The course wherein by custome they were bred?
And when that fitnesse too her trade affoords,
To traffick with the secrets of their heart,
And cheapen their affections with faire words.
Which women straight to women will impart?
And then to see how soone example will
Disperse it selfe, being met with our desire?
How soone, it will inkindle others ill,
Like *Neptha* that takes fire by sight of fire?
So that vnlesse we runne with all the speed
We can, to quench this new arising flame
O vanitie, and lust, it will proceed
To vndoe vs, ere we shall perceiue the same:
How farre already is the mischiefe runne,
Before we scarse perceiu'd it was begunne?

ACTVS III. SCENA I.

Alcon. Lincus.

Al. What my friend *Lincus*? now in troth tell me,
Lin. Well met good *Alcon*, this fals happily,
That we two thus incounter all alone,
Who had not any conference scarse this moneth.
Al. In troth I longd to heare how you proceed,
In your new practise, here among these swaines,
For you and I must grace each others Arte;

Though you knew me, when I in *Patras* dwelt,
And waited on a poore Phisitions man,
And I knew you a Pronotories boy.
That wrote Indentures at the towne-house dore.
Yet are you here, now a great man of law,
And I a graue Phisition full of skill,
And here we two are held the onely men.
But how thriue you in your new practise now?

Lin. Alcon in troth not any thing to speake,
For these poore people of *Arcadia* here,
Are soone contented each man with his owne,
As they desire no more, nor will be drawne
To any contestation, nor indeed
Is there yet any frame compos'd, whereby
Contention may proceed in practicke forme?
For if they had this forme once to contend.
Then would they brawle & wrangle without end.
For then might they be taught, and counsell'd how
To litigate perpetually you know;
And so might I be sure to doe some good:
But hauing here no matter whereupon
To furnish reall actions, as els where;
No tenures, but a consuetumarie hold
Of what they haue from their progenitors
Common, without indiuiduitie;
No purchasings, no contracts, no conuerse,
No politicque commands, no seruices,
No generall Assemblies but to feast,
And to delight themselues with fresh pastimes,
How can I hope that euer I shall thriue?

Alc. Ist possible that a societie
Can with so little noyse, and sweat subsist?

Lin. It seemes it may before men haue transform'd
Their state of nature in so many shapes
Of their owne managements, and are cast out

Into

Into confusion, by their knowledges.
And either I must packe me hence, or els
Must labour wholy to dissolue the frame,
And composition, of their strange built state.
Which now I seeke to doe, by drawing them
To appr'hend of these proprieties
Of *mine and thine* and teach them to incroch
And get them states apart, and priuate shares.
And this I haue already set a worke
If it will take, for I haue met with two
The aptest spirits the country yeelds, I know,
Montanus and *Acrysius*, who are both
Old, and both cholericke, and both peruerse,
And both inclinable to Auarice
And if there quarrell hold, as 'tis begun
I doe not doubt but all the rest will on.
And if the worst should fall, if I could gaine
The reputation but to arbitrate,
And sway their strifes, I would get well by that.

Al. 'Tis maruell, that their long and easie peace
That fosters plentie, and giues nought to doe,
Should not with them beget contention too,
As well as other where we see it doth.

Lin. This peace of theirs, is not like others peace
Where craft layes trapps t'inrich himselfe with wiles,
And men make prey of men, and rise by spoiles.
This rather seemes a quiet then a peace.
For this poore corner of Arcadia here,
This little angle of the world you see,
Which hath shut out of doore, all th'earth beside
And are bard vp with mountaines, and with rocks;
Hath had no intertrading with the rest,
Of men, nor yet will haue, but here alone,
Quite out of fortunes way, and vnderneath
Ambition, or desire, that waies them not,

They liue as if still in the golden age,
When as the World was in this pupillage.
But for mine owne part, *Alcon* I protest
I enuie them that they thus make themselues,
An euerlasting holy day of rest,
Whilst others worke, and I doe thinke it fit
Being in the world, they should be of the world,
And if that other states should doe this too
As God forbid, what should we Lawyers doe?
But I hope shortly yet, we shall haue here
As many of vs as are other where:
And we shall sweat, and chafe, and talke as loud,
Brawle our selues hoarse, as well as they doe
At *Patras*, *Sparta*, *Corinth*, or at *Thebes*,
And be as arrogant and euen as proud
And then 'twill be a world, and not before.
But how doest thou with thy profession frames?

Alc. No man can wish a better place then this
To practise in my arte, for here they will
Be sicke for company, they are so kinde.
I haue now twenty patients at this time,
That know not what they aile, no more doe I,
And they haue physicke all accordingly.
First *Phillis* got running at Barly-breake
A little cold, which I with certaine drugs
I ministred, was thought to remedie,
Doris saw that, how *Phillis* physicke wrought
(For *Phillis* had told her, she neuer tooke
So delicate a thing in all her life
That more reuiu'd her heart, and clear'd her bloud,)
Doris would needs be sicke too, and take some.
Meline seeing that, she would the like,
And so she had the very same receipt,
For so saith troth I haue no more but that
And one poore pill I vse for greater cures,

But this is onely sweet and delicate,
Fit for yong women, and is like th'herb Iohn,
Doth neither good nor hurt, but that's all one,
For if they but conceiue it doth, it doth
And it is that Phisitions hold the chiefe
In all their cures, *conceipt, and strong beliefe:*
Besides I am a stranger come from far
Which doth adde much vnto opinion too.
For who now but th'*Arabian* or the *Iew*
In forraine lands, are held the onely men,
Although their knowledge be no more then mine.

Lin. T'is true friend *Alcon*, he that hath once got,
Th'Elixit of opinion hath got all,
And h'is th'man that turnes his brasse to gold.
Then can I talke of *Galen*, *Auerrois*,
Hypocratis, *Rasis*, and *Auicen*
And booke I neuer read, and vse strange speech
Of Symptons, Crysis, ond the Critique dayes,
Of Trochises, Opiats, Apophilegmatisines,
Eclegmats, Embrochs, Lixiues, Cataplasmes,
With all the hideous tearmes, Arte can deuise,
T'amuse weake, and admiring ignorance.

Lin. And that is right my trick, I ouer-whelme
My practise too, with darknesse, and strange words,
With Paragraphs, Conditions, Codicilles,
Acceptilations, actions, recissorie;
Noxall, and Hypothecall, and inuolue
Domestick matter in a forraine phrase.

Alc, Then am I as abstruse and mysticall,
In Carecteer, and giuing my receipt,
Obseruing th'odd number in my pills,
And certaine houres to gather and compound
My simples, and make all t'attend the Moone.
Then doe I shew that rare ingredients
I vse for some great cures, when need requires,

The liuer of a Wolfe, the Lyons gall,
The left side of a Moles, the Foxes heart,
The right foote of a Tortuse, Dragons bloud,
And such strange sauage stuffe, as euen the names
Are phisicke of themselues, to moue a man.
And all the drugs I vse, must come from farre,
Beyond the Ocean, and the sunne at least,
Or else it hath no vertue Phisicall,
These home-bred simples do no good at all.

Lin. No, no, it must be forraine stuffe, God wot,
Or something else that is not to be got.

Al. But now in faith I haue found out a trick,
That will perpetually so feed their rheumes,
And entertaine their idle weaknesses,
As nothing in the world could doe the like,
For lately being at *Corinth*, 'twas my chance
T'incounter with a Sea-man, new ariu'd
Of *Alexandria*, who from *India* came,
And brought a certaine hearbe wrapt vp in rowles,
From th'Iland of *Nicosia*, where it growes:
Infus'd I thinke in some pestiferous iuice,
(Produc'd in that contagious burning clime,
Contrarious to our nature, and our spirits)
Or else steep'd in the fuming sap, it selfe
Doth yeeld, t'inforce th'infecting power thereof,
And this in powder made, and fir'd, he suckes
Out of a little hollow instrument
Of calcinated clay, the smoake thereof:
Which eyther he conuayes out of his nose,
Or downe into his stomacke with a whiffe.
And this he said a wondrous vertue had,
To purge the head, and cure the great Catarre,
And to dry vp all other meaner rheumes,
Which when I saw, I straight way thought how well
This new fantastical deuise would please

The

The foolish people here growne humorous.
And vp I tooke all this commoditie,
And here haue taught them how to vse the same.
Lin. And it is easie to bring in the vse
Of any thing, though neuer so absurd,
When nations are prepar'd to all abuse,
And th'humour of corruption once is stird.
Alc. Tis true, and now to see with what a strange
And gluttonous desire, th'exhaust the same
How infinite, and how insatiable,
They doe deuoure th'intoxicating fume,
You would admire, as if their spirits thereby
Were taken, and inchanted, or transformd,
By some infused philter in the drug.
For whereas heretofore they wonted were,
At all their meetings, and their festiualls,
To passe the time in telling wittie tales,
In questions, riddles, and in purposes,
Now doe they nothing else, but sit and suck,
And spit, and slauer, all the time they sit.
That I goe by, and laugh vnto my selfe,
And thinke that this will one day make some worke
For me or others, but I feare it will
B'another age will finde the hurt of this.
But sure the time's to come, when they looke backe
On this, will wonder with themselues to thinke
That men of sense could euer be so mad,
To suck so grosse a vapour, that consumes
Their spirits, spends nature, dries vp memorie,
Corrupts the bloud, and in a vanitie.
Lin. But *Alcon* peace, here comes a patient peace.
Al. Lintus there doth indeed, therefore away,
Leaue me alone, for I must now resume
My surely, graue, ond Doctorall aspect.
This wench I know, tis *Daphne* who hath wrong'd

Her loue *Menalcus*, and plaid fast and loose
With *Colax*, who reueald the whole to me.

SCEN. II.

Daphne. Alcon.

Daph. Good Doctor *Alcon*, I am come to craue
Your counsell to aduise me for my health,
For I suppose, in troth, I am not well,
Me thinkes I should be sicke, yet cannot tell:
Some thing there is amisse that troubles me,
For which I would take Phisicke willingly.
Alc. Welcome, faire nimph, come let me try your (pulse.
I cannot blame you t'hold your selfe not well.
Something amisse quoth you, here's all amisse,
Th'whole Fabrick of your selfe distempred is,
The Systole, and Dyastole of your pulse,
Doe shew your passions most hystericall,
It seemes you haue not very carefull beene,
T'obserue the prophilactick regiment
Of your owne body, so that we must now
Descend Anto the Theraphenticall;
That so we may preuent the syndrome
Of Symtomes, and may afterwards apply
Some analepticall Elexipharmacum,
That may be proper for your maladie:
It seemes faire Nimph you dreame much in the night.
Da. Doctor I doe indeed. *Al*, I know you doe,
Y'are trobled much with thought.
Dap. I am indeed. *Alc.* I know you are.
You haue great heauineſſe about your heart.
Dap. Now truely so I haue. *Alc.* I know you haue.

Yo

You wake oft in the night. *Dap.* In troth I doe.
Alc. All this I know you doe.
And this vnleſſe by phificke you preuent,
Thinke whereto it may bring you in the end.
And therefore you muſt firſt euacuate
All thoſe Colaxicall hote humour which
Diſtu be your heart, and then refrigerate
Your bloud by ſome Menalchian Cordials,
Which you muſt take, and you ſhall ſtraight find eaſe,
And in the morning I will viſit you.
Dap. I pray Sir, let me take of that you gaue,
To *Phillis* th'other day, for that ſhe ſaid,
Did comfort wondrouſly, and cheere her heart.
Alc. Faire Nimph, you muſt, if you wil vſe my arte,
Let me alone, to giue what I thinke good,
I knew what fitted *Phillis* maladie,
And ſo, I thinke, I know what will ſerue you. *Exit.*

Daphne ſola.

O what a wondrous skilfull man is this?
Why he knowes all? O God, who euer thought
Any man liuing, could haue told ſo right
A womans griefe in all points as he hath?
Why this is ſtrange that by my very pulſe,
He ſhould know all I ayle, as wellas I.
Beſide I feare he ſees too much in me,
More then I would that any man ſhould ſee.
Me thbught (although I could not well conceiue
His words, he ſpake ſo learned and ſo ſtrange)
He ſaid I had miſtuld my body much,
As if he meant that in ſome wanton ſorte,
I had abuſ'd my bodie with ſome man:
O how ſhould he know that? what is my pulſe
Become th'inrelligencer of my ſhame?

Or

Or are my lookes the index of my heart?
Sure so he said, and me thought too, he nam'd
Menalcas, or else something very like,
And likewise nam'd that cunning treacherous wretch
That hath vndone me, *Colax*, that vile diuell,
Who is in deede the cause of all my griefe,
For which I now seeke physicke, but ô what
Can physicke doe, to cure that hideous wound
My lusts haue giuen my Conscience? which I see
Is that which onely is deseas'd within
And not my body now, that's it doth so
Disquiet all the lodging of my spirits,
As keeps me waking, that is it presents
Those ougly formes of terror that affright
My broken sleepes, that layes vpon my heart
This heauy loade that weighes it downe with griefe;
And no disease beside, for which there is
No cure I see at all, nor no redresse.

Didst thou alleadge vile man to my weake youth,
How that those vowes I made vnto my loue
Were bands of custome, and could not lay on
Those manacles on nature, which should keepe
Her freedome prisoner by our dome of breath?
O impious wretch now nature giues the lie
To thy foule heart and telles my grieued soule,
I haue done wrong, to falsifie that vow
I first to my deare loue *Menalcas* made.
And sayes th'assurance and the faith is giuen
By hand on earth, the same is seald in heauen,
And therefore how *Menalcas* can these eyes
That now abhorre to looke vpon my selfe,
Dare euer view that wronged face of thine,
Who hast relide on this false heart of mine?

Scen.

SCEN. III.

Colax. *Techne.*

Col. Ist possible sweet *Techne*, what you say,
That *Cloris* is so wittie, and so coy?
Tec. Tis as I tell you, *Colax*, sh'is as coy
And hath as shrewd a spirit, as quick conceipt
As euer wench I brok'd in all my life.
Col. Then there's some glory in attaining her,
Here now I shall be sure t'haue something yet
Besides dull beautie, I shall lay with wit,
For these faire creatures, haue such feeble spirits,
And are so languishing, as giues no edge
To appetite, and loue, but stuffes delight.
Tec. Well if you get her, then you shall be sure
To haue your wish; and yet perhaps that store,
You finde in her, may check your longing more
Then all their wants whom you haue tride before.
Col. How? if I get her? what doe you suppose,
I shall not get her, that were very strange.
Tec. Yes sir, she may be got, but yet I know
Sh'will put you to the tryall of your wit.
Col. Let me alone, could I finde season fit
To talke with her in priuate, she were mine.
Tec. That season may you now haue very well.
For Colax, she hath promisd faithfully
This euening late to meete me at the caue
Of *Erycina* vndemeath the hill,
Where I must fit her with a new attyre
Where with sh'is far in loue, and th'other day
Thinking to try it at her fathers house,

Whether

Whether I went with her to deale for you)
The old *Acrisius* was himselfe at home,
Which did inforce vs to deferre our worke
Vntill this euening, that we might alone
There out of sight, more closely do the same:
Where while she stayes (for I will make her stay
For me a while) you at your pleasure may
Haue th'opportunitie which you desire,
Cel. O *Techne* thou hast blest me, if I now
On this aduantage conquere not her minde,
Let me be loathed of all womankind.
And presently will I goe suite my selfe
As brauely as I can, go set my lookes
Arme my discourse, frame speaches passionate
And action both, fit for so great a worke.
Techne a thousand thankes and so adieu. *Ex.*
Tec. Well *Colax*, she may yet deceiue thy hopes,
And I perswade my selfe she is as like,
As any subtile wench was euer borne,
To giue as wise a man as you the skorne:
But see where one whose faith hath better right
Vnto her loue then you, comes here forlorne
Like fortunes out-cast, full of heauines.
Ah poore *Amyntas*, would thou knewst how much
Thou art esteemd, although not where thou would'st,
Yet where thou should haue loue in that degree,
As neuer liuing man had like to thee.
Ah see how I, who setts for others loue,
Am tooke my selfe, and intricated here
With one, that hath his heart another where?
But I will labour to diuert the streame
Of his affections, and to turne his thoughts
From that coye *Cloris*, to the libertie
Of his owne heart, with hope to make him mine.

Scen.

SCENA IV.

Techne. *Amyntas.*

Tech. Now fie *Amyntas*, why should you thus grieue
For a most foolish wayward girle, that scornes
Your honest loue, and laughes at all you doe;
For shame *Amyntas* let her go as sh'is.
You see her vaine, and how peruersly set,
Tis fond to follow what we cannot get.
Am. O *Techne*, *Techne*, though I neuer get,
Yet will I euer follow whilst I breath,
And if I perish by the way, yet shall
My death be pleasing that for her I die.
And one day she may hap to come that way,
(And be it, & her way) where I shall lye,
And with her proud disdainefull foote she may
Tread on my tombe, and say, loe where he lyes,
The triumph, and the conquest of mine eyes.
And though I loose my selfe, and loose my teares,
It shall be glory yet that I was hers.
What haue I done of late, should make her thus
My presence with that strange disdaine to flie,
As if she did abhorre my company?
Cloris God knowes, thou hast no cause therefore,
Vnlesse it be for louing more, and more.
Why thou wert wont to lend me yet an eare, (heare
And though thou wouldst not helpe, yet wouldst thou
Tec. Perhaps she thinkes thy heat wilbe allayd,
The fire being gone, and therefore doth she well
Not to be seene there where she will not aide.
Am. Alas she knowes no hand but her can quench
That

That heat in me, and therefore doth she wrong
To fire my heart, and then to runne away,
And if she would not aide, yet might she ease
My careſull ſoule, if she would but ſtand by
And onely looke vpon me while I die.
Tec. Well well *Amintas*, little doeſt thou know
With whom that cunning wanton ſorts her ſelfe,
Whilſt thus thou mourn'ſt, and with that ſecrets wiles
She workes, to meet her louer in the woods,
With whom in groues, and caues she dallying ſits,
And mocks thy paſſions, and thy dolefull fits.
Am. No *Tecbne*, no I know that cannot be,
And therefore doe not wrong her modeſtie,
For *Cloris* loues no man, and that's ſome eaſe
Vnto my griefe, and giues a hope that yet
If euer ſoft affection touch her heart,
She will looke back, and thinke on my deſert,
Tec. If that be all, that hope is at an end,
For if thou wilt this euening but attend
And walke downe vnder *Ericinas* groue,
And place thy ſelfe in ſome cloſe ſecret buſh,
Right oppoſite vnto the hollow caue
That lookes into the vally, thou ſhalt ſee
That honeſtie, and that great modeſtie.
Am. If I ſee *Cloris* there, I know I ſhall
See nothing elſe with her, but modeſtie.
Tec. Yes ſomething els will grieue your hart to ſee:
But you muſt be content, and thinke your ſelfe
Are not not the firſt that thus haue been deceiud,
With fayre appearing out-ſides, and miſlooke
A wanton heart, by a chaſte ſeeming looke.
But I coniure you by the loue you beare
Vnto thoſe eyes, which make you (as you are
Th'example of compaſſion to the world)
Sit cloſe and be not ſeene in any caſe.

Am.

Am. Well *Techne*, if I ſhall ſee *Cloris* there
It is enough, then thither will I goe,
Who will go any where to looke on her.
And *Cloris* know, I do not goe to ſee,
Any thing elſe of thee, but onely thee.
Tec. Well go and thinke yet of her honeſt care,
Who giues the note of ſuch a ſhamefull dead,
And iudge *Amyntas* when thou ſhalt be free,
Who more deſerues thy loue, or I or ſhe.

SCEN. V.

Melibæus, Ergaſtus.

Me. Now what infernall proiects are here laid,
T'afflict an honeſt heart, t'expoſe a maide,
Vnto the danger of alone aſſault,
To make her to offend without her fault.
Er. And ſee what other new appearing ſpirits
Would raiſe the tempeſts of diſturbances,
Vpon our reſt, and labour to bring in
All the whole Ocean of vnquietneſſe,
To ouerwhelme the poore peace we liue in?
How one would faine inſtruct, and teach vs how
To cut our throates with forme, and to contend
With artificiall knowledge, to vndoo
Each other, and to brabble without end.
As if that nature had not tooke more care
For vs, then we for our owne ſelues can take,
And makes vs better lawes then thoſe we make.
And as if all that ſcience ought could giue
Vnto our bliſſe, but onely ſhewes vs how
The better to contend, but not to liue.

And

And euermore we see, how vice doth grow
With knowledge, and brings forth a more increase,
When skilfull, men begin, how good men cease.
And therefore how much better doe we liue,
With quiet ignorance, then we should doe
With turbulent and euer-working skill,
Which makes vs not to liue, but labour still.
Mel. And see that other vaine fantasticke spirit,
Who would corrupt our bodies too likewise,
As this our mindes, and make our health to be,
As troublesome as sickenes, to deuise,
That no part of vs euer should be free;
Both forraging our credulitie,
Take still th'aduantage of our weakenesses;
Both cloath their friuolous vncertainties
In strange attyres, to make it seeme the lesse.

ACTVS IV. SCENA I.

Techne. *Amyntas.*

Tec. *Amyntas* must come backe I know this way,
And here it will be best for me to stay,
And here, indeed he comes, poore man I see
All quite dismaide: and now ile worke on him.
Come, who tels troth *Amyntas*, who deceiues
Your expectation now, *Cloris*, or I?
Am. Peace *Techne* peace, and doe not interrupt
The griefe that hath no leisure to attend
Ought but it selfe, and hath shut vp with it
All other sense in priuate close within,
From doing any thing, but onely thinke. (nough
Te. Thinks: wherein should you think? y'haue thought

And

And too too much, on such a one as shee,
Whom now you see y'haue tride her honestie?
And let her goe proud girle accordingly,
There's none of these young wāton things that know
How t'vse a man, or how to make their choyse,
Or answere mens affections as they ought.
And if y'will thinke, thinke th'is not worth a thought.
Am. Good *Techne*, leaue mee for thy speach and sight
Beare both that disproportion to my griefe,
As that they trouble, trouble, and confound
Confusion in my sorrowes, which doth loath
That sound of wordes, that answeres not the tone
Of my disprayers in th'accents of like mone.
And now hath sorrow no worse plague I see,
Then free and vnpartaking companie.
Who are not in the fashion of our woes,
And whose affection do not looke likewise
Of that complection as our miseries?
And therefore pray thee leaue me, or else leaue
To speake, or if thou speake let it not be
To me, or else let me, not answere thee.
Tec. Wel I say nothing, you know what y'haue see
Am. Tis true, I doe confesse that I haue seene
The worst the world can shew me, and the worst
That can be euer seene with mortall eye.
I haue beheld the whole of all wherein
My heart had any interest in this life;
To be distrent and torne from of my hopes,
That nothing now is leaft, why I should liue:
That ostage I had giuen the would, which was
The hope of her, that held me to hold truce
With it, and with this life is gone, and now
Well may I breake with them, and breake I will
And rend that pact of nature, and dissolue
That league of blood that ties me to my selfe,

For-

For *Cloris* now hath thy immodestie
Infranchiz'd me, and made me free to die:
Which otherwise I could not lest it might
Haue beene some staine and some disgrace to thee.
Ah was it not ynough for this poore heart
T'indure the burthen of her proud disdaine?
That weigh'd it to the earth but that it must
Be crusht thus with th'oppression of her staine?
The first wound yet though it were huge and wide,
Yet was it cleanely made, it festred not,
But this now giuen, comes by a poysoned shott,
Against al lawes of honor that are pure,
And rankles deadly is without all cure.
Ah how she blusht when as she issued forth
With her inamor'd mate out of the caue?
And well then might she blush at such a deed,
And with how wild a looke shee casts about
Her fearefull eyes? as if her loathsome sinne
Now comming thus into the open sight,
With terror did her guiltinesse affright;
And vp she treades the hill with such a pace,
As if she gladly would haue outgone shame,
Which yet for al her hasting after came.
And at their comming forth, me thought I heard
The villaine vse my name, and she returne
The same againe in very earnest sort,
Which could be for no good I know to me,
But onely that perhaps it pleas'd her then
To cast me vp by this way of her mouth
From of her heart, lest it might stuffe the same.
But *Cloris* know thou shalt not need to feare,
I neuer more shall interrupt thy ioyes
With my complaints, nor more obserue thy waies;
And ô I would thy heart could be as free
From sinne and shame, as thou shalt be from me.

I could

I could/and I haue reaſon ſo to do)
Reuenge my wrong vpon that wicked wretch,
Who hath ſurpris'd my loue, and robb'd thy ſhame,
And make his bloud th'oblation of my wrath
Euen at thy feete, that thou might'ſt ſee the ſame
To expiate, for this vniuſtice done,
But that the fact examin'd would diſplay
Thy infamy abroad vnto the world,
Which I had rather die then once bewray.
And *Techne* pray-thee, tell her thus from me,
But yet, ah tell it ſoftly in her eare,
And be thou ſure no liuing creature heare.
That her immodeſtie hath loſt this day;
Two the moſt honeſt guardians of her good
She had in life, her honour, and my bloud.

Tec. Now I may ſpeake I truſt you ſpeake to me.

Am. No not yet *Techne*, pray-thee ſtay a while,
And tell her too, though ſhe ſpares not her ſhame,
My death ſhall ſhew, that I reſpect her fame.

Tec. Then now I may. *Am.* O *Techne* no not yet,
And bid her not forget *Amyntas* faith,
Though ſhe deſpiſed him, and one day yet
She may be taught with griefe, and that ere long,
To thinke on her diſhonour, and his wrong,
Now *Techne* I haue done, and ſo farewell.

Tec. But ſtay *Amyntas*, now muſt I begin.

Am. I cannot ſtay *Techne*, let goe your hold,
It is in vaine I ſay, I muſt be gone.

Tec. Now deare *Amyntas*, heare me but one word.
Ah he is gone, and in that furie gone,
As ſure he will in this extremitie
Of his diſpaire, do violence to himſelfe:
And therefore now what helpe ſhall I deuiſe
To ſtay his ruine? ſure there is no meanes
But to call *Gloria*, and perſwade with her

To follow him, and to prevent his death;
For though this practise was for mine owne good
Yet my deceipts vse not to stretch to bloud.
But now I know not where I should finde out
That cruell maide, but I must cast about.

SCENA II.

Amarillis. *Dorinda.*

Ama. *Dorinda*, you are yet in happie case,
You are belou'd, you need not to complaine;
'Tis I haue reason onely to bewaile
My fortunes, who am cast vpon disdaine,
And on his rockie heart that wrackes my youth
With stormes of sorrowes, and contemnes my truth;
'Tis I that am shut out from all delight
This world can yeeld a maid, that am remou'd
From th'onely ioy on earth, to be belou'd:
Cruell *Carinus* skornes this faith of mine,
And lets poore *Amarillis* grieue and pine.
Do. Tis true indeed you say, I am belou'd,
Sweete *Amarillis*, and perhaps much more
Then I would be: plentie doth make me poore.
For now my heart, as if deuided stands
Betwixt two passions, loue, and pitty both,
That draw it either way with that maine force,
As that I know not which to yeeld vnto:
And then feare in the midd'st, holds me in suspence,
Lest I lose both by mine improuidence.
Ama. How may that be *Dorinda*? you know this,
You can enioy but one, and one there is
Ought to possesse your heart, and loue alone,

Who

Who hunts two Hares at one time, catches none.

Do. I must tell you deare friend the whole discourse
From whom I cannot any thing conceale,
Arcadia knowes, and euery Shepheard knowes
How much *Mirtillus* hath deseru'd of me,
And how long time his wofull suite hath laine,
Depending on the mercie of mine eyes,
For whom I doe confesse, pittie hath beene
Th'Attornie euermore that stands and pleades
Before my heart, the iustice of his cause,
And saies he ought haue loue, by loues owne lawes.
But now the maister sou'raigne Lord of hearts,
That great commander, and that tyrant loue,
Who must haue all according to his will,
Whom pittie onely vshers goes before,
As lightning doth the thunder, he sayes no,
And will that *Colax* onely haue my heart,
That gallant heardsman full of skill and arte?
And all experience of loues mysteries,
To whom I must confesse me to haue giuen
The earnest of my loue; but since that time
I neuer saw the man, which makes me much
To wonder that his dealing should be such:
For either loue, hath (in respect that I
Despised haue the true and honest faith,
Of one that lou'd me with sinceritie,)
Made me the spoile of falshood and contempt,
Or else perhaps the same is done to trie
My resolution, and my constancie.

But yet I feare the worst, and feare I may,
Lest he now hauing got the victorie,
Cares for no more: and seeing he knowes my loue
Turnes towards him, he turnes his back to me.
So that I know not what were best resolue,
Either to stand vnto the doubtfull faith

Of

Of one that hath so dangerously begun,
Or else returne t'accept *Mirtillus* loue,
Who wil perhaps when mine begins, haue done:
So that inwrapt in this distracted toyle
I vexe, and know not what to doh the while.
And therefore *Amarillis* I thinke sure
(Se'ing now how others loue in me hath prou'd)
You are most happy not to be belou'd.

SCENA III.

Cloris. Amarillis. Dorinda.

Clo. Now here between you two, kind louing soules,
I know there can be no talke but of loue,
Loue must be all the scope of your discourse,
Alas poore hearts, I wonder how you can
In this deceiptfull world thinke of a man.
For they doe nothing but make fooles of you,
And laugh when they haue done, and prooue vntrue.
Am. Well *Cloris* well, reioyce that you are free
You may be toucht one day as well as we.
Clo. Indeed and I had like so this last night,
Had I not lookt with such an angrie eye,
And frown'd so sowre that I made loue afeard,
There was a fellow needes forsooth would haue
My heart from me whether I would or not,
And had as great a duantage one could haue,
I tell you that he had me in a Caue.
Do. What in a Caue? *Cloris* how came you there?
Clo. Truly *Dorinda* I will tell you how:
By no arte magique, but a plaine deuise
Of *Techne*, who would trie her wit on me,

For

For she had promis'd me, to meete me there
At such an houre, and thither bring with her
A new strange dressing she had made for me,
Which there close out of sight, I should trie on:
Thither went I poore foole, at th'houre decreed,
And there expecting *Technes* company,
In rushes fleering *Colax* after me.
Whom sure she sent of purpose to the place,
And there with his affected apish grace
And strained speach, offring to seaze on me,
Out rusht I from him, as indeed amaz'd
At his so sodaine and vnexpected sight.
And after followes he, vowes, sweares, protests
By all the gods, he neuer lou'd before
Any one liuing in the world but me,
And for me onely, would he spend his life.

Do. Alas and what am I forgotten then?
Why these were euen the words he spake to me.

Clo. And then inueighes against *Amyntas* loue,
Vantes his owne parts, and his great knowledges,
And all so idle, as, in troth me thought
I neuer heard a man (more vainely talke,
For so much as I heard, for vp the hill
I went with such a pace and neuer staide
To giue regard to any thing he said:
As at the last I scarce had left him breath
Sufficient to forsweare himselfe withall.

Do. Ah what hath then my silly ignorance done
To be deceiu'd, and mockt by such a one?

Clo. And when I had recouered vp the hill,
I fairely ran away and left my man
In midd'st of his coniuring periuries;
All emptie to returne with mightie losse
Of breath and labour, hauing cast away
Much foolish paines in tricking vp himselfe

For this exployte, and goes without his game,
Which he in hope deuour'd before he came.
I, I, too, miſt my dreſſing by this meanes.
But I admire how any woman can?
Be ſo vnwiſe to like of ſuch a man,
For I proteſt I ſee nought elſe but froth,
And ſhallow impudence, affected grace,
And ſome few idle practiſe complement:
And all the thing he is without he is.
For affection ſtriues but to appeare,
And neuer is of Subſtance, not Sincere.
And yet this dare of falſhood hath beguil'd
A thouſand fooliſh wenches in his dayes.
Do. The more wretch he, & more hard hap was theirs.
Clo. Why do you ſigh *Dorinda* are you toucht
With any of theſe paſſages of mine?
Do. No truly not of yours, but I haue cauſe
In my particular that makes me ſigh.
Clo. Well welcome one to put vs from this talke,
Let vs deuiſe ſome ſport to paſſe the time.
Am. Faith I haue no great liſt to any ſporte.
Do. Nor I in troth 'tis farthеſt fram my minde.
Clo. Then let vs tell old tales, repeat our dreames,
Or any thing rather then thinke of loue. (night
Am. And now you ſpeake of dreames, in troth laſt
I was much troubled with a fearefull dreame.
Do. And truly *Amarillis* ſo was I.
Clo. And now I do remember too, I had
A fooliſh idle dreame, and this it was:
Me thought the faireſt of *Montanus* lambs,
And one he lou'd the beſt of all his flocke,
Was ſingled out, and chac'd b'a cruell curre,
And in his hote purſuit makes towards me,
(Me thought) for ſuccour, and about me ran,
As if it begd my ayde to ſaue his life,

Which I long time deferr'd, and ſtill lookt on,
And would not reſcue it, vntill at length
I ſaw it euen quite worried out of breath,
And panting at my feete and could no more:
And then me thought, I tooke it vp from death,
And cheriſht it with me, and brought it back
Home to *Montanus*, who was glad to ſee
The poore recouer'd creature thus reſtor'd;
And I my ſelfe was greatly pleas'd, me thought,
That by my hand ſo good a deed was wrought;
And *Amarillis* now tell vs your dreame?

Am. Me thought as I in *Eremathus* walkt
A fearefull woolfe ruſht forth from out a berake,
And towards me makes with open hideous iawes.
From whom I ranne with all the ſpeed I could,
T'eſcape my danger, and t'ouertake
One whom I ſaw before, that might lend ayde
To me diſtreſt, but he me thought did runne
As faſt from me, as I did from the beaſt
I cride to him (but all in vaine) to ſtay;
The more I cride, the more he ranne away;
And after I, and after me the Wolfe,
So long, as I began to faint in minde,
Seeing my deſpaire before, my death behind:
Yet ranne I ſtill, and loe, me thought, at length
A little he began to ſlack his pace,
Which I perceiuing, put to all my ſtrength
And ranne, as if deſire had wing'd my heeles,
And in the end me thought recouer'd him.
But neuer woman felt more ioy it ſeem'd
To ouertake a man, then did I him,
By whom I ſcapte the danger I was in,
That when I wak'd, as preſently I awak'd,
Toucht with that ſodaine ioy, which my poore heart
God knowes, had not beene vſd vnto of late:

I found my selfe all in a moist faint sweate,
Which that affrighting horrour did beget,
And though I were deliu'red of my feare,
And felt this ioy, yet did the trembling last
Vpon my heart, when now the feare was past.
Clo. This *Amarillis* may your good portend,
That yet you shall haue comfort in the end.
Am. God grant I may, it is the thing I want.
Clo. And now *Dorinda* tell vs what you dream't,
Do. I dream't, that hauing gone to gather flowers,
And weary of my worke, reposing me
Vpon a banke neere to a Riuers side,
A subtle Serpent lurking in the grasse.
Came secretly, and seiz'd on my breast,
Which though I saw, I had no power to stirre,
But lay me still, till he had eate away
Into my bosome whence he tooke my heart,
And in his mouth carying the same away,
Returnes me thought againe from whence he came,
Which I perceiuing presently arose,
And after it most wofully I went,
To see if I could find my heart againe,
And vp and downe, I sought but all in vaine.
Clo. In troth 'tis no good luck to dreame of Snakes,
One shall be sure t'heare anger after it.
Do. And so it may be I haue done to day.
Clo. Indeed, and I haue heard it neuer failes.

Scena

SCEN. IIII.

Techne. Cloris. Amarillis. Dorinda.

Tec. Come you are talking here in iollitie,
Whilst I haue sought you *Cloris* all about:
Come, come, good *Cloris* quickly come away.
Cl. What is the newes? what haue wee now to doo,
Haue you another Caue to send me too?
Tec. Ah talke no more of that but come away,
As euer you will saue the wofull life
Of a distressed man that dyes for you.
Clo. Why what doth *Colax* whom you sent to me
Into the Caue, faint now with his repulse?
Tec. I sent him not you would so wisely goe,
In open sight, as men might see you goe,
And trace you thither all the way you went.
But come, ah t'is not he, it is the man
You ought to saue: *Amintas* is the man
Your crueltie, and rigour hath vndone:
O quickly come, or it will be too late;
For 'twas his chance, and most vnluckely,
To see both you and *Colax*, as you came
Out of the Caue, and he thinkes verily
You are possest by him; which so confounds
His spirits, and sinckes his heart, that sure h'is runne
T'vndoe himselfe, and ô I feare 'tis done.
Clo. If it be done my help will come too late,
And I may stay, and saue the labour here,
Am. Ah *Cloris* haste away if it be so,
And doe not if thou hast a heart of flesh,
And of a woman, stay and trifle time,

Goe runne, and saue thine owne, for if he die,
'Tis thine that dies, his bloud is shed for thee,
And what a horrour this will euer be
Hereafter to thy guilty conscience, when
Yeares shall haue taught thee wit, and thou shalt find
This deed instampt in bloudy Characters,
Within the blacke records of thine owne thoughts,
Which neuer will be raz'd whilst thou hast breath,
Nor yet will be forgotten by thy death.
Besides wide Fame, will trumpet forth thy wrong,
And thou shalt be with all posteritie,
Amongst th'examples held of crueltie,
And haue this sauage deed of thine be made
A sullen subiect for a Tragedie,
Intitled *Cloris*, that thereby thy name
May serue to be an euerlasting shame;
And therefore goe preuent so foule a staine.

Do. Ah goe, goe *Cloris*, haste away with speed.

Clo. Why whether should I go? I know not where
To finde him now, and if he doe this deed,
It is his error, and no fault of mine.
Yet pray thee *Techne*, which way went the man?

Tec. Come *Cloris*, I will shew which way he went,
In most strange fury, and most desperate speed,
Still crying, *Cloris*, hast thou done this deed?

Clo. Why had not you staid, and perswaded him?

Tec. I could not stay him by no meanes I vsd,
Though all the meanes I could deuise I vsd.

Clo. Well I will goe, poore man to seeke him out,
Though I can doe him else no other good.
I know indeed he hath deseru'd my loue,
And if I would like any, should be him,
So that I thought he would be true to me.
But thus my dreame may chance now come to passe,
And I may happen to bring home indeed

Montanus ſonne, *Amyntas* that deere Lambe
He loues ſo well, and by my gracious deed,
He may eſcape the danger he was in.
Which if I doe, and thereby doe inthrall
My ſelfe, to free and others miſery,
Then will I ſit and ſigh, and talke of loue
As well as you, and haue your company.
For ſomething I doe feele begin to moue,
And yet I hope 'tis nothing elſe but feare;
Yet what know I that feare may hap to loue.
Well *Techne*, come, I would not haue him yet
To periſh, poore *Amyntas* in this fit.

Ama. Well *Cloris* yet he may, for ought I ſee
Before you come, vnleſſe you make more haſte.
Ah cruell maide, ſhe little knowes the griefe
Of ſuch a heart that's deſperate of reliefe,
Nor vnderſtands ſhe her owne happineſſe,
To haue ſo true a louer as he is.
And yet I ſee ſh'is toucht, if not too late,
For I perceiue her colour come and goe,
And though in pride ſhe would haue hid her woe,
Yet I ſaw ſorrow looke out at her eyes.
And poore *Amyntas* if thou now be gone,
Thou haſt (like to the Bee that ſtinging dyes,
And in anothers wound left his owne life)
Tranſpierced by the death, that marble heart,
Which liuing thou, couldſt touch by no deſert,
And if thou ſhalt eſcape, thou haſt ſuruiu'd
Her cruelkie, which now repents her wrong,
And thou ſhalt by her fauours be reuiu'd.
After the affliction thou haſt ſuffred long.
Which makes me thinke, that time, & patience may
Intenerat at length the hardeſt heart,
And that I may yet after all my woe,
Liue t'ouertake *Carinus* mercy too.

Do. And here this ſad diſtreſſe of ſuch a true,
And conſtant louer ouercome with griefe.
Preſents vnto my guilty memorie
The wrongs *Mirtillus* hath indur'd of me.
And ô I would I knew now how he doth,
I feare he is not well, I ſaw him not
Scarſe theſe three dayes, I meruaile where he is,
And yet what need I meruaile, who haue thus
Chac'd him from me with frownes and vſage vile,
And fondly left the ſubſtance of his faith,
To catch the ſhadow of deceipt and guile?
Was *Colax* he I thought the onely man,
And is he now prou'd to be ſuch a one?
O that I euer lent an eaſie eare,
Vnto ſo falſe a wretches flatteries,
Whoſe very name I now abhorre to heare,
And loath my ſelfe, for being ſo vnwiſe.
What ſhall I doe ſweet *Amarillis* now,
Which way ſhall I betake me to recouer
The loſſe of ſhame, and I aſſe of ſuch a louer?

Am. Indeed *Dorinda* you haue done him wrong,
But your repentance, and compaſſion now
May make amends, and you muſt learne to do
As I long time haue done, indure and hope,
And on that turne of Fortunes Scene depend,
When all extremities muſt mend, or end.

SCEN. V.

Melibæus, Ergaſtus.

Mel. Well, come *Ergaſtus*, we haue ſeene ynow,
And it is more then time, that we prepare

Againſt

Against this Hydra of confusion now,
Which still presents new hideous heads of feare:
And euery houre we see begets new broyles,
And intricates our youth in desperate toyles,
And therefore let th'aduantage of this day,
Which is the great and generall hunting day
In *Erymanthus*, serue for this good deede:
And when wee meete (as all of vs shall meete
Here in this place anone, as is decreed)
We will aduise our Shepheards to intermit
That worke, and fall to this imports vs more,
To chase out these wilde mischiefes that do lurke,
And worse infect, then th'*Erimanthian* Boare,
Or all Beasts else, which onely spoile our fields,
Whilst these which are of more prodigious kindes,
Bend all their forces to destroy our mindes.

Erg. And this occasion will be very fit
Now to be tooke, for one day lost may lose
More by example, then we shall regeet
In thousands, for when men shall once disclose
The way of ill that lay vnknowne before,
Scarce all our paines will euer stop it more.
Man is a creature of a wilfull head,
And hardly's driuen, but easily is lead.

ACTVS V. SCENA I.

Amarillis. Carinus.

Ama. Ah gentle *Lælaps*, pretty louing doggo,
Where hast thou left thy maister, where is he,
That great commander ouer thee and me?
Thou wert not wont be farre off from his feete,

And so no more would I, were he so pleas'd;
But would as well as thou goe follow him,
Through brakes and thickets, ouer cliffes & rockes
So long as I had life to follow him,
Would he but looke vpon me with that eye
Of fauour, as h'is vs'd to looke on thee,
Thou canst be clapt, and strookt with that faire hand
That thrusts away my heart, and beates it back
From following him, which yet it euer will
And though he flye me yet I must after still.
But here he comes me thought he was not farre.

Car. What meane you *Amarillis* in this sort
By taking vp my dogge to marre my sport?

Am. My deare *Carinus* thou doest much mistake
I doe not marre thy sport, tis thou marrst mine,
And killst my ioyes with that hard heart of thine,
Thy dogge perhaps by some instinct doth know
How that I am his maisters creature too,
And kindely comes himselfe and fawnes on me
To shew what you in nature ought to doe?

Car. Fie *Amarillis*, you that know my minde
Should not me thinkes this euer trouble me.

Am. What it is troublesome to be belou'd?
How is it then *Carinus* to be loath'd?
If I had done like *Clorus*, skornd your sute.
And spournd your passions, in disdainefull sort,
I had been woo'd, and sought, and highly prizd,
But hauing n'other arte to winne thy loue,
Saue by discouering mine, I am despis'd
As if you would not haue the thing you sought,
Vnlesse you knew, it were not to be gote.
And now because I lie here at thy feete,
The humble booty of thy conquering eyes,
And lay my heart all open in thy sight,
And tell thee I am thine, and tell thee right,

And doe not ſute my lookes; nor cloth my words
In other coulours, then my thoughts do weare,
But doe thee right in all, thou skorneſt me
As if thou didſt not loue ſinceritie
Neuer did Cryſtall more apparantly
Preſent the coulour it contayn'd with in
Thé haue theſe eyes, theſe teares, this tongue of mine
Bewray'd my heart, and told how much I'am thine.
Ca. Tis true I know you haue too much bewrayd
And more then fittes the honour of a maide.
Am. O if that nature hath not arm'd my breaſt
With that ſtrong temper of reſiſting proofe,
But that by treaſon of my weake complection, I
Am made thus eaſy to the violent ſhott
Of paſſion, and th'affection I ſhould not:
Me thinkes yet you out of your ſtrength and power,
Should not diſdaine that weakenes, but ſhould think
It rather is your vertue, as indeed
It is, that makes me thus againſt my kinde,
T'vnlock my thoughts, and to let out my minde,
When I ſhould rather die and burſt with loue.
Then once to let my tongue to ſay, I loue
And if your worthy parts be of that power
To vanquiſh nature, and I muſt be wonne
Do not diſdaine the worke when you haue done,
For in contemning me you do diſpiſe
That power of yours which makes me to be thus.
Ca. Now what a doe is here with idle talke?
And to no purpoſe, for you know I haue
Ingag'd long ſince my heart, my loue and all
To *Clorus*, who muſt haue the ſame and ſhall.
Am. Why there is no ſuch oddes twixt her and me
I am a Nimph, tis knowne as well as ſhee.
There is no other difference betwixt vs twaine
But that I loue, and ſhe doth thee diſdaine.

No

No other reason can induce thy minde,
But onely that which should diuert thy minde.
I will attend thy flockes better then she,
And dresse thy Bower more sweet, more daintily,
And cheerish thee with Salets, and with Fruites,
And all fresh dainties as the seasons suites;
I haue more skill in hearbes, then she, by farre,
I know which nourish, which restoring are:
And I will finde *Dictamnus* for thy Goates,
And seeke out Clauer for thy little Lambes,
And Tetrisoll to cheerish vp their Dammes,
And this I know, I haue a better voice
Then she, though she perhaps may haue more arte,
But which is best; I haue the faithfullst heart,
Besides *Amyntas* hath her loue, I know,
And she begins to menifest it now.

Car. *Amyntas* haue her loue? that were most strange,
When he hath gotten that you shall haue mine.

Am. O deere *Carinus*, let me rest vpon
That blessed word of thine, and I haue done.

SCEN. II.

Mirtillus. Carinus. Amarillis.

Mir. Well met *Carinus*, I can tell you newes,
Your riuall, poore *Amyntas*, hath vndone
And spoil'd himselfe, and lyes in that weake case,
As we thinke neuer more to see his face.

Car. *Mirtillus*, I am sorry t'heare so much:
Although *Amyntas* be competitor
In th'Empire of her heart, wherein my life
Hath chiefest claime, I doe not wish his death:

But

But by what chance, *Mirtillus* pray the tell?
Mil. I will *Carinus*, though I grieue to tell.
As *Tityrus*, *Menalcas*, and my ſelfe
Were placing of our toyles, againſt anon
That we ſhall hunt, below within the ſtraight,
Twixt *Erimanthus*, and *Lycæus* mount,
We might perceiue vnder a ragged cliffe,
In that moſt vncouth deſart, all alone,
Diſtreſſe *Amyntas* lying on the ground,
With his ſad face, turn'd cloſe vnto the rock,
As if he loathed to ſee more of the world,
Then that poore ſpace, which was twixt him and it,
His right hand ſtretcht along vpon his ſide,
His left he makes the pillor to ſupport
His carefull head, his Pipe he had hung vp
Vpon a Beach tree by, where he likewiſe
Had plac'd his Sheephooke, and his Knife, wherewith
He had incaru'd an wofull Elegie,
To ſhew th'occaſion of his miſerie.
His dogge *Melampus* ſitting by his ſide,
As if he were partaker of his woe:
By which we knew t'was he, and to him went,
And after we had call'd, and ſhooke him vp,
And found him not to anſwere, nor to ſtirre
And yet his eyes abroad, his body warme;
We tooke him vp, and held him from the ground,
But could not make him ſtand by any meanes;
And ſincking downe againe, we ſearcht to ſee
If he had any wound, or blow, or wrinch,
But none could finde: at laſt by chance we ſpide
A little horne which he had flung aſide,
Whereby we geſt he had ſome poyſon tooke,
And thereupon we ſent out preſently
To fetch *Vrania*, whoſe great skill in hearbes
Is ſuch, as if there any meanes will be,

As

As I feare none will be, her onely arte
Must ſerue to bring him to himſelfe againe.
Car. Indeed *Urania* hath bin knowne t'haue done
Moſt deſperate cures, and peraduenture may
Reſtore him yet, and I doe wiſh ſhe may.
Mir. But hauing there vſ'd all the helpe we could,
And all in vaine, and ſtanding by with griefe,
(As we might well, to ſee ſo ſad a ſight)
(And ſuch an worthy Shepheard in that plight)
We might perceiue come running downe the hill,
Cloris, and *Techne*, with what ſpeed they could,
But *Cloris* had got ground, and was before,
And made more haſte, as it concernd her more.
And neerer as ſhe came, ſhe faſter went,
As if ſhe did deſire to haue bene there
Before her feete, too ſlow for her ſwift feare.
And comming to the place, ſhe ſodainely
Stopt, ſtartes, and ſhrikt, and hauing made ſuch haſte
T'haue ſomething done, now could ſhe nothing doe.
Perhaps our preſence might perplexe her too,
As being aſham'd that any eye ſhould ſee
The new appearing of her naked heart,
That neuer yet before was ſeene till now.
Car. And 'tis ill hap for me it was ſeene now.
Mir. For we perceiu'd how *Lone* and *Modeſtie*
With ſeu'rall Enſignes, ſtroue within her cheekes
Which ſhould be Lord that day, and charged hard
Vpon each other, with their freſh ſupplies
Of different coulours, that ſtill came, and went,
And much diſturb'd her, but at length diſſolu'd
Into affection, downe ſhe caſts her ſelfe
Vpon his ſenſeleſſe body, where ſhe ſaw
The mercie ſhe had brought was come too late:
And to him calles ô deare *Amyntas*, ſpeake,
Looke on me, ſweete *Amyntas*, it is I

That

That calles thee, lit is, that holds thee here,
Within thoſe armes thou haſte eſteem'd ſo deare,
And though that loue were yet ſo young in her
As that it knew not how to ſpeake, or what,
And that ſhe neuer had that paſſion prou'd,
Being firſt a louer ere ſhe knew ſhe lou'd,
Yet what ſhe could not vtter, ſhe ſupplide,
With her poore buſie hands that rubb'd his face,
Chafd his pale temples, wrung his fingers ends
Held vp his head, and puld him by the hands,
And neuer left her worke, nor euer ceaſt.
Ama. Alas the leaſt of this regard before,
Might haue helpe all, then when 'twas in her power,
Thaue ſau'd his heart, and to reuiue his minde,
Naw for all this, her mercie is vnkinde;
The good that's out of ſeaſon, is not good,
There is no difference now twixt cruelty,
And the compaſſion that's not vnderſtood.
Mir. But yet at length, as if thoſe daintie hands,
Had had a power to haue awakened death,
We might perceiue him moue his heauy eyes,
Which had ſtood fixt all the whole time before,
And faſtens them directly vpon her.
Which when ſhe ſaw, it ſtrooke her with that force,
As that it pierc'd through all the ſpirits ſhe had,
Made all the powers and parts of her ſhrinke vp,
With that conuulſion of remorſe and griefe,
As out ſhe ſhrik'd, ô deere, ô my deere heart,
Then ſhrinkes againe, and then againe cryes out.
For now that looke of his did ſhake her more,
Then death or any thing had done before,
That looke did read t'her new conceiuing heart,
All the whole tragicke Lecture of his loue,
All his ſad ſuffrings, all his griefes, and feare,
And now in th'end what he had done for her.

And with that powerfull force of mouing too,
As all a world of words could neuer doe.
Ah what a silly messenger is Speech
To be imploi'd in that great Embassie
Of our affections in respect of th'eye;
Ah 'tis the silent rhetoricke of a looke,
That workes the league betwixt the straites of hearts,
Not words I see, nor knowledge of the booke,
Nor incantations made by hidden artes,
For now this looke so melts her into teares,
As that she powr'd them downe like thunder drops,
Or else did Nature taking pitty now
Of her distresse, imploy them in that store,
To serue as vailes, and to be interposde
Betwixt her griefe and her, t'impeach her sight,
From that full view of sorrow thus disclosde.
And now with this came in *Vrania* there,
With other women, to imploy their best
To saue his life, if b' any meanes they can.
And so we came our way, being sent for now
About some conference for our hunting sports,
And with vs *Techne* comes, who is supposde,
T'haue beene a speciall cause of much of this.
Car. Alas this sad report doth grieue me much,
And I did neuer thinke, that *Cloris* had
So deerely lou'd him as I finde she doth,
For by this act of hers I plainely see,
There will be neuer any hope for me.
Ama. There may for me, if now *Carinus* thou
Wilt stand but to thy word, as thou hast said.
Mir. Ah would to God *Dorinda* had beene there,
T'haue seene but *Cloris* act this wofull part;
It may be, it might haue detern'd her heart
From cruelty, so long as she had liu'd.
Am. And I am glad *Carinus* hath but heard

So

So much this day, for he may hap thereby
To haue some feeling of my miserie,
But for *Derinda* neuer doubt at all,
She is more yours *Mirtillus* then you thinke.
Mir. Ah *Amarillis*, I would that were true.
But loe where come our chiefest heardsmen now,
Of all *Arcadia*, we shall know more newes.

SCENA III.

Melibæus, Ergastus, Montanus, Acrisius with other Arcadians, bringing with them Alcon, Lincus, Colax, Techne, Pistophœnax.

Meli. You gentle Shepheards and inhabitors
Of these remote, and solitarie parts
Of *Montaynous Arcadia*, shut vp here
Within these Rockes, these vnfrequented Clifts,
The walles and Bulwarkes of our libertie,
From out the noise of tumult, and the throng
Of sweating toyle, ratling concurrencie,
And haue continued still the same and one
In all successions from antiquitie;
Whil'st all the states on earth besides haue made
A thousand reuolutions, and haue rowl'd
From change to change, and neuer yet found rest,
Nor euer bettered their estates by change.
You, I inuoke this day in generall,
To doe a worke that now concernes vs all:
Least that we leaue not to posteritie,
Th'*Arcadia* that we found continued thus
By our fore-fathers care who left it vs.
For none of you I know, whose iudgement's graue
Can ought discerne, but sees how much we are

Transfor-

Transformd of late, and changd from what we were
And what diſtempers dayly doe ariſe
Amongſt our people, neuer felt before,
At which I know you meruaile, as indeed
You well may meruaile, whence they ſhould proceed
And ſo did good *Ergaſtus* here, and I,
Vntill we ſet our ſelues more warily
To ſearch it out, which by good hap we haue,
And found the Authors of this wickednesſe.
Which diuells attyr'd here in the ſhape of men,
We haue produc'd before you, to the end
You may take ſpeedy order to ſuppreſſe
Our growing follies, and their impiouſneſſe.

Erg. Indeed theſe odious wretches which you ſee,
Are they who haue brought in vpon our reſt,
Theſe new and vnknowne miſchiefes of debate,
Of wanton pride, of ſcandulous report,
Of vile deluding chaſte and honeſt loues,
Of vndeſeru'd ſuſpitious deſperate griefes,
And all the ſadneſſe we haue ſeene of late.
And firſt this man, this *Lincus* here you ſee,
Montanus you, and you *Acryſius* know,
With what deceipt, and with what cunning arte,
He intertaind your ſtrifes, abuſd you both,
By firſt perſwading you that you had right
In your demands, and then the right was yours,
And would haue made as many rights, as men
Had meanes, or power, or will to purchaſe them;
Could he haue once attain'd to his deſires.

Mon. We doe confeſſe our errour, that we were
Too eaſily perſwaded by his craft,
To wrangle for imagin'd titles, which
We here renounce, and quit for euermore,

Acry. And we deſire the memory thereof
May dye with vs, that it be neuer knowne

Our

Our feeble age hath ſuch example ſhowne.
Erg. And now this other ſtrange impoſtor here,
This *Alcon*, who like *Lincus* hath put on,
The habite too of emptie grauitie,
To catch opinion, and conceipt withall,
Seekes how to ſet vs all at variance here
With nature, as this other with our ſelues,
And would confound her, working with his arte,
And labours how to make our mindes firſt ſicke,
Before our bodies, and perſwade our health
It is not well, that he may haue thereby
Both it and ſickneſſe euer vnder cure.
And forraine drugs brings to diſtemper's here
And make vs like the wanton world abroad.
Mel. But here are two the moſt pernicious ſpirits
The world I thinke did euer yet produce.
Colax and *Techne*, two ſuch inſtruments
Of Wantonneſſe, of Luſt and treacherie,
As are of power t'intice and to debauſh
The vniuerſall ſtate of honeſtie.
Erg. But *Techne* who is that ſtands there by you,
What is your companie increaſt of late?
Te. Truely it is a very honeſt man
A friend of mine that comes to ſee me here.
Erg. He cannot then but be an honeſt man.
If he be one of your acquaintance ſure.
Mel. This man I found with them now ſince you went
Maintaining hote diſpute with *Titerus*
About the rites and miſteries of *Pan*.
Erg. H'is like to be of their aſſociats then.
Er. *Techne*, what is this ſecret friend of yours?
Tec. For-ſooth he is a very holy man.
Erg. A very holy man? what is his name?
Tec. Truely his name Sir is *Piſtophœnax*.
Erg. What is he maskt, or is that face his owne?

Te.

Tec. He is not maskt, tis his complection sure.
Erg. Techne we cannot credite thy report,
Let one trie whether it be so or not,
O see a most deformed ougly face,
Wherewith if openly he should appeare,
He would deterre all men from comming neere.
And therefore hath that cunning wretch put on
This pleasing visor of apparencie,
T'intice and to delude the world withall;
So that you see with what strange inginiers,
The proiect of our ruine is forecast.
How they implanted haue their battery here,
Against all the maine pillors of our state,
Our Rites; our Customes, Nature, Honestie,
T'imbroyle, and to confound vs vtterly,
Reckning vs barbarous, but if thus their skill
Doth ciuilize let vs be barbarous still.
Mel. But now to shew the horrible effects
Of *Colax*, and of *Technes* practises,
(Besides this last exploit they wrought vpon,
Amyntas who, poore youth, lies, now full weake:
Vnder *Vranias* cure, whose skill we heare
Hath yet recall'd him to himselfe againe)
We haue sent out abroad into the woods,
For *Siluia* and *Palemon* two chast soules
Whom they haue tortur'd so with iealousie,
Of each the other, as they made them run
Apart, to languish seuerally alone;
And we haue sent for diuers others too,
Whose hearts have felt what impious craft can do.
And here they come, and now you shall know all.

SCENA IV.

SCENA IV.

Palæmon, Mirtillus, Carinus, Siluia, Dorinda Amarillis, Daphne, Cloris, Amyntas.

Erg. Come good *Palæmon*, and good *Siluia* come,
You haue indur'd too much, and too too long.
Sil. Ah why *Ergastus* doe you set our names
So nere together, when our hearts so farre,
Are distant from each other as they are?
Indeed whil'st we were one as once we were,
And as we ought to be were faith obseru'd,
Palæmon should not haue beene nam'd without
A *Siluia*, nor yet *Siluia* without him.
But now we may *Ergastus*, we are too.
Pal. Siluia, there in the greater wrong you doe.
Sil. Palæmon, nay the greater wrong you doe.
Erg. Alas we know well where the wrong doth lie.
Sil. I know you doe, and all the world may know.
Pal. Siluia, you see your fault cannot be hid.
Sil. It is no fault of mine *Palæmon*, that
Your shame doth come to be reuealed here;
I neuer told it, you yaurselfe haue not
Conceal'd your worke so closely as you should.
Pal. But there stands one can tel what you hau bene.
Sil. Nay there he stands can telwhat you haue bene.
And sure is now in publicke here produc'd
To testifie your shame, but not set on
By me I do protest, who rather would
Haue di'd alone in secret with my griefe
Then had your infamie discouered here.
Wherein my shame, must haue so great a share,

Pal.

Pal. I haue not ſought to manifeſt your ſhame,
Which *Siluia*, rather then haue done I would
Haue beene content t'indure the worſt of deaths,
I hauing ſuch an intreſt in the ſame.
Col. No *Siluia*, no *Palæmon*, I ſtand here
Not t'accuſe you, but t'accuſe my ſelfe
Of wrong, you both God knowes are cleare,
I haue abus'd your apt credulitie,
With falſe reports of things that neuer were:
And therefore here craue pardon for the ſame,
Pal. Why *Colax*, did not *Siluia* intertaine
The loue of *Thyrſis* then as you told me?
Col. *Palæmon* no, ſhe neuer intertain'd
His loue, nor wrong'd you as I euer knew.
Sil. But *Colax* you ſaw how *Palæmon* did
With *Niſa* falſifie his vow to me.
Col, *Siluia*, by heauen and earth I ſweare not I,
But onely fain'd it out of ſubtiltie;
For ſome vngodly ends I had decreed.
Pal. O let not this be made ſome cunning baite
To take my griefes with falſe beliefe, for I
Had rather liue with ſorrow then deceipt,
And ſtill t'be vndone, then to haue ſuch reliefe.
Sil. Ah let not this deuiſe be wrought to guilde
My bitterneſſe, to make me ſwallow't now
That I might be another time beguilde
With confidence, and not truſt what I know.
Pal. Ah *Siluia* now, how were I cleer'd of griefe,
Had I the power to vnbeleeue beliefe.
But ah my heart hath dwelt ſo long in houſe
With that firſt tale, as this which is come new,
Cannot be put in truſt with my deſire
So ſoone, beſides 'tis too good to be true.
Sil. Could I *Palæmon* but vnthinke the thought
Of th'ill firſt heard, and that it were not ſo,

How

How blest were I? but loe I see how doubt
Comes in farre easier then it can get out.
And in these miseries of iealousie,
Our eare hath greater credit then our eye.
Mel. Stand not confus'd deare louers any more,
For this is now the certaine truth you heare,
And this vile wretch hath done you both this wrong.
Pa. Ist possible, and is this true you say,
And doe I liue, and doe I see the day?
Ah then come *Siluia*, for I finde this wound
That pierc'd into the center of my heart,
Hath let in loue farre deeper then it was.
Sil. If this be so, why then *Palæmon* know,
I likewise feele the loue that was before
Most in my heart, is now become farre more:
And now ô pardon me you worthy race
Of men, if I in passion vttred ought
In preiudice of your most noble sexe;
And thinke it was m'agrieued errour spake
It knew not what, transported so, not I.
Pal. And pardon me you glorious companie
You starres of women, if m'in raged heat
Haue ought profan'd your reuerent dignitie,
And thou bright *Pallas* sou'raigne of all Nimphes,
The royall Mistresse of our Pastorall Muse
And thou *Diana* honour of the woods
To whome I vow my songs, and vow my selfe,
Forgiue me mine offence and be you pleas'd
T'accept of my repentance now therefore,
And grace me still, and I desire no more.
Sil. And now I would that *Cloris* knew thus much
That so she might be vndeceiued too,
Whom I haue made beleeue so ill of men:
But loe see where she comes, and as it seemes
Brings her beliefe al ready in her hand

Presents

Preuents my act, and is confirmd before.
Looke *Cloris* looke, my feares haue idle bene,
Palæmon Loues me there is truſt in men.
Col. And *Siluia* I muſt not beleeue ſo too
Or elſe god help I know not what to doe.
Hal. Looke here *Mirtillus* looke what I told you
Is now prou'd falſe, and women they are true.
Mi. So I perceiue *Palæmon*, and 'tis ſeemes
But vaine conceipt that other wiſe eſteemes.
Mo. Alas here comes my deare reſtored ſonne
My louely child *Amyntas* here is come.
Acry. And here is *Cloris* my deare daughter come
And lookes as if ſhe were affrighted ſtill,
Poore ſoule, with feare, and with her ſodaine griefe,
Col. Lo here *Montanus* I haue brought you home
Although with much a doe, your ſonne againe
And ſorry am with all my heart that I,
Haue bene the cauſe he hath indur'd ſo much.
Mon. And I reſtore him back againe to you
Deare *Cloris* and doe wiſh you to forget
Your ſorrowes paſt, and pray the Gods you may
From henceforth lead your life with happie ioy.
Acr. Doe *Cloris* take him, and I wiſh as much.
Erg. Well then to make our ioyfull feſtiuals
The more complet, *Dorinda*, we intreat
You alſo to accept *Mirtillus* loue,
Who we are ſure hath well deſerued yours.
Do. Although this be vpon ſhort warning, yet
For that I haue bene ſommoned before
By mine owne heart, and his deſerts to me
To yeeld to ſuch a motion, I am now
Content t'accept his loue, and wilbe his.
Mir. *Dorinda* then I likewiſe haue my bliſſe
And reckon all the ſufferings I haue paſt
Worthy of thee to haue this ioy at laſt.

Mel,

Mel. And you *Carinus* looke on that good Nimph
Whose eye is still on you, as if she thought
Her suffrings too, deseru'd some time of ioy
And now expects her turne, hath brought her lap
For comfort too whil'st fortune deales good hap.
And therefore let her haue it now poore soule
For she is worthy to possesse your loue.
Car. I know she is, and she shall haue my loue,
Though *Colax* had perswaded me before
Neuer t'accept or to beleeue the loue
Of any Nimph, and of: to me hath sworne
How he had tri'd them all, and that none were
As men, beguild by shewes, suppos'd they were.
But now I do perceiue his treachery,
And that they haue both loue and constancie.
Amy. O deare *Carinus* blest be this good howre,
That I haue liu'd to ouertake at last
That heart of thine which fled from me so fast.
Erg. And *Daphne* too me thinks your heauy lookes
Shew how that something is amisse with you.
Dap. Nothing amisse with me, but that of late
I tooke a fall, which somewhat grieuesme yet.
Erg. That must aduise you *Daphne* from henceforth
To looke more warily vnto your feete,
Which if you doe, no doubt but all this will be well.
Mel. Then thus we see the sadnesse of this day
Is ended with the euening of our ioy:
And now you impious spirits, who thus haue rais'd
The hideous tempests of these miseries,
And thus abus'd our simple innocence,
We charge you all here presently t'auoid,
From out our confines, vnder paine to be
Cast downe and dasht in pieces from these rockes,
And t'haue your odious carkases deuour'd
By beasts, being worse your selues then beasts to men.

Col.

Coh. Well then come *Techne*, for I see we two
Must euen be forc'd to make a marriage too;
And goe to *Corinth*, or some Cittie neere,
And by our practise get our liuing there:
Which both together ioyn'd, perhaps we may:
And this is now the worst of miseries
Could come vnto me, and yet worthily,
For hauing thus abus'd so many Nimphes,
And wrong'd the honour most vnreuerently
Of women, in that sort as I haue done,
That now I am forst to vndergoe therefore,
The worst of Plagues: To marry with a W.

Alc. But *Lincus*, let not this discourage vs,
That this poore people iealous of their rest,
Exile vs thus, for we no doubt shall finde
Nations enough, that will most ready be
To entertaine our skill, and cherish vs.
And worthier people too, of subtler spirits,
Then these vnfashion'd, and vncomb'd rude swaines,

Lin. Yea and those Nations are farre sooner drawne
T'all friuolous distractions then are these;
For oft we see, the grosse doe manage things,
Farre better then the subtle, cunning brings
Confusion sooner then doth ignorance.

Al. Yea and I doubt not whil'st there shall be found
Fantasticke puling wenchnes in the world,
But I shall florish, and liue iollily,
For such as I by women must begin
To gaine a name and reputation winne,
Which when we haue attain'd to, you know then
How easily the women draw on men.

Lin. Nor do I doubt but I shall likewise liue,
And thriue, where euer I shall plant my selfe,
For I haue all those helpes my skill requires
A wrangling nature, a contesting grace,

A wrangling nature a conteſting grace,
A Clamorous voice, and an audacious face.
And I can cite the law t'oppugne the law,
And make the gloſſe to ouerthrow the text
I can alledge and vouch authoritie,
T'imbroyle th'intent, and ſenſe of equitie,
Beſides by hauing been a Notarie,
And vs'd to frame litigious inſtruments
And leaue aduantages for ſubtilty,
And ſtrife to worke on, I can ſo deuiſe
That there ſhall be no writing made ſo ſure
But it ſhall yeeld occaſion to conteſt
At any time when men ſhall thinke it beſt,
Nor be thou check't with this *Piſtophinax*,
That at thy firſt appearing thou art thus
Diſcou'red here, thou ſhalt along with vs,
And take thy fortune too, as well as we.
Pif. Tuſh *Lincius* this cannot diſcourage me,
For we that traffique with credulitie
And with opinion, ſtill ſhall cheriſht be:
But here your errour was to enter firſt
And be before me, for you ſhould haue let
Me made the way that I might haue miſlikt
That chaine of Zeale that holds in amitie,
And calld vp doubt in their eſtabliſht rites,
Which would haue made you ſuch an eaſie way,
As that you might haue brought in what you would,
Vpon their ſhaken and diſcattered mindes,
For our profeſſion any thing refutes,
And all's vnſetled whereas faith diſputes.
Mel. Now what a muttring keepe you there, away
Begone I ſay, and beſt doe, whilſt you may.
And ſince we haue redeem'd our ſelues ſo well
Out of the bonds of miſchiefe let vs all
Exile with them their ill example too,

Which neuer more remaines, as it begun,
But is a wicked fire t'a farre worse sonne,
And stayes not till it makes vs slaues vnto
That vniuersall Tyrant of the earth
Custome who takes from vs our priuiledge
To be our selues, reades that great charter too
Of nature and would likewise cancell man:
And so inchaines our iudgements and discourse
Vnto the present vsances, that we
Must all our senses thereunto refer.
Be as we finde our selues, not as we are,
As if we had no other touch of truth
And reason then the nations of the times
And place wherein we liue; and being our selues
Corrupted, and abastardized thus
Thinke all lookes ill, that doth not looke like vs
And therefore let vs recollect our selues
Dispers'd into these strange confused ill
And be againe *Arcadians* as we were
In manners and in habit as we were,
And so solemnize this our happy day
Of restauration, with other feasts of ioy.

A FVNERALL POEME.

Vpon the Death of the *late noble Earle of* Deuonshire.

NOw that the hand of death hath laid thee there
Where neither greatnes, pomp, nor grace, we see
Nor any differences of earth and where
No vaile is drawne betwixt thy selfe and thee.
Now *Deuonshire* that thou art but a name
And all the rest of thee besides is gone,
When men conceiue thee not but by the fame
Of what thy vertue, and thy worth haue done.
Now shall my verse which thou in life didst grace,
(And which was no disgrace for thee to doe)
Not leaue thee in the graue, that ougly place
That few regard, or haue respect vnto,
Where all attendance, and obseruance ends,
Where all the Sunshine of our fauour sets,
Where what was ill, no countenance defends.
And what was good, th'vnthankfull world forgets.

ere shalt thou haue the seruice of my pen
The tongue of my best thoughts) and in this case
cannot be suppos'de to flatter, when
I speake behinde thy backe not to thy face:
Men neuer sooth the dead but where they doo
Find liuing tyes, to hold them thereunto.
And I stand cleere from any other chaine
Then of my loue which freeborne, draws free breath
The benefit thou gau'st me to sustaine
My humble life, I loose it by thy death:
Nor was it such, as it could lay on me
Any exaction of respect so strong,
As t'inforce m'obseruance, beyond thee,
Or make my conscience differ from my tongue
For I haue learnt it is the propertie
For free men to speake truth, for slaues to lye.
And therefore I sincerely will report
First how thy parts were taire conuaid within
How that braue minde was built and in what sort
All thy contexture of thy heart hath beene,
Which was so nobly fram'd so well compos'd
As vertue neuer had a fairer seate
Nor could be better lodg'd nor more repos'd,
Then in that goodly frame, where all things sweet,
And all things quiet, held a peacefull rest,
Where passion did no suddaine tumults raise
That might disturbe her, nor was euer breast
Contain'd so much, and made so little noise
That by thy silent modestie is found
The emptiest vessels make the greatest sound.
For thou so well discernsd'st thy selfe, had stread
Man and his breath so well, as made thee force
The lesse to speake, as being ordaind to spread
Thy selfe in action, rather than discourse,
Though thou hadst made a generall Survey

Of

Of all the beſt of mens beſt knowledges,
And knew as much as euer learning knew,
Yet did it make thee truſt thy ſelfe the leſſe,
And leſſe preſume and yet when being mou'd
In priuate talke to ſpeake, thou didſt bewray
How fully fraught thou wert within, and prou'd
That thou didſt know what euer wit could ſay
Which ſhew'd thou hadſt not bookes as many haue
For oſtentation, but for vſe and that
Thy bounteous memory was ſuch, as gaue
A large reuenue of the good, it gat.
Witneſſe ſo many volumes whereto thou
Haſt ſet thy notes vnder thy learned hand,
And markt them with that print as will ſhew how
The point of thy conceiuing thoughts did ſtand
That none would thinke if all thy life had been
Turnd into leiſure, thou couldſt haue attaind
So much of time, to haue perus'd and ſeene,
So many volumes that ſo much contain'd.
Which furniture may not be deem'd leaſt rare
Amongſt thoſe ornaments that ſweetly dight *The library at Wauſted*
Thy ſolitarie *Wanſteed*, where thy care
Had gathered all what heart or eyes delight.
And whereas many others haue we ſee
All things within their houſes worth the ſight,
Except themſelues, that furniture of thee.
And of thy preſence, gaue the beſt delight.
With ſuch a ſeaſon, ſuch a temprature
Wert thou compos'd, as made thy ſweetnes one,
And held the tenor of thy life ſtill ſure.
In conſort with thy ſelfe in perfect tone
And neuer man had heart more truely ſerud
Vnder the regiment of his owne care
And was more at command, and more obſeru'd
The coulours of that modeſtie he bare

Then that of thine in whom men neuer found
That any shew, or speech obscene, could tell
Of any veine thou hadst that was vnsound
Or motion of thy powers, that turn'd not well.
And this was thy prouision laid within,
Thus wert thou to thy selfe, and now remaines
What to the world thou outwardly hast beene,
What the dimension of that side containes,
Which likewise was so goodly and so large
As shewes that thou wert borne t'adorne the daies,
Wherein thou liu'dst, and also to discharge
Those parts which Englands & thy fame should raise
Although in peace, thou seem'dst to be all peace
Yet being in warre, thou wert all warre, and there
As in thy spheere thy spirits did neuer cease,
To moue with indefatigable care
And nothing seem'd more to arride thy heart
Nor more inlarge thee into follitie,
Then when thou saw'st thy selfe in armour girt
Or any act of armes like to be nye.
The *Belgique* warre first tride thy martiall spirit,
And what thou wert & what thou would'st be found
And markt thee there according to thy merit
With honors stampe, a deepe and noble wound.
And that same place that rent from mortall men
Immortall *Sidney*, glory of the field
And glory of the Muses, and their pen
(Who equall bare the *Caduce* and the *Shield*)
Had likewise beene thy last, had not the fate
Of *England* then reseru'd thy worthy blood,
Vnto the preseruation of a State
That much concern'd her honour and her good,
And thence return'd thee to inioy the blis
Of grace and fauour in *Elizaes* sight
(That miracle of women who by this

Made

Made thee be held according to thy right
Which faire and happy blessing thou might well
Haue farre more rais'd had not thine enemie
Retired priuacie, made thee to sell
Thy greatnes for thy quiet, and denie
To meete faire Fortune, when she came to thee,
For neuer man did his preferment flie.
And had it in that eminent degree,
As thou, as if it sought thy modestie.
For that which many, whom ambition toyles
And tortures with their hopes, hardly attaine
With all their thrusts, & shouldring, plots, and wiles
Was easily made thine without thy paine.
And without any priuate maligne
Or publique greeuance, euery good manioy'd
That vertue could come cleere to any thing
And faire deserts to be so fairely pay'd
Those benefits that were bestow'd on thee
Were not like fortunes fauours, they could see
Eliz.'s cleere eyed iudgement is renown'd
For making choice of thy abilitie:
But it will euerlastingly redound
Vnto the glory and benignitie
Of *Brittaines* mighty Monarch, that thou wert
By him aduanced for thy great desert,
It being the fairer worke of maiestie
With fauour to reward, than to employ.
Although thy seruices, were such as they
Might aske their grace themselues: yet doe we see
That to successe, desert hath not a way
But vnder Princes that most gracious be,
For without thy great valour we had lost
The dearest purchase euer *England* made,
And made with such profuse exceeding cost
Of bloud and charge, to keepe and to inuade:

As communation paid a deerer prise
For such a peece of earth, and yet well paid
And well aduentur'd for with great aduice
And happily to our dominions laide
Without which out-let, England thou hast beene
From all the rest of th'earth shut out and pent
Vnto thy selfe, and forst to keepe within,
Inuiron'd round with others gouernment,
Where now by this, thy large imperiall Crowne
Stands boundlesse in the West, and hath a way
For noble times, left to make all thine owne
That lyes beyond it and force all t'obay.
And this important peece like t'haue been rent
From off thy state, did then so tickle stand,
As that no ioynture of the gouernment
But shooke, no ligament, no band
Of order and obedience, but were then
Loose and in tottering, when the charge
Thereof was laid on *Montioy*, and that other men
Chokt by example sought to put it off.
And he out of his natiue modestie
(As being no vndertaker) labours too
To haue auoided that which his abilitie
And Englands *Genius* would haue him to do
Alleadging how it was a charge vnfit
For him to vndergo, seeing such a one
As had more power and meanes t'accomplish it
Then he could haue had there so little done.
Whose ill successe (considering his great worth,
Was such as could that mischiefe be withstood.
It had been wrought) did in itselfe bring forth
Discouragement that he should doe lesse good,
The state replide, it was not lookt he should
Restore it wholy to it selfe againe
But onely now if possible he could

In any fashion but the same retaine
So that it did not fall a sunder quite
Being thus dishiuered in a desperate plight.
With courage on he goes doth exiquute
Which councell, and returnes with victory
But in what noble fashion he did sure
This action with what wit and industy,
Is not to be disgrac de in this small carde,
It askes a spacious Mappe of more regarde.
Here is no roome to tell with what strange speed
And secrecie he vsed to preuent
The enemies designes, nor with what heed
He marcht before report, where what he ment
Fame neuer knew her selfe till it was done,
His drifts and Rumor seldome being all one,
Nor will this place conueniencie affoord
To shew how he, when dismall winter stormes
Keepes peace, and makes Mars sheath his sword
Toyles him abroad, and noble act performes,
Nor how by mastring difficulties lo
In times vnusuall, and by passage hard
He brauely came to disappoint his foe,
And many times surpris'd him vnprepard.
Yet let me touch one point of that great Act,
That famous siege, the Master-worke of all
Where no distresse nor difficulties lackt
T'afflict his weary tyred Campe with all,
That when inclos'd by powerfull enemies
Once either side, with feeble troupes he lay
Intrencht in myre, in colde, in miseries,
Kept waking with Alarumes night, and day.
There were, who did aduise him, to withdraw
His army to some place of safe defence,
From the apparant perill which they saw
Was to confound them, or to force them thence.

For

For now the Spaniard hath poſſeſt three ports
The moſt important of this Ile ſay they,
And ſooner freſh ſupply ments, Spaine tranſports
To them, then England can to vs convay
The Reble is in heart, and now is ioynd
With ſome of them already, and doth ſtand
Here ouer vs, with chiefeſt ſtrength combind
Of all the deſperate forces of the land
And how vpon theſe diſaduantages
Your doubtfull troupes will fight your *Honourges*
Th'vndaunted *Montioy* hereto anſwers this.
My worthy friends, the charge of this great ſtate
And kingdome to my faith committed is
And I muſt all I can ingeniate
To anſwere for the ſame, and render it
Vpon as faire a reckning as I may,
But if from hence I ſhall once ſtirre my feete,
The kingdome is vndone, and loſt this day.
All will fly thither where they finde is hart
And feare ſhall haue none ſtand to take his part.
And how ſhall we anſwere our Country then
At our returne, nay anſwere our owne fame?
Which howſoeuer we haue done like men
Will be imbranded with the marke of blame,
And ſince we here are come vnto the point
For which we toyld ſo much and ſtaid ſo long,
Let vs not now our trauailes diſappoint
Of th'honour which doth thereunto belong.
We cannot ſpend our blood more worthily
Then in ſo faire a cauſe and if we fall
We fall with glory, and our worth thereby
Shalbe renowmed, and held deare of all.
And for my part I count the field to bee
The honourableſt bed to dye vpon,
And here your eies this day ſhall either ſee

My

My bodyl iid, or els this action done.
The Lord the chiefe and ſoueraigne Generall
Of Hoſts, makes we ke to ſtand, the ſtrong to fall.
With which braue reſolution he ſo warm'd
Their ſhaking courage, as they all in one
Set to that no le worke, which they perform'd
As gallantly as euer men haue donne.
Of which tis better nothing now to ſay,
Then ſay too little: For there reſts behind
A Trophey to b'erected, that will ſtay
To all poſterities, and keep in minde
That glorious act which did a kingdome ſaue,
Kept the Crowne whole & made the peace we haue
And now I will omit to ſhew therefore,
His management of publike buſneſſes:
Which oft are vnder fortunes conduct more
Then ours, and tell his priuate carriages,
Which on his owne diſcretion did relie,
Wherewith his ſpirit was furniſht happely,
Milde, affable, and eaſie of acceſſe
He was, but with a due reſeruednes:
So that the paſſage to his fauours lay
Not common to all commers, nor yet was
So narrow, but it gaue a gentle way
To ſuch as fitly might or ought to paſſe:
Nor ſold he ſmoke, nor tooke he vp to day
Commodities of mens attendances,
And of their hopes, to pay them with delay,
And intertaine them with faire promiſes.
But as a man that lou'd no great commerce
With buſneſſe, and with noiſe, hee euer flies
That Maze of many waies, which might diſperſe
Him, into other mens vncertainties.
And with a quiet calme ſincerity,
H'effects his vndertakings really.

His

His tongue and heart did not turne backes, but went
One way, and kept one course with what he ment:
He vs'd no maske at all, but euer ware
His honest inclination open fac'd,
The friendships that he vou'd, most constant were,
And with great iudgement, and discretion plac'd.
And *Deuonshire* thy faith hath her reward,
Thy noblest friends do not forsake thee now,
After thy death, but beare a kind regard,
Vnto thine honour in the Graue, and show,
That worthinesse, which merits to remaine,
Among th'examples of integrity,
Whereby themselues no doubt shall also gaine,
A like regard vnto their memorie.
Now muttering enuie, what canst thou produce
To darken the bright luster of such parts,
Cast thy pure stone, exempt from all abuse.
Say what defects could wey downe these deserts;
Summon detraction, to obiect the worst
That may be told, and vtter all it can.
It cannot find a blemish to b'inforst,
Against him, other, then he was a man:
And built of flesh and bloud, and did liue here
Within the region of infirmity,
Where all perfections neuer did appeare,
To meete in any one so really,
But that his frailtie euer did bewray,
Vnto the world, that he was set in clay.
And *gratitude*, and *charitie* I know,
Will keepe no note, nor memorie will haue
Of ought, but of his worthy vertues now
Which still will liue the rest lyes in his Graue.
Seeing onely such stand euer base and low,
That strike the dead, or mutter vnder-hand:
And as dogges barke at those they doe not knowe.

So

So they at ſuch they doe not vnderſtand.
The worthier ſort, who know we doe not liue
With perfect men, will neuer ſ'vnkind,
They will the right to the diſceaſed giue,
Knowing themſelues muſt likewiſe leaue behinde,
Thoſe that will cenſure them. And they know how,
The Lion being dead euen Hares inſult.
And will not vrge an imperfection now,
When as he hath no party to conſult,
Nor tongue, nor aduocate, to ſhew his minde:
They rather will lament the loſſe they finde,
By ſuch a noble member of that worth,
And know how rare the world ſuch mē orings forth.
But let it now ſufficient be, that I,
The laſt Scene of his act of life bewray,
Which giues th'applauſe to all, doth glorifie
The worke. For t'is the euening crownes the day.
This action of our death eſpecially
Shewes all a man, Here onely is he found,
With what munition he did fortifie
His heart, how good his furniture hath beno,
And this did he performe in gallant wiſe:
In this did he confirme his worthineſſe.
For on the morrow after the ſurpriſe
That ſickneſſe made on him with fierce acceſſe.
He told his faithfull friend whome he held deere,
(And whoſe great worth was worthy ſo to be)
How that he knew thoſe hot diſeaſes were
Of that contagious force, as he did ſee
That men were ouer-tumbled ſodeinely,
And therefore did deſire to ſet a courſe
And order t'his affaires as ſpeedily,
As might be, ere his ſickneſſe ſhould growe worſe,
And as for death, ſaid he, I doe not wey
I am reſolu'd and ready in this caſe.

cannot come t'affright me any way,
et it looke neuer with so grim a face:
nd I will meete it smiling for I know,
low vaine a thing all this worlds glory is.
nd herein did he keepe his word. Did show
ndeede as he had promised in this,
or sickenesse neuer heard him grone at all,
Nor with a sigh consent to shew his paine,
Which howsoeuer being tirannicall,
He sweetly made it looke, and did retaine
A lonely countenance of his being well,
And so would euer make his tongue to tell.
Although the fervour of extremitie
Which often doth throw those defences downe,
Which in our health, wall in infirmity,
Might open lay more then we would haue knowne:
Yet did no idle word in him bewray
Any one peece of nature ill set in,
Those lightnesses that any thing will say
Could say no ill of what they knew within,
Such a sure locke of Silent modestie
Was set in life vpon that noble heart
As that noe anguish, nor extremity
Could open it t'impaire that worthy part.
For having dedicated still the same
Vnto deuotion, and to sacred skill,
That furnish perfect held, that blessed flame
Continued to the last in fervour still
And when his spirit and tongue, no longer could
Doe any certaine seruices beside,
Euen at the point of parting, they vnfold
With feruent zeale how onely he relide
Vpon the merits of the precious death
Of his redeemer, and with rapt desires
H'appeases to grace. His soule deliuereth

Vnto the hand of mercie and expires.
Thus di.d that worthy, who moſt vertuouſly
And mildly liu'd, moſt ſweete, and mildly die,
And thus great Patrone of my muſe haue I
Paid thee my vowes and fairely cleer'd th'accounts
Which in my loue I owe thy memorie.
And let me ſay that herein there amounts
Something vnto thy fortune, that thou haſt
This monument of thee perhaps may laſt.
Which doth not t'euery mightie man befall,
For loe how many when they die, die all.
And this doth argue too, thy great deſerts
For honour neuer brought vnworthineſſe
Further then to the graue and there it parts
And leaues mens greatnes to forgetfulnes.
And we doe ſee that nettles, thiſtles brakes
(The pooreſt workes of nature (tread vpon
The proudeſt frames that mans inuention makes,
To hold his memory when he is gone.
But *Deuonſhire* thou haſt another Tombe
Made by thy vertues in a ſafer roome.

SAMVELL DANIELL.

FINIS.

In the Editions of 1592 & 1594
These Sonnets are dedicated to
the Rt Hon Lt Mary Cts of Pembroke
That of 1592 is in prose &
of 1594 takes the form of a sonnet
The principal variations are [illegible]
& inserted from the earlier [illegible]
throughout the present Copy

The folio Edit of 1602 [illegible] Ded
& appears to be followed in the present

TO DELIA.

SONNET. I.

VNto the boundles Ocean of thy beautie,
Runs this poore riuer, charg'd with ſtreames of (zeale
Returning thee the tribute of my dutie,
Which here my loue, my youth, my plaints re-
Here I vnclaſpe the book of my charg'd ſoule, (ueale,
Where I haue caſt th'accounts of all my care:
Here haue I ſumm'd my ſighes, here I inrole
How they were ſpent for thee; looke what they are:
Looke on the deere expences of my youth,
And ſee how iuſt I reckon with thine eyes:
Examine well thy beautie with my truth,
And croſſe my cares ere greater ſummes ariſe.
Read it (ſweet maid) thought it be done but ſleightly,
Who can ſhew all his loue, doth loue but lightly.

SONNET. II.

GO wailing verſe, the infants of my loue,
Minerua-like, brought forth without a mother:
Preſent the Image of the cares I proue,

Witneſſe

Witnes your fathers griefe exceeds all other.
Sigh out a storie of her cruell deeds,
With inter-rupted accents of despaire:
A monument that whosoeuer reeds,
May iustly praise, and blame my loueleſſe Faire.
Say her disdaine hath dried vp my blood,
And starued you in succours still denying:
Presse to her eyes, importune me some good,
Waken her sleeping pittie with your crying,
Knock at her hard heart, beg till ye haue mou'd her,
And tell th'vnkind, how dearly I haue lou'd her.

SONNET. III.

IF so it hap, this of-spring of my care,
These fatall Antheames, lamentable songs:
Come to their view, who like afflicted are;
Let them sigh for their owne, and mone my wrongs.
But vntoucht hearts, with vn affected eie,
Approach not to behold my heauines:
Clear-sighted you, soone note what is awrie,
Whil'st blinded soules mine errours neuer gesse.
You blinded soules whom youth and errour leade,
You out-cast Eaglets, dazeled with your sunne:
Do you, and none but you my sorrowes reade,
You best can iudge the wrongs that she hath done.
That she hath done, the motiue of my paine,
Who whil'st I loue, doth kill me with disdaine,

SONNET. IIII.

THese plaintiue verse, the Postes of my desire,
Which hast for succour to her slow regard,
Beare not report of any slender fire,
Forging a griefe to winne a fames reward.
Nor are my passions lymn'd for outward hew,
For that no colours can depaint my sorrowes:
DELIA herselfe, and all the world may view
Best in my face, where cares haue till'd deep furrowes.
No Bayes I seeke to decke my mourning brow,
O clear-eyde Rector of the holy Hill:
My humble accents beare the Oliue bough,
Of intercession, but to moue her will.
These lines I vse, t'vnburthen mine owne heart;
My loue affects no fame, nor steemes of Art.

SONNET. V.

WHil'st youth and error led my wandring minde,
And set my thoughts in heedleswaies to range:
All vnawares, a Goddesse chasse I finde,
(*Diana*-like) to worke my suddaine change.
For her no sooner had mine eye bewraid,
But with disdaine to see me in that place;
With faireſt hand, the sweet vnkindest maid,
Cast water-cold disdaine vpon my face.
Which turn'd my sport into a Harts dispaire,
Which still is chac'd, whilst I haue any breath,
By mine owne thoughts; set on me by my Faire:

My

My thoughts (like hounds) pursue me to my death.
Those that I fostred of mine owne accord,
Are made by her to murther thus their Lord.

SONNET. VI.

FAire is my Loue, and cruell as she's faire; (ny,
Her browshades frownes, although her eies are sun-
Her smiles are lightning, though her pride dispaire;
And her disdaines are gall, her fauours hunny.
A modest maide, deckt with a blush of honour,
Whose feete do tread green paths of youth and loue,
The wonder of all eyes that looke vpon her:
Sacred on earth, design'd a Saint aboue,
Chastitie and beautie, which were deadly foes,
Liue reconciled friends within her brow:
And had she pittie to conioyne with those,
Then who had heard the plaints I vtter now?
For had she not beene faire, and thus vnkinde,
My muse had slept, and none had knowne my mind.

SONNET. VII.

FOr had she not beene faire and thus vnkinde,
Then had no finger pointed at my lightnes:
The world had neuer knowne what I do finde,
And clouds obscure had shaded still her brightnes.
Then had no Censors eye these lines surueid,
Nor grauer browes haue iudg'd my muse so vaine;
No sunne my blush and error had bewraid,
Nor yet the world had heard of such disdaine.

Then

hen had I walkt with bold erected face,
No downe-caſt looke had ſignified my miſſe:
But my degraded hopes, with ſuch diſgrace
Did force me grone out griefes, and vtter this.
or being full, ſhould I not then haue ſpoken;
y ſence opprels'd, had fail'd, and heart had broken.

SONNET. VIII.

THou poore hart ſacrific'd vnto the faireſt,
Haſt ſent the incenſe of thy ſighes to heauen:
And ſtill againſt her frownes freſh vowes repaireſt,
And made thy paſſions with her beautie euen.
And you mine eyes, the agents of my hart,
Told the dumbe meſſage of my hidden griefe:
And oft with carefull turnes, with ſilent art,
Did treat the cruell Faire to yield reliefe.
And you my verſe the aduocates of loue,
Haue followed hard the proceſſe of of my caſe:
And vrg'd that title which doth plainly proue,
My faith ſhould win, if iuſtice might haue place.
Yet though I ſee, that nought we doe, can moue,
Tis not diſdaine muſt make me ceaſe to loue.

SONNET. IX.

IF this be loue draw a wearie breath,
Paint on floods, till the ſhore crie to th'aire:
With downward lookes, ſtill reading on the earth,
The ſad memorials of my loue & diſpaire.
If this be loue to warre againſt my ſoule,

Lie

Lie downe to waile, rise vp to sigh and grieue,
The neuer resting stone of care to roule,
Still to complaine my griefes whilst none relieue,
If this by loue, to cloath me with darke thoughts,
Haunting vntroden pathes to waile apart;
My pleasures horror, Musicke tragicke notes,
Teares in mine eyes, and sorrow at my heart.
If this be loue, to liue a liuing death,
Then doe I loue, and draw this wearie breath.

SONNET. X.

THen do I loue, and draw this wearie breath,
For her the cruell Faire, within whose brow,
I written finde the sentence of my death,
In vnkind letters; wrote she cares not how.
Thou powre that rul'st the confines of the night,
Laughter louing Goddesse, worldly pleasures Queene,
Intenerat that heart that sets so light,
The truest loue that euer yet was seene:
And cause her leaue to triumph in this wise,
Vpon the prostrate spoyle of that poore hart:
That serues a Trophey to her conquering eies,
And must their glorie to the world impart.
Once let her know, sh'hath done inough to proue me
And let her pittie if she cannot loue me.

SONNET. XI.

TEares, vowes, and praiers, win the hardest heart,
Teares, vowes, and praiers, haue I spent in vaine;

Teares

Teares cannot soften flint, nor vowes conuart,
Praiers preuaile not with a quaint disdaine.
lose my teares where I haue lost my loue,
I vow my faith; where faith is not regarded;
I pray in vaine, a merciles to moue:
So rare a faith ought better be rewarded.
et though I cannot win her will with teares,
Though my soules Idol scorneth all my vowes;
Though all my praiers be to so deafe eares,
No fauour though the cruell faire allowes,
et will I weepe, vow, pray to cruell shee:
lint, frost, disdaine, weares, melts, and yeelds we see.

SONNET. XII.

MY spotlesse loue houers with purest wings,
About the temple of the proudest frame:
Where blaze those lights fairest of earthly things,
Which cleare our clouded worldwith brightest flame.
'mbitious thoughts confined in her face,
ff ct no honour but what she can giue:
y hopes doe rest in limits of her grace,
weigh no comfort vnlesse she relieue.
r sheethat can my heart imparadize,
olds in her fairest hand what dearest is,
y fortunes wheel's the circle of her eies,
hose rowling grace deigne once a turne of blis.
l my liues sweet consists in her alone,
much I loue the most vnlouing one.

SONNET. XIII.

BEhold what hap *Pigmalion* had to frame
And carue his proper griefe vpon a ſtone;
My heauie fortune is much like the ſame,
I worke on flint, and that's the cauſe I mone.
For hapleſſe loe euen with mine owne deſires,
I figur'd on the table of mine hart,
The faireſt forme, that all the world admires,
And ſo did periſh by my proper art.
And ſtill I toyle, to change the Marble breſt
Of her, whoſe ſweeteſt grace I do adore,
Yet cannot finde her breathe vnto my reſt,
Hard is her hart, and woe is me therefore.
But happie he that ioy'd his ſtone and art,
Vnhappie I, to loue a ſtonie hart.

SONNET. XIIII.

THoſe ſnary locks, are thoſe ſame nets (my Deere)
Wherewith my libertie thou didd'ſt ſurprize;
Loue was the flame that fired me ſo neere,
The Dart tranſpearſing, were thoſe Chriſtall eies.
Strong is the net, and feruent is the flame;
Deepe is the wound my ſighes can well report:
Yet doe I loue, adore, and praiſe the ſame,
That holds, that burnes, that wounds me in this ſort.
And liſt not ſeeke to breake, to quench, to heale,
The bond, the flame, the wound that feſteth ſo,
By knife, by liquor, or by ſalue to deale:

So much I pleaſe to periſh in my woe.
Yet leſt long trauailes be aboue my ſtrength,
Good DELIA loſe, quench, heale me now at length.

SONNET XV.

IF that a loyall heart and faith vnfained,
If a ſweet languiſh with a chaſte deſire,
If hunger-ſtaruen thoughts ſo long retained,
Fed but with ſmoke, and cheriſht but with fire:
And if a brow with cares characters painted,
Bewraies my loue, with broken words halfe ſpoken
To her that ſits in my thoughts Temple ſainted,
And layes to view my Vultur-gnawne heart open:
If I haue done due homage to her eyes,
And had my ſighes ſtill tending on her name;
If on her loue my life and honour lyes,
And ſhe (th'vnkindeſt maide) ſtill ſcornes the ſame.
Let this ſuffize, that all the world may ſee
The fault is hers, though mine the hurt muſt be.

SONNET XVI.

HAppie in ſleepe, waking content to languiſh,
Imbracing clouds by night, in day time mourne?
My ioyes but ſhadowes, touch of truth my anguiſh
Griefes euer ſpringing, comforts neuer borne,
And ſtill expecting when ſhe will relent,
Growne hoarce with crying mercy, mercy giue,
So many vowes, and prayers hauing ſpent,
That weary of my life, I loath to liue.

And yet the Hydra of my cares renues
Still new borne sorrowes of her fresh disdaine:
And still my hope the Sommer windes pursues,
Finding no end nor period of my paine.
This is my state, my griefes did touch so neerely,
And thus I liue because I loue her deerely.

SONNET XVII.

VVHy should I sing in verse, why should I frame
These sad neglected notes for her deare sake?
Why should I offer vp vnto her name,
The sweetest sacrifice my youth can make?
Why should I striue to make her liue for euer,
That neuer deignes to giue me ioy to liue?
Why should m'afflicted Muse so much endeuour,
Such honour vnto cruelty to giue?
If her defects haue purchast her this fame,
What should her vertues doe, her smiles, her loue?
If this her worst, how should her best inflame?
What passions would her milder fauours moue?
Fauours (I thinke) would sense quite ouercome,
And that makes happy Louers euer doumbe.

SONNET XVIII.

SInce the first looke that led me to this error,
To this thoughts maze, to my confusion tending:
Still haue I liu'd in griefe, in hope, in terror,
The circle of my sorrowes neuer ending.
Yet cannot leaue her loue that holds me hatefull,

Her

Her eyes expect it, though her heart disdaines me;
See what reward he hath that serues the vngratefull,
So true and loyall loue, no fauour gaines me.
Still must I whet my yong desires abated,
Vpon the flint of such a heart rebelling;
And all in vaine, her pride is so innated,
She yeelds no place at all for pitties dwelling.
Oft haue I told her that my soule did loue her,
(And that with teares) yet all this will not moue her.

SONNET XIX.

REstore thy tresses to the golden Ore,
Yeeld *Cilbereas* sonne those Arkes of loue;
Bequeath the heauens the starres that I adore,
And to th'Orient doe thy Pearles remoue,
Yeeld thy hands pride vnto th'Iuory white,
T'*Arabian* odors giue thy breathing sweet:
Restore thy blush vnto *Aurora* bright,
To *Thetis* giue the honour of thy feete.
Let *Venus* haue thy graces, her resign'd,
And thy sweet voice giue back vnto the Spheares:
But yet restore thy fierce and cruell mind,
To *Hyrcan* Tygres, and to ruthlesse Beares.
Yeeld to the Marble thy hard heart againe;
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to paine.

SONNET XX.

VVHat it is to breath and liue without life:
How to be pale with anguish, red with feare.

T'haue peace abroad, and nought within but strife:
Wish to be present, and yet shun t'appeare:
How to be bold far off, and bashfull neare:
How to thinke much, and haue no words to speake:
To craue redresse, yet hold affliction deare:
To haue affection strong, a bodie weake:
Neuer to finde, and euermore to seeke:
And seeke that which I dare not hope to finde:
T'affect this life, and yet this life disleeke:
Gratefull t'another, to my selfe vnkinde.
This cruell knowledge of these contraries,
DELIA my heart hath learnd out of those eyes.

SONNET XXI.

IF beauty thus be clouded with a frowne,
That pittie shines no comfort to my bliss,
And vapours of disdaine so ouergrowne
That my liues light wholly in-darkned is.
Why should I more molest the world with cryes?
The ayre with sighes, the earth below with teares?
Sith I liue hatefull to those ruthlesse eyes,
Vexing with vntun'd moane her daintie eares.
If I haue lou'd her dearer then my breath,
My breath that calls the heauens to witnes it:
And still must hold her deare till after death,
And that all this mooues not her thoughts a whit,
Yet sure she cannot but must thinke a part,
She doth me wrong, to grieue so true a heart.

SONNET XXII.

COme Tyme the anchor-hold of my desire,
My last resort whereto my hopes appeale,
Cause once the date of her disdaine t'expire.
Make her the sentence of her wrath repeale.
Rob her faire Brow, breake in on Beauty, steale
Powre from these eyes, which pittie cannot spare:
Deale with those dainty cheekes as she doth deale
With this poore heart consumed with dispaire.
This heart made now the prospective of care,
By louing her, the cruelst Fayre that liues
The cruelst Fayre that sees I pine for her,
And neuer mercy to my merit giues.
Let her not still triumph ouer the prize
Of mine affections taken by her eyes.

SONNET XXIII.

TYme cruell time, come and subdue that Brow
Which conquers all but thee, and thee too slayes
As if she were exempt from Syeth or Bow,
From loue or yeares vnsubiect to decayes.
Or art thou growne in league with those fayre eyes
That they may helpe thee to consume our dayes?
Or dost thou spare her for her cruelties,
Being merciless like thee that no man weies?
And yet thou seest thy powre she disobeyes,
Cares not for thee, but lets thee waste in vaine,
And prodigall of houres and yeares betrayes.

Beauty and youth t'opinion and disdaine.
Yet spare her Time, let her exempted be,
She may become more kinde to thee or me.

SONNET XXIV.

THese sorrowing sighes, the smoake of mine annoy,
These teares which heate of sacred flame distils
And those due tributes that my faith doth pay
Vnto the tyrant, whose vnkindnesse kils.
I sacrifice my youth, and blooming yeares
At her proud feete, and she respects not it:
My flower vntimely's withred with my teares,
And Winter woes, for spring of youth vnfit.
She thinkes a looke may recompence my care,
And so with lookes, prolongs my long-lookt ease,
As short that blisse, so is that comfort rare,
Yet must that blisse my hungry thoughts appease.
Thus she returnes my hopes so fruitlesse euer,
Once let her loue indeed, or else looke neuer.

SONNET XXV.

FAlse hope prolongs my euer certaine griefe,
Traitour to me, and faithfull to my loue:
A thousand times it promis'd me reliefe,
Yet neuer any true effect I proue.
Oft when I finde in her no truth at all,
I banish her, and blame her trecherie;
Yet soone againe I must her back recall,
As one that dies without her company.

Thus often as I chase my hope from me,
Straight-way she hasts her vnto DELIAS eyes,
Fed with some pleasing looke there shall she be,
And so sent back, and thus my fortune lyes.
Lookes feed my Hope, Hope fosters me in vaine,
Hopes are vnsure, when certaine is my paine.

SONNET XXVI.

LOoke in my griefes, and blame me not to mourne
From care to care that leades a life so bad,
Th'Orphán of Fortune, borne to be her scorne,
Whose clouded brow doth make my dayes so sad.
Long are their nights whose cares doe neuer sleepe,
Lothsome their dayes, whom no sun euer ioyd,
Th'impression of her eyes doe pearce so deepe,
That thus I liue both day and night annoyd.
But since the sweetest roote yeelds fruit so sowre,
Her praise from my complaint I may not part:
I loue th'effect the cause being of this powre,
Ile praise her face, and blame her flintie heart.
Whilst wee both make the world admire at vs,
Her for disdaine, and me for louing thus.

SONNET XXVII.

RAigne in my thoughts faire hand, sweet eye, rar
Possesse me whole, my heart triumvirate: (vo:e
Yet heauy heart to make so sad a choise,
Of such as spoile thy poore afflicted state.
For whilst they striue which shall be Lord of all,

All my poore life by them is troden downe;
They all erect their Trophies on my fall,
And yeeld me nought that giues them their renowne.
When back I looke, I sigh my freedome past,
And waue the state wherein I present stand:
And see my fortune euer like to last,
Finding me rain'd with such a heauy hand.
What can I doe but yeeld? and yeeld I doo,
And serue all three, and yet they spoyle me too.

SONNET XXVIII.

Alluding to the Sparrow pursued by a Hawke, that flew into the bosome of Zenocrates.

WHilst by thy eyes pursu'd, my poore hart flew
Into the sacred Refuge of thy brest:
Thy rigour in that Sanctuarie slew
That which my suecring mercy should haue blest.
No priuiledge of faith could it protect,
Faith being with blood, & fiue yeares witnes sign'd
Wherein no shew gaue cause of least suspect,
For well thou saw'st my loue and how I pin'd.
Yet no mild comfort would thy brow reueale,
No lightning lookes which falling hopes erect.
What bootes to lawes of Succour to appeale?
Ladyes and Tyrants, neuer lawes respect.
Then there I die from whence my life should come,
And by that hand whom such deeds ill become.

Still

SONNET. XXIX.

STill in the trace of one perplexed thought,
My ceasles cares continually run on:
Seeking in vaine what I haue euer sought,
One in my loue, and her hard hart still one.
I who did neuer ioy in other Sun,
And haue no stars but those, that must fulfill
The worke of rigor, fatally begun
Vpon this hart, whom cruelty will kill.
Iniurious DELIA yet I loue thee still,
And will whilst I shall draw this breath of mine.
Ile tell the world that I deseru'd but ill,
And blame my selfe t'excuse that hart of thine
See then who sinnes the greater of vs twaine,
I in my loue, or thou in thy disdaine.

SONNET. XXX.

OFt do I maruell, whether DELIAS eies
Are eies, or els two radiant starres that shine:
For how could Nature euer thus deuise,
Of earth on earth a substance so diuine.
Starres sure they are, whose motions rule desires,
And calme and tempest follow their aspects,
Their sweet appearing still such power inspires,
That makes the world admire so strange effects.
Yet whether fixt or wandring starres are they,
Whose influence rule the Orbe of my poore hart?
Fixt sure they are, but wandring make me stray,

In

In endles errors, whence I cannot part.
Starres then, not eies, moue you with milder view,
Your ſweet aſpect on him that honours you.

SONNET. XXXI.

THe Starre of my miſhap impos'd this paine
To ſpend the Aprill of my yeares in griefe:
Finding my fortune euer in the waine
With ſtill freſh cares, ſupplide with no releife.
Yet thee I blame not, though for thee tis done,
But theſe weake wings preſuming to aſpire,
Which now are melted by thine eies bright ſun
That makes me fall from off my hie deſire.
And in my fall I crie for helpe with ſpeed,
No pittying eie lookes backe vpon my feares:
No ſuccour finde I now when moſt I need,
My heats muſt drowne in th'Ocean of my teares,
Which ſtill muſt beare the title of my wrong,
Caus'd by thoſe cruell beames that were ſo ſtrong.

SONNET. XXXII.

ANd yet I cannot reprehend the flight,
Or blame th'attempt preſuming ſo to ſore,
The mounting venter for a high delight,
Did make the honour of the fall the more.
For who gets wealth that puts not from the ſhore?
Danger hath honour, great deſignes their fame,
Glorie doth follow, courage goes before,
And though th'euent oft anſwers not the ſame,

Suffize

Suffize that high attempts haue neuer shame.
The meane obseruer (whom base safetie keepes)
Liues without honour, dies without a name,
And in eternall darkenes euer sleeps,
And therefore DELIA, tis to me no blot,
To haue attempted, though attaind thee not.

SONNET. XXXIII.

RAising my hopes on hills of high desire,
Thinking to scale the heauen of her hart,
My slender meanes presum'd too high apart;
Her thunder of disdaine forst me to retire.
And threw me downe to paine in all this fire,
Where loe I languish in so heauie smart,
Because th'attempt was farre aboue my art:
Her pride brook'd not poore soules should so aspire.
Yet I protest my high desiring will
Was not to dispossesse her of her right:
Her soueraigntie should haue remained still,
I only sought the blisse to haue her sight.
Her sight contented thus to see me spill,
Fram'd my desires fit for her eyes to kill.

SONNET. XXXIV.

WHy doest thou DELIA credit so thy glasse
Gazing thy beautie deign'd thee by the skies:
And doest not rather looke on him (alas)
Whose state best shewes the force of murdering eies?
The broken tops of lostie trees declare

Th

The furie of a mercie-wanting storme:
And of what force thy wounding graces are,
Vpon my selfe thou best maist finde the forme.
Then leaue thy glasse, and gaze thy selfe on mee,
That Mirror shewes what power is in thy face:
To view your forme too much, may danger bee,
Narcissus chang'd t'a flower in such a case;
And you are chang'd, but not t'a Hiacint;
I feare your eye hath turnd your hart to flint.

SONNET. XXXV.

Once may see when yeers shal wreck my wrong,
When golden haires shall change to siluer wier:
And those bright raies that kindle all this fire,
Shal faile in force, their working not so strong.
Then beautie (now the burthen of my song)
Whose glorious blaze the world doth so admire,
Must yeeld vp all to tyrant Times desire;
Then fade those flowers that deckt her pride so long
Then, if she grieue to gaze her in her glasse,
Which then presents her winter-withered hew,
Goe you my verse, goe tell her what she was,
For what she was, she best shall find in you,
In fierie heate lets not her glory passe,
But (Phœnix-like) shall make her liue anew.

SONNET. XXXVI.

Looke DELIA how we esteem the halfe blowne
The image of thy blush & Sommers honor: (Rose.
Whilst

Whilst yet her tender bud doth vndiscloſe
That full of beautie, time beſtowes vpon her.
No ſooner ſpreads her glory in the aire,
But ſtraight her wide blowne pomp comes to decline:
She then is ſcornd that late adorn'd the Faire;
So fade the Roſes of thoſe cheeks of thine.
No Aprill can reviue thy withered flowers,
Whoſe ſpringing grace adorns thy glory now:
Swift ſpeedy tyme, feathred with flying houres,
Diſſolues the beauty of the faireſt brow.
Then do not thou ſuch treaſure waſte in vaine,
But loue now whilſt thou maiſt be lou'd againe.

SONNET. XXXVII.

BVt loue whilſt that thou maiſt be lou'd againe,
Now whilſt thy May hath fild thy lap with flowers,
Now whilſt thy beautie beares without a ſtaine;
Now vſe the Sommer ſmiles, ere Winter lowers.
And whilſt thou ſpreadſt vnto the riſing ſunne,
The faireſt flowre that euer ſaw the light,
Now ioy thy time before thy ſweet be done,
And (DELIA) thinke thy morning muſt haue night,
And that thy brightneſs ſets at length to Weſt,
When thou wilt cloſe vp that which now thou ſhow'ſt,
And thinke the ſame becomes thy fading beſt,
Which then ſhal moſt inuaile and ſhadow moſt.
Men do not wey the ſtalke for that it was,
When once they finde her flowre her glory paſſe.

SONNET. XXXVIII.

WHen men shall find thy flower, thy glory passe,
And thou with carefull brow sitting alone:
Receiued hast this message from thy glasse,
That tels the truth, and saies that all is gone;
Fresh shalt thou see in me the wounds thou madest,
Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining,
I that haue lou'd thee thus before thou fadest,
My faith shall waxe, when thou art in thy waining.
The world shall finde this miracle in mee,
That fire can burne when all the matter's spent:
Then what my faith hath beene thy selfe shalt see,
And that thou wast vnkinde, thou maist repent.
Thou maist repent that thou hast scornd my teares,
When winter snowes vpon thy sable haires.

SONNET. XXXIX.

WHen winter snowes vpon thy sable haires,
And frost of age hath nipt thy beauties heere,
When darke shall seeme thy day that neuer cleeres,
And all lies withred that was held so deere.
Then take this picture which I heere present thee,
Limned with a Pensill not all vnworthy:
Here see the gifts that God and nature lent thee,
Here read thy selfe, and what I suffered for thee.
This may remaine thy lasting monument,
Which happily posteritie may cherrish,
These coulours with thy fading are not spent,

These

These may remaine when thou & I shall perish,
If they remaine, then thou shalt liue thereby,
They will remaine, and so thou canst not die.

SONNET. XL.

THou canst not die whilst any zeale abound
In feeling hearts that can conceiue these lines;
Though thou a *Laura* hast no *Petrath* found,
In base attire yet cleerely Beautie shines.
And I (though borne within a colder clime,)
Do feele mine inward heat as great (I know it,)
He neuer had more faith, although more rime,
I loue as well, though he could better show it.
But I may adde one feather to thy fame,
To helpe her flight throughout the fairest Ile;
And if my pen could more enlarge thy name,
Then should'st thou liue in an immortall stile.
For though that *Laura* better limned bee,
Suffice, thou shalt be lou'd as well as shee.

SONNET. XLI.

BE not displeas'd that these my papers should
Bewray vnto the world how faire thou art:
Or that my wits haue shewed the best they could.
(The chastest flame that euer warmed hart)
Thinke not (sweet DELIA) this shall be thy shame,
My Muse should sound thy praise with mournfull warble,
How many liue, the glory of whose name
Shall rest in life, when thine is grau'd in Marble.

Thou

Thou maist in after-ages liue esteem'd,
Vnburied in these lines reseru'd in purenes;
These shall intombe those eies, that haue redeem'd
Me from the vulgar, thee from of all obscurenes.
Although my carefull accents neuer moou'd thee,
Yet count it no disgrace that I haue lou'd thee.

SONNET. XLII.

DELIA, these eyes that so admireth thine,
Haue seen those walls, which proud ambition reard
To check the world, how they intomb'd haue lien
Within themselues, and on them ploughs haue earl'd.
Yet neuer found that barbarous hand attaind
The spoile of fame deseru'd by vertuous men:
Whose glorious actions luckily had gain'd
Th'eternall annals of a happie pen.
And therefore grieue not if thy beauties die,
Though time do spoile thee of the faireſt vaile
That euer yet couered mortalitie,
And must instarre thee Needle, and the Raile.
That Grace which doth more then in woman thee,
Liues in my lines, and must eternall be.

SONNET. XLIII.

MOst faire and louely Maide, looke from the shore,
See thy *Leander* striuing in these waues:
Poore soule quite spent, whole force can do no more,
Now send forth hope, for now calme pittie saues.
And waft him to thee with those louely eyes,

A hap-

A happie conuoy to a holy Land:
Now shew thy power and where thy vertue lies,
To saue thine owne, stretch out the fairest hand,
Stretch out the faireſt hand, a pledge of peace;
That hand that darts so right and neuer misses:
I shall forget old wrongs, my griefes shall ceaſe;
And that which gaue me wounds, Ile giue it kisses,
Once let the Ocean of my care finde shore,
That thou be pleas'd, and I may sigh no more.

SONNET. XLIIII.

READ in my face a volume of diſpaires,
The wailing Iliads of my tragicke woe:
Drawne with my blood, and painted with my cares,
Wrought by her hand that I haue honour'd so,
Who whil'ſt I burne, she sings at my soules wracke,
Looking aloft from turret of her pride:
There my soules tyrant ioyes her, in the sacke
Of her owne seate, whereof I made her guide.
There do these smoakes that from affliction riſe,
Serue as an incenſe to a cruell Dame:
A sacrifice thrice-gratefull to her eies,
Becauſe their power serue to exact the same.
Thus ruines she (to satisfie her will,)
The temple, where her name was honour'd still.

SONNET. XLV.

MY DELIA hath the waters of mine eies,
The readie handmaids on her grace t'attend:

Tha

That neuer fall to ebbe, but euer flies,
For to their flow she neuer grants an end.
Th'Ocean neuer did attend more dulie
Vpon his soueraigns course, the nights pale Queen
Nor paid the impost of his waues more truly,
Then mine vnto her cruelties hath beene.
Yet nought the rocke of that hard hart can moue,
Where beat these teares which zeale, & furie driues
And yet I rather languish for her loue,
Then I would ioy the fairest she that liues.
And if I finde such pleasure to complaine,
What should I doe then if I should obtaine?

SONNET. XLVI.

HOw long shall I in mine affliction mourne?
A burden to my selfe, distrest in minde:
When shall my interdicted hopes returne,
From out dispaire, wherein they liue confin'd?
When shall her troubled brow, charg'd with disdaine
Reueale the treasure which her smiles impart?
When shall my faith the happines attaine,
To breake the Ise that hath congeal'd her hart?
Vnto her selfe, her selfe my loue doth summon,
(If loue in her hath any power to moue,)
And let her tell me as she is a woman,
Whether my faith hath not deseru'd her loue?
I know her heart cannot but iudge with me,
Although her eyes my aduersaries be.

SONNET. XLVII.

BEautie (sweet Loue) is like the morning dew,
Whose short refresh vpon the tender greene:
Cheeres for a time but till the Sun doth shew,
And straight tis gone as it had neuer beene.
Soone doth it fade that makes the fairest florish,
Short is the glorie of the blushing Rose:
The hew which thou so carefully dost nourish,
Yet which at length thou must be forc'd to lose.
When thou surcharg'd with burthen of thy yeeres,
Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth,
And that in Beauties lease expir'd, appeares
The date of Age, the Kalends of our death.
But ah no more, this must not be fore-told,
For women grieue to thinke they must be old.

SONNET. XLVIII.

I Must not grieue my Loue, whose eies would reed
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile;
Flowers haue a time before they come to seed,
And she is yong, and now must sport the while.
And sport (sweet Maid) in season of these yeares,
And learne to gather flowers before they wither:
And where the sweetest blossome first appeares,
Let loue and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.
Lighten forth smiles to cleare the clowded aire,
And calme the tempest which my sighes do raise,
Pittie and smiles do best become the faire,

Pit

Pittie and ſmiles muſt onely yeeld thee praiſe.
Make me to ſay when all my griefes are gone,
Happie the heart that ſigh'd for ſuch a one.

SONNET. XLVIIII.

AND whether (poore forſaken) wilt thou goe,
To goe from ſorrow, and thine owne diſtreſſe?
When euery place preſents like face of woe,
And no remoue can make thy ſorrowes leſſe?
Yet goe (forſaken) leaue theſe woods, theſe plaines,
Leaue her and all, and all for her that leaues
Thee and thy loue forlorne, and both diſdaines:
And of both, wrongfull deemes, and ill conceiues,
Seeke out ſome place, and ſee if any place
Can giue the leaſt releaſe vnto thy griefe:
Conuey thee from the thought of thy diſgrace,
Steale from thy ſelfe, and be thy cares owne thiefe.
But yet what comfort ſhall I hereby gaine?
Bearing the wound, I needs muſt feele the paine.

SONNET. L.

DRawne with th'attractiue vertue of her eyes,
My touch't heart turnes it to that happie coſt:
My ioyfull North, where all my fortune lies,
The leuell of my hopes deſired moſt.
There where my DELIA, fairer then the Sunne,
Deckt with her youth whereon the world doth ſmile,
Ioyes in that honour which her eies haue wonne,
Th'eternall wonder of our happie Ile.

Flouriſh

louriſh faire ALBION, glory of the North,
Neptunes beſt darling, held betweene his armes?
Diuided from the world as better worth,
Kept for himſelfe, defended from all harmes.
till let diſarmed peace decke her and thee:
nd Muſe-foe *Mars*, abroad farre foſtred be.

SONNET. LI.

CAre-charmer Sleep, ſonne of the ſable night,
Brother to death, in ſilent darknes borne:
Relieue my languiſh, and reſtore the light,
With darke forgetting of my cares returne.
And let the day be time enough to mourne
The ſhipwrack of my ill aduentred youth:
Let waking eyes ſuffiſe to waile their ſcorne,
Without the torment of the nights vntruth.
Ceaſe dreames, th'Images of day deſires,
To modell forth the paſſions of the morrow:
Neuer let riſing Sunne approoue you liers,
To adde more griefe to aggrauate my ſorrow.
Still let me ſleep, imbracing clouds in vaine,
And neuer wake to feele the daies diſdaine.

SONNET. LII.

LEt others ſing of Knights and Palladines,
In aged accents, and vnmeely words:
Paint ſhadowes in imaginarie lines,
Which well the reach of their high wits records;
But I muſt ſing of thee, and thoſe faire eies,

Autentique

Aurentique shall my verse in time to come,
When yet th'vnborne shall say, Lo where she lies,
Whose beauty made him speake that else was dombe,
These are the Arkes, the Trophies I erect,
That fortifie thy name against old age:
And these thy sacred vertues must protect,
Against the darke, and times consuming rage.
Though th'error of my youth in them appeare,
Suffise, they shew I liu'd and lou'd thee deare.

SONNET. LIII.

AS to the Romane that would free his Land,
His error was his honour and renown
And more the fame of his mistaking hand,
Then if it had the tyrant ouer-throwne.
So DELIA hath mine error made me knowne,
And my deceiu'd attempt, deseru'd more fame,
Then if I had the victorie mine owne:
And thy hard hart had yeelded vp the same.
And so likewise, renowmed is thy blame,
Thy crueltie, thy glorie; O strange case,
That errors should be grac'd that merit shame,
And sinne of frownes bring honor to the face.
Yet happie DELIA that thou wast vnkind,
Though happier far if thou wouldst change thy mind.

SONNET. LIV.

LIke as the Lute delights or els dislikes,
As is his art that plaies vpon the same:

So sounds my Muse, according as she strikes
On my hart-strings, high tun'd vnto her fame,
Her touch doth cause the warble of the sound,
Which here I yeeld in lamentable wise:
A wailing descant on the sweetest ground,
Whose due reports giue honor to her eyes.
Else harsh my stile, vntunable my Muse,
Hoarce sounds the voice that praiseth not her name.
If any pleasing relish here I vse,
Then iudge the world her beautie giues the same.
For no ground els could make the Musicke such,
Nor other hand could giue so true a touch.

SONNET. LV.

NOne other fame mine ambitious Muse,
Affected euer but t'eternize thee:
All other honors doe my hopes refuse,
Which meaner priz'd and momentary be.
For God forbid I should my papers blot,
With mercenarie lines, with seruile pen;
Praising vertues in them that haue them not,
Basely attending on the hopes of men.
No no, my verse respects nor Thames, nor Theaters,
Nor seekes it to be knowne vnto the Great,
Nor Auon poore in fame, and poore in waters,
Shall haue my song where DELIA hath her seat.
Our shall be my Thames, and thee my song,
Other prouder Brookes shall heare my wrong.

Vnhappie

SONNET. LVI.

VNhappie pen, and ill-accepted lines
That intimate in vaine my chast desires
My chast desire, which from darke sorrow shines,
Inkindled by her eyes celestiall fire:
Celestiall fire, and vnrespecting powres
Which pittie not their wounds made by their might,
Shew'd in these lines, the worke of carefull houres,
The sacrifice here offred to her sight.
But since she weighs them not, this rests for me,
Ile mone my selfe, and hide the wrong I haue:
And so content me that her frownes should be
To m'infant stile the cradle, and the graue.
What though my Muse no honor get thereby,
Each bird sings to her selfe, and so will I.

SONNET. LVII.

LO here the impost of a faith entire
Which loue doth pay, and her disdaine extorts:
Behold the message of a chast desire,
Which tells the world how much my griefe imports.
These tributary passions, beauties due,
I send those eyes the cabinets of loue:
That Crueltie her selfe might grieue to view
Th'affliction her vnkinde disdaine doth moue,
And how I liue cast downe from off all myrth,
Pensiue alone, onely but with Dispaire:
My ioyes abortiue, perish in their birth,

My griefes long liu'd, and care ſucceding care,
This is my ſtate, and DELIAS heart is ſuch,
Say no more, I feare I ſaid too much.

AN ODE.

NOw each creature ioyes the other,
paſſing happy dayes and howers,
One Bird reports vnto another,
in the fall of ſiluer ſhowers,
Whilſt the earth (our common mother)
hath her boſome deckt with flowers.

Whilſt the greateſt Torch of heauen,
With bright rayes warmes FLORAS lap,
Making nights and dayes both euen,
chearing plants with freſher ſap:
My field of flowers quite bereuen,
wants refreſh of better hap.

ECCHO, daughter of the Ayre,
(babling gueſt of Rocks and hils)
Knows the name of my fierce Faire,
and ſounds the accents of my ils
Each thing pitties my deſpaire,
whilſt that ſhe her Louer kils.
Whilſt that ſhe (O cruell Maide)
doth me and my loue deſpiſe,
My liues flouriſh is decayed,
that depended on her eyes:

But her will must be obeyed,
and well he ends for loue who dyes.

A PASTORALL.

O Happie golden Age,
Not for that Riuers ranne,
With streames of milke, & honny dropt from trees,
Not that the earth did gage
Vnto the husband-man
Her voluntarie fruites, free without fees:
Not for no cold did freeze,
Nor any cloud beguile,
Th'eternall flowring Spring
Wherein liu'd euery thing,
And whereon th'heauens perpetually did smile,
Not for no ship had brought
From forraine shores, or warres or wares ill sought.
But onely for that name,
That Idle name of winde:
That Idoll of deceit, that empty sound
Call'd HONOR, which became
The tyran of the minde:
And so torments our Nature without ground,
Was not yet vainely found:
Nor yet sad griefes imparts
Amidst the sweet delights
Of ioyfull amorous wights, (hearts
Not were his hard lawes knowne to free-borne
But golden lawes like these
Which Nature wrote. *That's lawful which doth please*
Then amongst flowers and springs

Makin

Making delightfull ſport,
Sate louers without conflict, without flame,
And Nimphs and Shepheards ſings
Mixing in wanton ſort
Whiſp'rings with Songs, then kiſſes with the ſame,
Which from affection came:
The naked virgin then
Her Roſes freſh reueales;
Which now her vaile conceales.
The tender Apples in her boſome ſeene,
And oft in Riuers cleere
The Louers with their loues conſorting were,
HONOR, thou firſt didſt cloſe
The ſpring of all delight:
Denying water to the amorous thirſt
Thou taught'ſt faire eyes to loſe
The glory of their light,
Reſtraind from men, and on themſelues reuerſt.
Thou in a lawne didſt firſt
Thoſe golden haires incaſe,
Late ſpred vnto the winde;
Thou mad'ſt looſe grace vnkinde,
Gau'ſt bridle to their words, art to their pace.
O Honor it is thou (allow.
That mak'ſt that ſtealth, which loue doth free
'tis thy worke that brings
Our griefes, and torments thus.
But thou fierce Lord of Nature and of Loue,
The qualifier of Kings,
What doeſt thou here with vs
That are below thy power, ſhut from aboue?
Goe and from vs remoue,
Trouble the mighties ſleepe,
Let vs neglected, baſe,
Liue ſtill without thy grace,

We of th'auncient happie ages keepe,
[illegible], this life of ours
make no truce with time that all deuours.

Let's loue, the sun doth set, and rise againe,
But when as our short light
Comes once to set, it makes eternall night.

FINIS.

Faults escaped in printing, the first number noting the page, the second the line.

In the Tragedie of Philotas.

Page.12.line.19.read on.p 15.l.27.r.ranke.p.30.l.8.r.no.p.31.l.20.r.sort p 33.l.11.r.though it be late. p. 35.l.4 r.long.p.36.l.13.r.of.p.40.l.9.r. I will not.p.41. l.8.r.and our friends.p.44.l.26.r.it is.ibid. l.35. traitors.p.46.l.26.r flow'd.p.50.l.27.r.glorifie p.54.l.28. r.gaine p 57.l.11.r.run. p.60.l.15.r.beene.

In the Letter of Octauia.

Pag.9.l.16.r.nature made.p.10 l.32.r.yet.

In the Tragedie of Cleopatra.

Pag.4.l.32.r.I haue not done.p.5.l.22.r.rug'd. p.8.l. 8.r.and p.9.l.20 r.he is p.23.l.22.r.our p.25. l.19. r. S'ingulph.p.26.l.2.r.for ibid.l.4.r.witch. ibid. 30.r. inhumane.p.27.l.13.r.*Cleop.* p.28.l.1.r.yow.p.29.l.12. r.great.p.35.l.12.r. disgrace. ibid.l. 15.r.loue the reason.p.36.l.5.r.charg'd.ibid.l.12.r.set.p.42.l.2.r. Rest.p.44.l.8.r.along.ibid.l.12.r.State or drer.p.46. l.10.r.heauen.p.47.l.14.r.friend.p.53.l.7.r.death.p. 54.l.2.r.scene.p.55.l.1.r.May.ibid.l.13. Respected. ibid.l.14.*Leaue.*p.56.l.6.r.and.

In the Complaint of Rosomond.

Pag.1.l.5.found.ibid.l.17.r.since.p.2.l.6.r.Each.p.8. l.13.r.Chastities ibid.l.25. r.fit. ibid.l.30.r. thy.p.9. .11.r.fondling.16.r.fie.p.12.l.17.r.yield.p.15.l.21.r. tis hired.p.16.l.6.r.checks.ibid.New.ibid.l.18.r. vnguided.p. 18.l.23.r.had.p.20.l.12.r.runs.p.22.l.21.r. thy tale vntold.p.26.l.23.r.whose.p.28.l.13. r. neuer. p.29.l.14.r.*Delia.*p.30.l.11.r field.p.32.l.14.r.lawes. ibid.l.29.r.flame.ibid.l.31.r.mixing p.33.l.19.r. this p.35.l.1.r.order.ibid.l.4.then.ibid.l.8.r.must.

In

[illegible]

Pag.6.l.[illegible] [illegible].p.l.29.r.words.p.8.l.1.r. To.l.4.[illegible] now.ib.l.7.[illegible].p.10.l.12.r.Name.p.12. l.13.r.[illegible].p.[illegible].l.[illegible].r.[illegible]iall.p.19.l.15.r.the.ib. l.20.r.[illegible].p.[illegible].l.[illegible].r.craft.p.24.l.21.glory.ib.l. 24.r.[illegible].

In the Queenes Arcadia.

Pag.[illegible].l.[illegible].r.maladiue.ib.l.18.r.do.p.7.l.9.r.thy help. p.[illegible].l.13.r.[illegible].p.[illegible].l.26.r.trade.p.10.l.13.r.sweet. p.[illegible].l.[illegible].r.[illegible].l.33.r.vnderwrote.p.18.l.3.r.In- tend.p.[illegible].l.[illegible].r.[illegible].p.20.l.20.r.plains.ib.l.8.r. sparkle.ib.l.[illegible].r.[illegible].ib.l.35.r.many times.p.21. l.[illegible].p.[illegible].l.32.r.Ah.p.25.l.12.r.too.ib.l.8.Myr- [illegible].ib.l.[illegible].r.constancie.ib.l.23.r.syncere.ib.l.28.r. [illegible].ib.l.33.r.our.p.28.l.1.r.hers.ib.l.5.expos'd.ib.l. [illegible].r.these extremities.ib.l.g.r.into.ib.l.22.r.practise. p.[illegible].l.[illegible].r.of vanitie.p.32.l.34.r.for to.p.37.l.25.r. though.p.42.l.28.r.hers can.p.43.l.15.r.giues.p.52. l.3.r.And I too.p.65.l.24.loue.p.69.l.19.suspicious.

In Delia.

Pag.5.Son.9.l.1.r.loue to draw.p.7.Son.12.l.11.r. [illegible].

Faults wherein letters are either turned, changed, or wanting in the words, I leaue vncorrected.